THE HOLTON-CURRY READERS

SEVENTH READER

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HOLTON-CURRY READERS

THE SEVENTH READER

By

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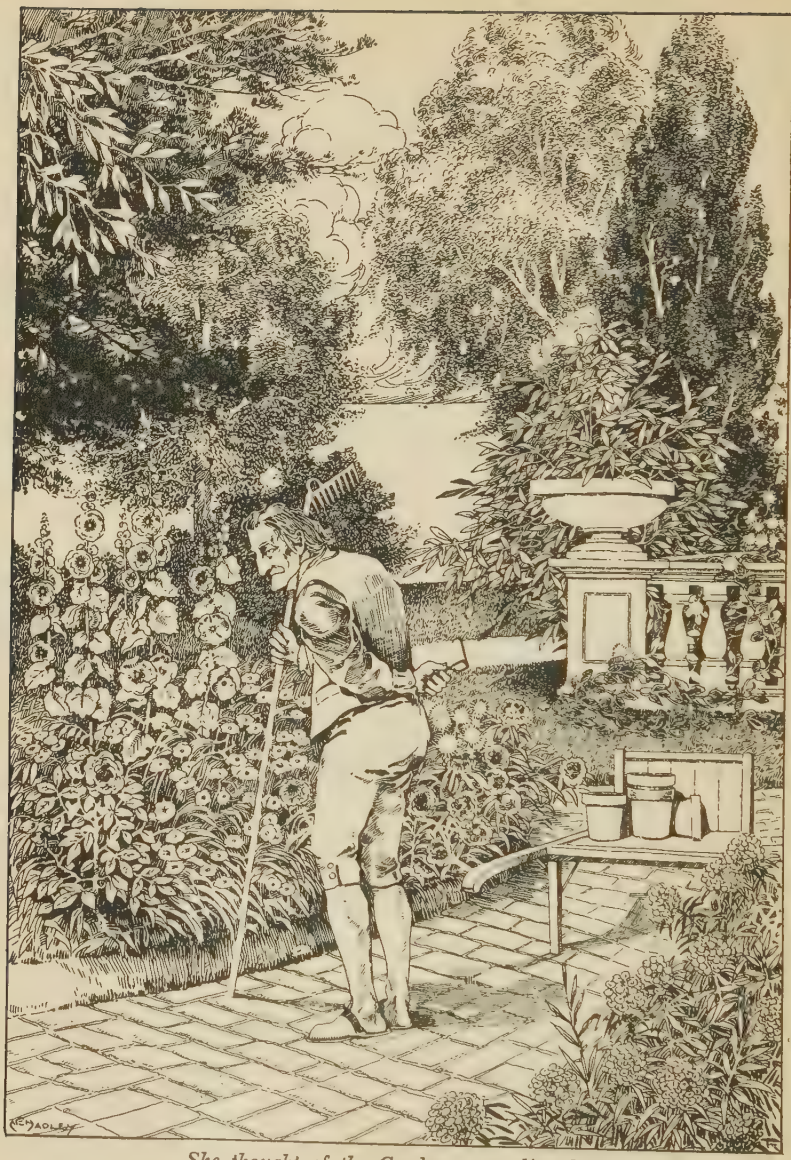


She thought of the Gardener standing by

SEVENTH READER

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER

AUSTIN DOBSON

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old,—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rime,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

GLOSSARY. Slipped; waxed; random.

STUDY. Why is "Rose" written with a capital? What fact about her character is brought out by line 2? In what way did she feel superior to the gardener? What change in the appearance of the rose is brought out in lines 5 and 6? Explain the expressions, "slipped her bud" and "her heart lay bare." What is the last chapter in the history of the rose as you learn it in lines 9 to 12? How do these lines indicate that "pride goeth before a fall"? What does the rose stand for? the gardener? State in your own words the general thought of the poem.

PEACE, OUR POLICY

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

Finally, I am against war, because peace—peace is preëminently our policy. Our great mission, as a people, is to occupy this vast domain,—there to level forests, and let in upon their solitude the light of day; to clear the swamps and morasses, and redeem them to the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor, and human happiness, and contentment; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its opposite extremities by turnpikes and railroads. . . .

War can only impede the fulfillment of this high mission; it absorbs the wealth and diverts the energy which might be so much better devoted to the improvement of our country. All we want is peace,—established peace; and then time, under the guidance of a wise and cautious policy, will soon effect for us all the rest. . . .

Yes; time—ever-laboring time—will effect everything for us. Our population is now increasing at the annual average of six hundred thousand. Let the next twenty-five years elapse, and our increase will have reached a million a year, and, at the end of that period, we shall count a population of forty-five millions. . . . The coast of the Pacific will then be as densely populated and as thickly settled with villages and towns as is now the coast of the Atlantic.

If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity, or to our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, we shall occupy a position between the two old continents of the world,—a position eminently calculated to secure to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense,—if we succeed in preserving our constitutional liberty, we shall then exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw. . . . If by war we become great, we cannot be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.

STUDY. Why does the speaker think our policy should be one of peace? This speech was delivered in 1844; to what extent has Calhoun's vision of future greatness come true?

FROM "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I. Arrival at Philadelphia

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the

meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

GLOSSARY. Penny; Quakers; meetinghouse.

STUDY. At the age of seventeen Franklin left his home in Boston and went first to New York, and then on to Philadelphia, where he hoped to obtain work at his trade, which was that of a printer. From any hints given fill out the picture of Franklin's appearance as he went along the street. Do you find any special evidence of his future great capacity for business in this incident? Does he seem ashamed of the impression he must have created? What humor do you find in the meetinghouse incident? Suppose Franklin had not attained to great eminence, would he have been as likely to tell such a story of his early experiences? Do you find his language simple and direct, or labored and difficult?

II. Learning to Write Good Prose

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rime, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty

well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This

I met with an odd volume of the Spectator

was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

GLOSSARY. *Spectator;* jumbled; amended; tolerable.

STUDY. This passage tells you how Franklin acquired, or at any rate bettered, his style of writing. Explain in detail just how it was done. Why did he think writing verse would have helped him? What were the objects he tried to secure? Suppose you take this passage and do with it what Franklin did with the *Spectator*.

III. Order

My scheme of Order gave me the most trouble; and I found that, though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax as it was, without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled ax best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "*a speckled ax was best*"; for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with

the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to *Order;* and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

GLOSSARY. Journeyman; foppery; keep . . . in countenance; incorrigible.

STUDY. Franklin worked out a scheme for attaining moral perfection. The main feature of his plan was to take some one of the virtues he was desirous of securing and to spend some time in consciously practicing it. What virtue did he have most difficulty with? What were the sources of his difficulty? What illustrative story does he tell? Show how this story fits the point he wishes to make. What were the final results of his efforts? (It is interesting to learn that after his death Franklin's papers were found in such confusion that they have given his editors great trouble in preparing editions of his works.)

IV. POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

In 1732 I first published my Almanac, under the name of *Richard Saunders;* it was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred

between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the Almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

GLOSSARY. Vending; vehicle; inculcated; frugality; harangue; focus; broadside; gentry; gratis; superfluities.

STUDY. What was *Poor Richard's Almanac?* Why did Franklin fill all the blank spaces with proverbs? How successful was the almanac and the connected series of proverbs? Do you think Franklin could have served any higher purpose than the one he sets forth? Are industry and frugality of any special value in a new and undeveloped country?

PROVERBS FROM POOR RICHARD

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?

The masterpiece of man, is to live to the purpose.

The nearest way to come at glory, is to do that for conscience which we do for glory.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

Well done is better than well said.

It 's the easiest thing in the world for a man to deceive himself.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

He that can have patience, can have what he will.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

No better relation than a prudent and faithful friend.

He that can compose himself, is wiser than he that composes books.

He that can take rest, is greater than he that can take cities.

None but the well-bred man knows how to confess a fault, or acknowledge himself in error.

Read much, but not too many books.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Forewarned, forearmed.

To whom thy secret thou dost tell,
To him thy freedom thou dost sell.

Don't misinform your doctor nor your lawyer.

He that pursues two hares at once, does not catch one and lets t' other go.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

No gains without pains.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

Every little makes a mickle.

He that can travel well a-foot, keeps a good horse.

He is no clown that drives the plow, but he that doth clownish things.

GLOSSARY. Philosopher's stone; mickle; clown.

STUDY. Take these proverbs as texts and comment on their meanings. Select the half-dozen you would choose as mottoes for your life. It is sometimes objected that Franklin's proverbs are always of a merely practical and prudential character; do you find that those given merely show one how to get on well in the world?

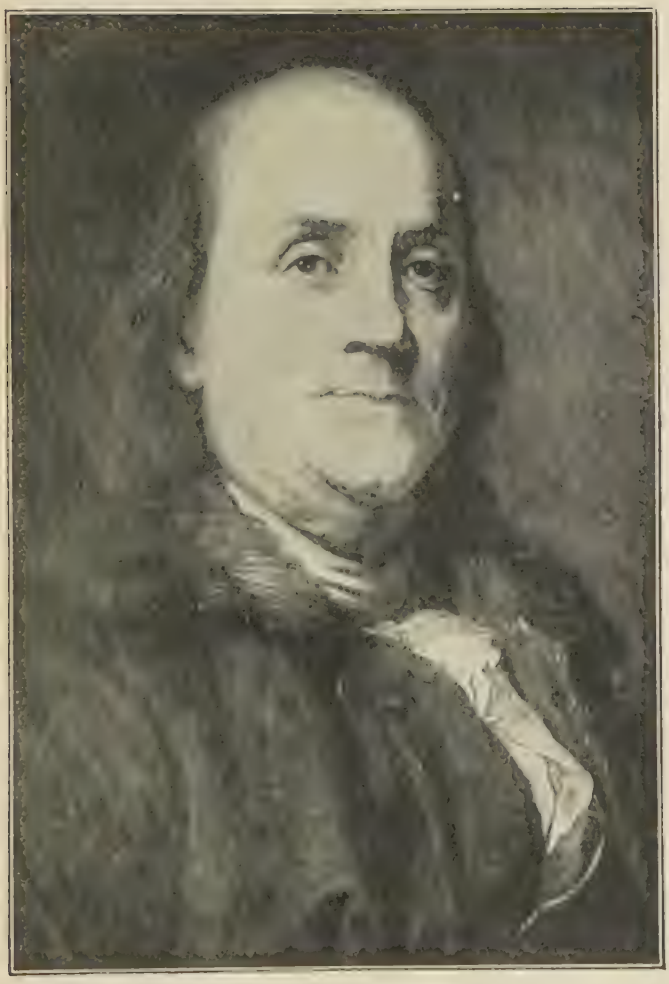
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Born, at Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706.
Died, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 17, 1790.

Franklin was a rather large man, and is supposed to have been about five feet ten inches in height. In his youth he was stout, and in old age corpulent and heavy, with rounded shoulders. The portraits of him reveal a very vigorous looking man, with a thick upper arm and a figure which, even in old age, was full and rounded. In fact, this rounded contour is his most striking characteristic. . . . Franklin's figure was a series of harmonious curves, which make pictures of him always pleasing. These curves extended over his head and even to the lines of his face, softening the expression, slightly veiling the iron resolution, and entirely consistent with the wide sympathies, varied powers, infinite shrewdness, and vast experience which we know he possessed.

SIDNEY GEORGE FISHER.

Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the Divinity. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race. Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity. The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin, and at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who has ever been engaged in the service of phi'osophy and liberty. I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin.

MIRABEAU, in a speech before the National Legislature of France, June 11, 1790.

Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,

And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

GLOSSARY. Blenheim; expectant; Duke of Marlbro'; Prince Eugene.

STUDY. Picture the scene. What led to the talk about the "great victory"? How much did the old man understand about it? What questions did the children press upon him? Are you disappointed at his answers? Were the children? What were their final opinions after listening to their grandfather's account? Read passages indicating that your opinion is correct. Do you agree with them? Does Southey seem to be satirizing the common attitude toward war? Do we usually think of the barbarisms and cruelties of war, or think of it as a kind of glorious and dramatic spectacle? Can you think of any way by which wars might be avoided without loss of honor?

FEATHERSTONE'S DOOM

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom
A spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

Twine from this hour, in ceaseless toil,
On Blackrock's sullen shore;
Till cordage of the sand shall coil
Where crested surges roar.

'T is for that hour, when, from the wave,
Near voices wildly cried;
When thy stern hand no succor gave,
The cable at thy side.

Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom
The spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

GLOSSARY. Featherstone; Blackrock.

STUDY. Notice that two of the stanzas of this poem are identical. They tell you the doom of the old wrecker: what is it? How long is his toil to continue? Read the stanza that tells you. Read the stanza that tells you why he is being punished. Is there anything to indicate that he could have saved those in danger if he had wanted to? Do you feel that his punishment fits his crime? Then speak to him in the language of this poem so as to show him you do.

And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE STORY OF MACBETH

CHARLES LAMB

I. Ambition

When Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valor and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honor he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him "All hail! king that shalt be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy, but much happier!* and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air and vanished; by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane

"All haill king that shalt be hereafter!"

of Cawdor: an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind, that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of the flattering prophecy.

GLOSSARY. Blasted; choppy; Glamis; Cawdor; riddling; weird; swelling; compass; reluctant; compunction.

STUDY. How was Macbeth regarded at court? Why? Give an account of the meeting with the witches. What effect did they have on Macbeth? How does his conversation with Banquo show that he was interested in the prophecies? What kind of woman was Lady Macbeth, and how did she help on the influence of the witches?

II. THE MURDER OF DUNCAN

It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon

gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honor Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered, well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honored hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles, and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king, being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the king's

bed; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan, in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father, and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offense to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favors of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honors be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind Lady Macbeth found her husband, inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her; but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast, and dashed its brains out, if she had so sworn to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added how

practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken sleepy grooms. And with the valor of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark

He once more summoned up courage to the bloody business

to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's room, whom he dispatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had

done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried, "Murder," which woke them both; but they said a short prayer; one of them said, "God bless us!" and the other answered "Amen"; and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen," when the fellow said, "God bless us!" but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more: Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life." Still it cried, "Sleep no more," to all the house; "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state, that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

GLOSSARY. Friezes; buttresses; abhorrent; contrived; inordinate; infused; phantasm; frustrated.

STUDY. What in the castle and its surroundings contrasted strangely with the plot? How did Lady Macbeth regard her husband? What means did she take for assuring the enterprise? Do you think more or less of

her for being unable to carry out her project? Why did Macbeth decide to give up the scheme of murder? By what means did Lady Macbeth stir him up to proceed? Give the facts regarding the murder. What "horrible imaginations" did Macbeth have? How did they try to conceal the facts of the murder?

III. Macbeth as King

The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper, the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with the thanes and nobles, saying that all that was honorable in the country was under his roof, if he had

At this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear

but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect, than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room, and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceiving him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air, when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings, who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew tree that roots itself

in graves, and the finger of a dead child: all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or caldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood: to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth, whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife; for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the king: "what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live; that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

The spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying, that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements! good!" cried Macbeth; "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the caldron sank into the ground, and a noise of music was

heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them; by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant, nobody loved or honored him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst: steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

GLOSSARY. Rankled; affable; infirmity; assurance; bodements; alienated; levies.

STUDY. Give the reasons for the banquet. Relate the incidents connected with the appearance of Banquo's ghost. What does its effect on Macbeth show? Why were Lord and Lady Macbeth especially troubled by the escape of Fleance? Why did Macbeth seek the weird sisters? What did they show him? What led him to kill Macduff's family? How was Macbeth regarded by the people at this time?

IV. Death of Macbeth

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it), "with armor on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with false confidence, and he remembered the saying of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege: here he sullenly awaited the approach of Malcolm. When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred, that as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move! "Liar and slave," cried Macbeth, "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me": for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear, till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood did move! "However," said he, "if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an

idea of a wood moving, is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skillful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valor, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counseled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat; but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him; and smiling confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou losest thy labor, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit, whom thou hast served, tell thee, that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother."

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way; "and

let never man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!' "

"Never," said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm; who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.

From "Tales from Shakespeare."

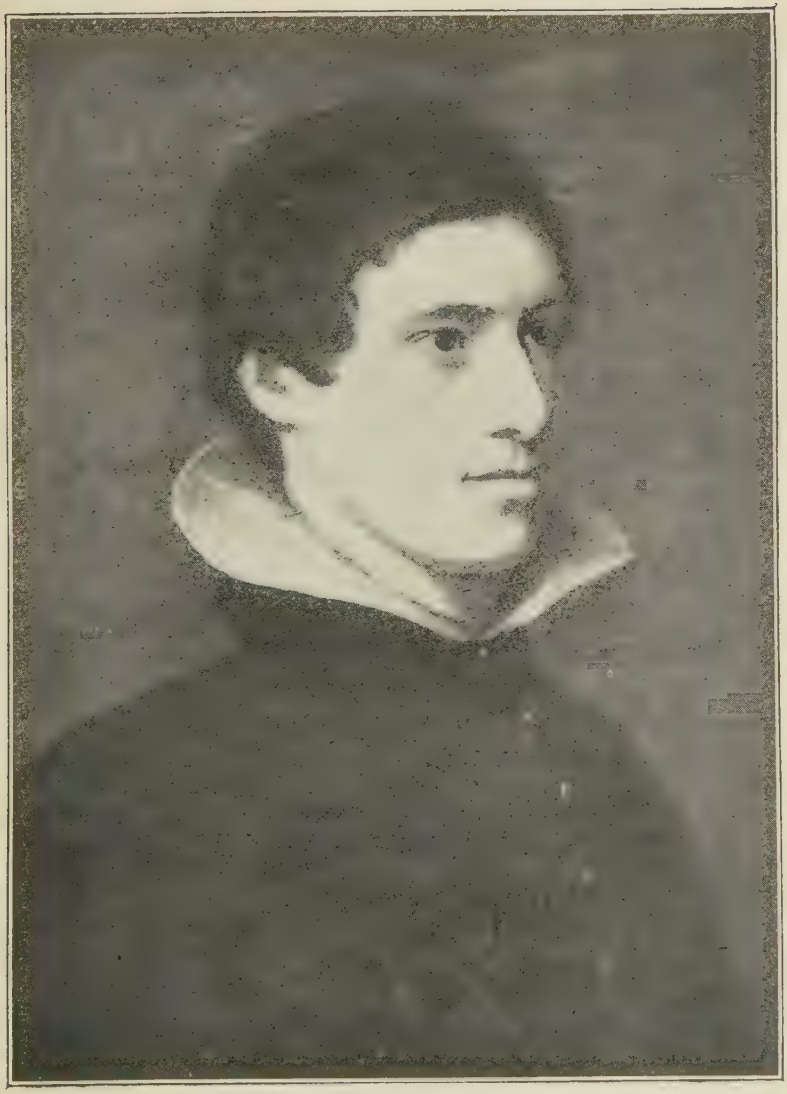
GLOSSARY. Impregnable; averred; equivocal; untimely; baited; machinations.

STUDY. Tell step by step how the prophecies of the witches worked out. How did Macbeth's efforts to make himself safe really help the fulfillment of their strange words? Did Macbeth die in a brave or cowardly fashion? Do you feel sorry for either Lord or Lady Macbeth? Why was it fitting that Macduff should slay Macbeth? What does the story suggest about such traitorous ambitions as those possessed by Macbeth?

CHARLES LAMB

Born, in London, England, February 10, 1775.
Died, at Edmonton, a London suburb, December 27, 1834.

Mr. Lamb's personal appearance was remarkable. It quite realized the expectations of those who think that an author and a wit should have a distinct air, a separate costume, a particular



CHARLES LAMB

cloth, something positive and singular about him. Such unquestionably had Mr. Lamb. Once he rejoiced in snuff-color, but latterly his costume was invariably black — with gaiters which seemed longing for something more substantial to close in. His legs were remarkably slight,—so indeed was his whole body, which was of short stature, but surmounted by a head of amazing fineness. His face was deeply marked and full of noble lines — traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick, and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humored; and the most cordial and delightful of his smiles were those which accompanied his affectionate talk with his sister, or his jokes against her.

JOHN FORSTER.

(The following whimsical autobiography was written by Lamb in 1827.)

Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountant's Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*[1]). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libeled as a person always aiming at wit; which, as he told a dull fellow who charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then an occasional puff. He has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called *Rosamond Gray*, a dramatic sketch named *John Woodvil*, a

1 *Teste sua manu* = Witness his hand.

Farewell Ode to Tobacco, with sundry other poems and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though, in fact, they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume. He died 18— much lamented. *Witness his hand.*

Such wit, such humor, such imagination, such intelligence, such sentiment, such kindliness, such heroism, all so quaintly mixed and mingled, and stuttering out in so freakish a fashion, and all blending so finely in that exquisite eccentric something which we call the character of Charles Lamb, make him the most lovable of writers and men.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
  More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
  Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

GLOSSARY. Arabian; Hebrides.

STUDY. Picture clearly the scene which the poet brings before the eye. Is the main interest in what is seen or in what is heard? What feeling does the song seem to express? (Line 6.) Why does the poet say line 4? What comparisons are made in stanza 2? What possible subjects of the song are suggested in stanza 3? Would it make any difference in its effect if you could determine the exact words? Explain lines 7 and 8; lines 19 and 20; lines 31 and 32.

AN APPLE STORY

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

[Mr. Nicodemus Easy, Esquire, a well-to-do and eccentric country gentleman, had as his hobby certain extravagant notions about the "rights of man," which he preached on all occasions and which he tried to instill into the mind of his son Jack. The following adventure shows how Jack understood the matter.]

I. UP A TREE

Jack discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, a summer apple tree bearing tempting fruit, and he immediately

broke through the hedge, and climbing the tree, as our first mother did before him, he culled the fairest and did eat.

"I say, you sir, what are you doing there?" cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thickset personage in gray coat and red waistcoat, standing underneath him.

"Don't you see what I'm about?" replied Jack. "I'm eating apples; shall I throw you down a few?"

"Thank you kindly — the fewer that are pulled the better; perhaps as you are so free to give them to others as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property!"

"Not a bit more my property than they are yours, my good man."

"I guess that's something like the truth; but you are not quite at the truth yet, my lad; those apples are mine, and I'll trouble you to come down as fast as you please; when you're down we can then settle our accounts; and," continued the man, shaking his cudgel, "depend upon it you shall have your receipt in full."

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

"My good man," said he, "it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruit, for the benefit of us all — they are common property, believe me."

"That's a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own."

"You'll find it in the Bible," says Jack.

"I never did yet, and I've read it through and through all, bating the 'Pocryfar."

"Then," said Jack, "go home and fetch the Bible, and I'll prove it to you."

"I suspect you'll not wait till I come back again. No, no; I have lost plenty of apples, and I have long wanted to find the robbers out; now I've caught one I'll take care that he don't 'scape without apple sauce, at all events — so come down, you young thief, come down directly — or it will be all the worse for you."

"Thank you," said Jack, "but I am very well here. I will, if you please, argue the point from where I am."

"I 've no time to argue the point, my lad. I 've plenty to do, but do not think I 'll let you off. If you don't choose to come down, why then you may stay there, and I 'll answer for it, as soon as work is done I shall find you safe enough."

"What can be done," thought Jack, "with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this!—however, he 'll not find me here when he comes back, I 've a notion."

But in this Jack was mistaken. The farmer walked to the hedge, and called to a boy, who took his orders and ran to the farmhouse. In a minute or two a large bulldog was seen bounding along the orchard to his master. "Mark him, Cæsar," said the farmer to the dog, "mark him." The dog crouched down on the grass, with his head up, and eyes glaring at Jack, showing a range of teeth that drove all our hero's philosophy out of his head.

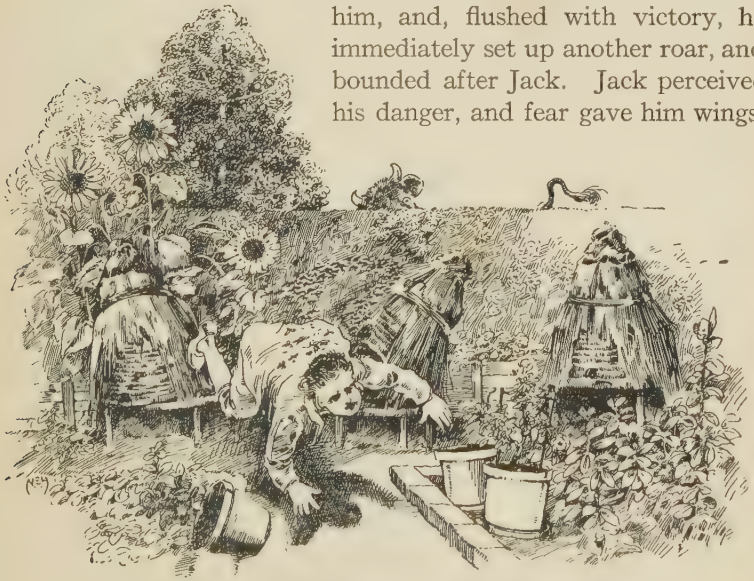
"I can't wait here, but Cæsar can, and I will tell you as a friend, that if he gets hold of you, he 'll not leave a limb of you together,—when work's done I 'll come back"; so saying, the farmer walked off, leaving Jack and the dog to argue the point, if so inclined. What a sad jade must philosophy be, to put her votaries in such predicaments!

After a while the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes, as if asleep, but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part one eye was seen to partially unclose, so Jack, like a prudent man, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner time, and as he chewed he ruminated.

Jack had been but a few minutes ruminating before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, no less a personage than a bull, who had been turned out with full possession of the orchard, and who now advanced, bellowing occasionally, and tossing his head at the sight of Cæsar, whom he considered as much a trespasser as his master had our hero. Cæsar started on his legs and faced the bull, who advanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards the bull made a rush at the

dog, who evaded him and attacked him in return, and thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were already at some distance from the apple tree. Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge at which Jack had gained admission. "Never mind," thought Jack, "there are two sides to every field," and although the other hedge joined on to the garden near to the farmhouse, there was no option.

"At all events," said Jack, "I'll try it." Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar; the bulldog had been tossed by the bull; he was then high in the air, and Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge; and the bull was thus celebrating his victory with a flourish of trumpets. Upon which Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree and took to his heels. Unfortunately for Jack, the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, he immediately set up another roar, and bounded after Jack. Jack perceived his danger, and fear gave him wings;



He found he had fallen into an apiary

he not only flew over the orchard, but he flew over the hedge, which was about five feet high, just as the bull drove his head into it. Look before you leap is an old proverb. Had Jack done so, he would have done better; but as there were cogent reasons to be offered in extenuation of our philosopher, we shall say no more, but merely state that Jack, when he got on the other side of the hedge, found that he had pitched into a small apiary, and had upset two hives of bees, who resented the intrusion; and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them very busy stinging him in all quarters. All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees flew faster than he could run, and Jack was mad with pain, when he stumbled, half blinded, over the brickwork of a well. Jack could not stop his pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face. Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a rapid descent of forty feet our hero found himself under water, and no longer troubled with the bees, who, whether they had lost scent of their prey from his rapid descent, or being notoriously clever insects, acknowledged the truth of the adage, "leave well alone," had certainly left Jack with no other companion than Truth. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast — it had all of it been unwound from the windlass, and therefore it enabled Jack to keep his head above water. After a few seconds Jack felt something against his legs; it was the bucket, about two feet under the water; Jack put his feet into it and found himself pretty comfortable, for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had been put into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

"At all events," thought Jack, "if it had not been for the bull, I should have been watched by the dog, and then thrashed by the farmer; but then again, if it had not been for the bull, I should not have tumbled among the bees; and if it had not been for the bees, I should not have tumbled into the well; and if it had not been for the chain, I should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple.

"However, I have got rid of the farmer, and the dog, and the bull, and the bees—all's well that ends well; but how am I to get out of the well? All creation appears to have conspired against the rights of man. As my father said, this is an iron age, and I am swinging to an iron chain."

We have given the whole of Jack's soliloquy, as it will prove that Jack was no fool, although he was a bit of a philosopher; and a man who could reason so well upon cause and effect, at the bottom of a well up to his neck in water, showed a good deal of presence of mind. But, if Jack's mind had been a little twisted by his father's philosophy, it had still sufficient strength and elasticity to recover itself in due time. Had Jack been a common personage, we should never have selected him for our hero.

GLOSSARY. Bating; 'Pocryfar; jade; votaries; ruminating; option; cogent; extenuation; apiary.

STUDY. What point did Jack want to argue with the farmer? Why would the farmer not listen to him? What means did the farmer take to be sure that Jack did not escape? Tell the story of Jack's flight. How did Jack make out that "all creation appears to have conspired against the rights of man"? What pun does the author make on the word "ruminating"? Point out other puns in this selection.

II. IN THE WELL

After all, it must be acknowledged that although there are cases of distress in which a well may become a place of refuge, a well is not at all calculated for a prolonged residence—so thought Jack. After he had been there some fifteen minutes, his teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled; he felt a numbness all over, and he thought it high time to call for assistance, which at first he would not, as he was afraid he should be pulled up to encounter the indignation of the farmer and his family. Jack was arranging his jaws for a halloo, when he felt the chain pulled up, and he slowly emerged from the water. At first he heard complaints of the weight of the bucket, at which Jack was not surprised, then

he heard a tittering and laughing between two parties, and soon afterwards he mounted up gayly. At last his head appeared above the low wall, and he was about to extend his arms so as to secure a position on it, when those who were working at the windlass beheld him. It was a heavy farming man and a maidservant.

"Thank you," said Jack.

One never should be too quick in returning thanks; the girl screamed and let go the winch, the man, frightened, did not hold it fast; it slipped from his grasp, whirled round, struck him under the chin and threw him over it headlong, and before the "Thank you" was fairly out of Jack's lips, down he went again like lightning to the bottom. Fortunately for Jack, he had not yet let go the chain, or he might have struck the sides and been killed; as it was he was merely soused a second time, and in a minute or two regained his former position.

"This is mighty pleasant," thought Jack, as he clapped his wet hat once more on his head; "at all events, they can't now plead ignorance; they must know that I'm here."

In the meantime the girl ran into the kitchen, threw herself down on a stool from which she reeled off in a fit upon sundry heaps of dough waiting to be baked in the oven, which were laid to rise on the floor before the fire.

"Mercy on me, what is the matter with Susan?" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "Here — where 's Mary — where 's John? — Deary me, if the bread won't all be turned to pancakes.'

John soon followed, holding his under jaw in his hand, looking very dismal and very frightened, for two reasons, one because he thought that his jaw was broken, and the other, because he thought he had seen the devil.

"Mercy on us, what is the matter?" exclaimed the farmer's wife again. "Mary, Mary, Mary!" screamed she, beginning to be frightened herself, for with all her efforts she could not remove Susan from the bed of dough, where she lay senseless and heavy as lead. Mary answered to her mistress's loud appeal, and with her assistance they raised up Susan, but as for the bread, there

was no hope of it ever rising again. "Why don't you come here and help Susan, John?" cried Mary.

"Aw-yaw—aw!" was all the reply of John, who had had quite enough of helping Susan, and who continued to hold his head, as it were, in his hand.

"What's the matter here, missus?" exclaimed the farmer, coming in. "Highty-tighty, what ails Susan, and what ails you?" continued the farmer, turning to John. "Hang it, but everything seems to go wrong this blessed day. First there be all the apples stolen — then there be all the hives turned topsy-turvy in the garden—then there be Cæsar with his flank opened by the bull — then there be the bull broken through the hedge and tumbled into the saw pit—and now I come to get more help to drag him out I find one woman dead like, and John looks like he had seen the devil."

"Aw-yaw-aw!" replied John, nodding his head very significantly.

"One would think that the devil had broke loose to-day. What is it, John? Have you seen him, and has Susan seen him?"

"Aw-yaw."

"He 's stopped your jaw then, at all events, and I thought the devil himself wouldn't have done that—we shall get nothing of you. Is that wench coming to her senses?"

"Yes, yes, she's better now. Susan, what's the matter?"

"Oh, oh, ma'am! The well, the well—"

"The well! Something wrong there, I suppose. Well, I will go and see."

The farmer trotted off to the well; he perceived the bucket was at the bottom and all the rope out; he looked about him, and then he looked into the well. Jack, who had become very impatient, had been looking up some time for the assistance which he expected would have come sooner; the round face of the farmer occasioned a partial eclipse of the round disk which bounded his view, just as one of the satellites of Jupiter sometimes obscures the face of the planet round which he revolves.

"Here I am," cried Jack, "get me up quick, or I shall be dead." And what Jack said was true, for he was quite done up by having been so long down, although his courage had not failed him.

"Hang it, but there be somebody fallen into the well," cried the farmer; "no end to mishaps this day. Well, we must get a Christian out of a well afore we get a bull out of a saw pit, so I'll go call the men."

In a very short time the men who were assembled round the saw pit were brought to the well.

"Down below there, hold on now."

"Never fear," cried Jack.

Away went the winch, and once more Jack had an extended horizon to survey. As soon as he was at the top, the men hauled him over the bricks and laid him down upon the ground, for Jack's strength had failed him.

"Hang it, if it bean't that chap who was on my apple tree," cried the farmer. "Howsomever, he must not die for stealing a few apples; lift him up, lads, and take him in—he is dead with cold—no wonder."

The farmer led the way, and the men carried Jack into the house, when the farmer gave him a glass of brandy; this restored Jack's circulation, and in a short time he was all right again.

After some previous conversation, in which Jack narrated all that had happened, "What may be your name?" inquired the farmer.

"My name is Easy," replied Jack.

"What, be you the son of Mr. Easy, of Forest Hill?"

"Yes."

"Hang it, he be my landlord, and a right good landlord too—why didn't you say so when you were up in the apple tree? You might have picked the whole orchard and welcome."

"My dear sir," replied Jack, who had taken a second glass of brandy, and was quite talkative again, "let this be a warning to you, and when a man proposes to argue the point, always, in future,

listen. Had you waited, I would have proved to you most incontestably that you had no more right to the apples than I had; but you would not listen to argument, and without discussion we can never arrive at truth. You send for your dog, who is ripped up by the bull — the bull breaks his leg in a saw pit — the beehives are overturned and you lose all your honey — your man John breaks his jaw — your maid Susan spoils all the bread — and why? Because you would not allow me to argue the point."

"Well, Mr. Easy, it be all true that all these mishaps have happened because I would not allow you to argue the point, perhaps, although, as I rent the orchard from your father, I cannot imagine how you could have proved to me that the apples were not mine; but now let 's take your side of the question, and I don't see how you be much better off — you get up in a tree for a few apples, with plenty of money to buy them if you like — you are kept there by a dog — you are nearly gored by a bull — you are stung by the bees, and you tumble souse into a well, and are nearly killed a dozen times, and all for a few apples not worth twopence."

"All very true, my good man," replied Jack; "but you forget that I, as a philosopher, was defending the rights of man."

"Well, I never knew before that a lad who stole apples was called a philosopher — we calls it petty larceny in the indictments; and as for your rights of man, I cannot see how they can be defended by doing what 's wrong."

"You do not comprehend the matter, farmer."

"No, I don't — and I be too old to learn, Master Easy. All I have to say is this, you are welcome to all the apples in the orchard if you please, and if you prefers, as it seems you do, to steal them, instead of asking for them, which I can only account for by the reason that they say that 'stolen fruit be sweetest,' I 've only to say that I shall give orders that you be not interfered with. My chaise be at the door, Master Easy, and the man will drive you to your father's — make my compliments to him, and say that I 'm very sorry that you tumbled into our well."

As Jack was much more inclined for bed than argument, he wished the farmer good night, and allowed himself to be driven home.

From "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

GLOSSARY. Winch; satellites of Jupiter; Christian; petty larceny.

STUDY. Who first pulled Jack up from the well? What effect did his sudden and unexpected appearance have on them? What led the farmer to say that "everything seems to go wrong this blessed day"? Tell how Jack was finally rescued from the well. How did the farmer say that all the trouble could have been avoided? What lesson did Jack think it ought to teach the farmer? Do you think the farmer made a good answer? Are you surprised that he could not appreciate Jack's philosophy? What are some of the most ludicrous things that happen in this story?

A VAGABOND SONG

BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

GLOSSARY. Vagabond.

STUDY. Notice the season dealt with. If the poet had not mentioned its name could you have determined which it was anyway? What words in stanza 1 indicate the way in which the season of autumn affects the speaker? What two specific illustrations of autumn's influence are given

in stanza 2? In what impulse do all these influences result as given in stanza 3? Explain the significance of "vagabond" as used in this poem. Have you ever felt anything of what the poet sets forth?

WHAT IS GOOD

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

GLOSSARY. Equity; seer.

STUDY. The philosopher is always searching for the deepest truth, what he calls the greatest good. Notice the many and various answers given to his question. Why do none of these satisfy him? Why is the final answer from "within" a better one than any that had been given?

A LAST WILL

WILLISTON FISH

He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon —he intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the yet unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away. Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy in school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory (he lingered on the word memory), do now make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

And first, that part of my business which is known among men and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes of the law as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of in this my will.

My right to live, it being but a life-estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: And first I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of

praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or

I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in

aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.

GLOSSARY. Appurtenances; troll.

STUDY. What do you learn about the man who made this will? Can you determine what led him to write this will himself instead of waiting for the lawyer? Notice that the remarkable fact about this will is that it does not dispose of the kind of property usually dealt with in wills. What does it do? Do you think it of more importance to be able to hand on to a new generation happiness, the power to enjoy nature and life generally, than money and possessions? Observe the particular pleasures assigned to each class mentioned in the will. Does the testator merely make a list, or does he speak of them in such a way as to suggest to the imagination the actual enjoyment itself? Point out instances in support of your answer. Notice the many pairs of law terms, such as "will and testament," and "all and every." Does their use help produce the impression that this is a real will? Do you find that you are one of the heirs under this will? Can you tell something of the writer's favorite poets? Does the writer's way of looking at things make you think more or less of the worth of living?

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WORK

HENRY VAN DYKE

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

GLOSSARY. Vagrant.

STUDY. What attitude toward the work that we do from "day to day" is suggested in stanza 1? Is it an attitude desirable for us? Why is the poet's point of view certain to result in a useful and cheerful life? What words in line 14 make a good motto?

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

ELIJAH KELLOGG

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on

the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard

"At noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute"

but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were crowded together,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows,—when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:—

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and has never yet lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who

can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

"Yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

"One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. And, methinks, if I could look on something other than warrior's harness and the blinding glare of burnished steel, and hear some other sound than death groans and armor clangs, could I but lay these throbbing temples upon the soft green turf beside my native brook, and let my hand hang over the bank into its blessed current, and feel the broad sweep of its waters, while the leaves danced over me, methinks that I could heave this cursed crust from off my heart and be again a child. Yes, a child, a child! But what have I to do with thoughts like these? I do forget my story.

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse;

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore"

the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold, he was my friend! He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died; the same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral pile, and mourn over his ashes. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestal, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child before that piece of bleeding clay; but the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look—and look—and look in vain to the bright Elysian Fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow

he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

GLOSSARY. Spartacus; Capua; Lentulus; eagles; amphitheater; Volturnus; arena; Jupiter; Helicon; Marathon; Leuctra; defile; prætor; vestal; pollution; Elysian Fields; plaited mail; Numidian; yellow Tiber; Adonis; sesterces; Thermopylæ; Thracians.

STUDY. What do you gather from the opening paragraphs about the day that was just closing? Describe the scene at the time Spartacus began to speak. In what way do the sentences of the third paragraph make you feel the supremacy of Spartacus? What contrast is suggested at the close of the next paragraph? What do you learn of his early life and of the influences that made him what he is? What is his feeling toward Rome? What has caused it? Notice the terrible satire directed toward Rome, in the seventh paragraph of the speech. What threat does it contain? What points does he use as a means of moving the other gladiators to join in a mutiny? Why are the constant references to the past glories of Greece especially effective? As you listen to his speech, do you find yourself entirely sympathizing with him and hating the Roman cruelty and indifference to human touches? Read so as to bring out your feeling.

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,

To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

GLOSSARY. Rhodora; cheapens; sages; selfsame.

STUDY. Under what surroundings did the speaker find the rhodora? What suggests its great beauty? What question arises in connection with the apparent waste of this beauty? Comment on line 12. What is the poet's attitude toward the question? Was it "simple ignorance" or the highest wisdom?

LOCKSLEY, THE ARCHER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still

amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeomen, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows,

and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men at arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not

be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he

made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout! a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

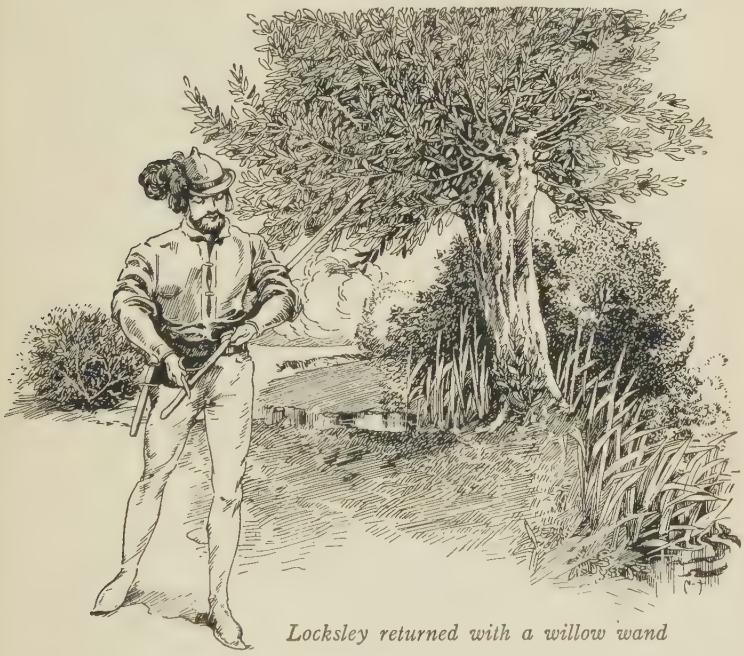
"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark

King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright



Locksley returned with a willow wand

in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge

"My grandsire never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I"

of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley: "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

From "Ivanhoe."

GLOSSARY. Newmarket; silvan; Prince John; insolent; discomfiture; unwittingly; men at arms; provost; butt; Leicester; Malvoisin; baldric; sith; Hastings; runagate; clout; North Country; whittle; sirrah.

STUDY. What was Prince John's attitude toward Locksley? Are you brought into sympathy with John or with Locksley? Detail the events of the contest. How did Locksley prove his supremacy as an archer? How do you explain John's change of attitude at the end of the contest? Point out some humorous touches in the selection. (This selection may easily be dramatized. You can make a long bow with little trouble, and while you may not rival Locksley as a marksman you will at any rate find out how hard it is to attain to the skill which he possessed.)

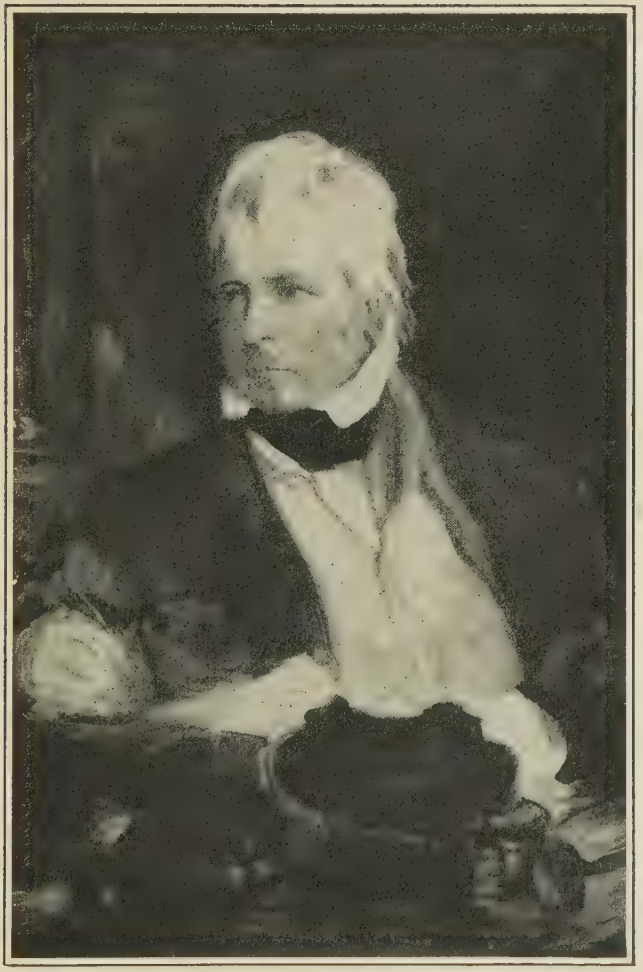
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Born, in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771.
Died, at Abbotsford, Scotland, September 21, 1832.

He is tall and well formed, excepting one of his ankles and foot —I think the right—which is crippled, and makes him walk very lamely. He is neither fat nor thin. His face is perfectly Scotch, and though some people think it heavy, it struck me as a very agreeable one. He never could have been handsome. His forehead is very high, his nose short, his upper lip long, and the lower part of his face rather fleshy. His complexion fresh and clear, his eyes very blue, shrewd, and penetrating. I should say the predominant expression of his face is that of strong sense. His hair, which has always been very light (as well as his eyebrows and eyelashes) is now of a silvery whiteness, which makes him look somewhat older than he is.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, 1820.

The delight of my youth was Scott, especially his poetry. I began with the poems, and read them so often that I almost knew them by heart before I had read a single passage of the prose tales. *The Lady of the Lake* was my especial favorite, and I have no doubt that my early enthusiasm for that delightful poem implanted in me a love for beautiful lakes with romantic islands in them which had practical consequences afterwards. Even



SIR WALTER SCOTT

to this day these feelings are as lively in me as ever, so that nothing in the world seems to me so completely delightful as a lake if one has a sailing boat to wander over it. . . . To a youth who becomes thoughtful Scott is insufficient, but a man who has got through most of his serious thinking may return to him again and receive from him much of the old refreshment and delight. I am still a reader of Scott, and never appreciated the qualities of *Ivanhoe* so completely as on reading that masterpiece last year. Of all authors, it is Scott who has given me the greatest sum of pleasure, and that of a very healthy kind.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, 1887.

His magic still has power to charm all wholesome and candid souls. Although so many years have passed since his great heart broke in the valiant struggle against evil fortune, his poems and his tales are read with undiminished interest and perennial pleasure. He loved with a simple, straightforward affection man and nature, his country and his kind; he has his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. The poet who as an infant clapped his hands and cried "Bonnie!" to the thunderstorm, and whose dying senses were delighted by the farewell whisper of the Tweed rippling over its pebbles, is quoted in every aspect of sun and shadow that varies the face of Scotland. The man who blew so clear a clarion of patriotism lives forever in the speech of those who seek a line to describe the love of country. The robust, athletic spirit of his tales of old, the loyal quarrels, the instructive loves, the stanch devotion of the uncomplicated creations of his inexhaustible fancy—all these have their special message and attraction for the minds of our day, fatigued with problems, with doubts and futile questionings. His work is a clear, high voice, from a simpler age than ours, breathing a song of lofty and unclouded purpose, of sincere and powerful passion, to which the world, however weary and preoccupied, must needs still listen and attend.

JOHN HAY.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

STUDY. This great dirge expresses the poet's feeling on the death of Lincoln, at the close of the Civil War. Picture the ship's return. What do you gather as to the nature of the voyage just finished? What makes this picture a fitting image of the real situation? What feelings possess the speaker? Does the poet use regular rime in this poem?

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept,
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.

The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

GLOSSARY. Tattoo; serried; Angostura; Dark and Bloody Ground; Spartan mother.

STUDY. Commit to memory the first stanza. What contrasts between the present and the past are brought out in stanzas 2 to 8? Do such terms as "shivered swords" and "plumèd heads" suggest a picture of modern soldiers or of knights of the Middle Ages? What does the poet gain by such imagery? By what kind of feeling would you say the poet was moved when he wrote this poem? This poem has been immensely popular. Do you like it? If so, can you tell what in it appeals to you? Select and read the stanzas that you like most.

AT WALDEN POND

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a traveling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few

are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go outdoors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade the villager,—the wood thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at

the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rainstorm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hilltop near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the northwest, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of intervening water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I

did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my imagination. The low shrub-oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose, stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon,"—said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted;—

> "There was a shepherd that did live,
> And held his thoughts as high
> As were the mounts whereon his flocks
> Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

From "Walden, Chap. II, pp. 133–139."

GLOSSARY. Exude; auroral; Olympus; crystallization; Harivansa; tanager; tarn; conventicle; mirage; insulated; steppes; Tartary; Damodara; delectable; Cassiopeia's Chair; unprofaned; Pleiades; Hyades; Aldebaran; Altair.

STUDY. Describe fully Thoreau's house and its surroundings. How did it differ from the ordinary house? As you read this account, are you led to think that the house is the important matter, or is it rather the writer's attitude toward the world about him? If the latter, does the house

fit into the scheme in any important way? A selection such as this requires very careful reading, that is, thinking, in order to appreciate it A good way is to select some of the more striking passages and try to elaborate their meaning. For instance: "Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere"; "Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers."[4] Select others, and treat them in the same manner. Notice particularly the description of the mirage of the Sudbury meadows. Consider the meaning of the final paragraph.

THE COWBOY

JOHN ANTROBUS

"What care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero
His worn chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood days again,

And to many a loved one in the past.
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

'T is over late at the ranchman's gate—
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun—
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
He dashes past,
With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat—who cares, who cares!

GLOSSARY. Mesa; chaparajos; Centaur; swart; Hun; Goth.

STUDY. Who speaks the first five lines? The author was an artist, and wrote this poem while painting a remarkable picture of a cowboy. Do you get a vivid picture of the cowboy in lines 6 to 11? What traits are pointed out in stanza 2? What lack of understanding is noted in stanza 3? What common human trait is brought out in stanza 4? Does this make you like the cowboy more, or less? Why? What illustration of the reckless side of his life do you find in the last stanza? Notice the words with which each stanza closes, and consider carefully their meaning. Do they furnish any key to traits and facts in the cowboy's character and life?

A FAMOUS CAMPAIGN

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

My recollections of American politics begin, then, with the famous campaign of 1840, and of that they are vivid. Our family had, in 1839, removed to Syracuse, which, although now a city of

about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, was then a village of fewer than six thousand; but, as the central town of the state, it was already a noted gathering place for political conventions and meetings. The great Whig mass meeting held there, in 1840, was long famous as the culmination of the campaign between General Harrison and Martin Van Buren.

As a President, Mr. Van Buren had fallen on evil times. It was a period of political finance; of demagogical methods in public business; and the result was "hard times," with an intense desire throughout the nation for a change. This desire was represented especially by the Whig party. General Harrison had been taken up as its candidate, not merely because he had proved his worth as governor of the Northwestern Territory, and as a senator in Congress, but especially as the hero of sundry fights with the Indians, and, above all, of the plucky little battle at Tippecanoe. The most popular campaign song, which I soon learned to sing lustily, was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," and sundry lines of it expressed, not only my own deepest political convictions and aspirations, but also those cherished by myriads of children of far larger growth. They ran as follows:

"Oh, have you heard the great commotion-motion-motion
Rolling the country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too;
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van is a used-up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van."

The campaign was an apotheosis of tomfoolery. General Harrison had lived the life, mainly, of a western farmer, and, for a time, doubtless, exercised amid his rude surroundings the primitive hospitality natural to sturdy western pioneers. On these facts the changes were rung. In every town and village a log cabin was erected where the Whigs held their meetings; and the bringing of logs, with singing and shouting, to build it, was a great event;

its front door must have a wooden latch on the inside; but the latch-string must run through the door; for the claim which the friends of General Harrison especially insisted upon was that he not only lived in a log cabin, but that his latch-string was always out, in token that all his fellow-citizens were welcome at his fireside.

Another element in the campaign was hard cider. Every log cabin must have its barrel of this acrid fluid, as the antithesis of the alleged beverage of President Van Buren at the White House. He, it was asserted, drank champagne, and on this point I remember that a verse was sung at log-cabin meetings which, after describing in a prophetic way the arrival of the "Farmer of North Bend" at the White House, ran as follows:

> "They were all very merry, and drinking champagne
> When the Farmer, impatient, knocked louder again;
> Oh, Oh, said Prince John, I very much fear
> We must quit this place the very next year." . . .

Another feature at the log cabin, and in all political processions, was at least one raccoon; and if not a live raccoon in a cage, at least a raccoon skin nailed upon the outside of the cabin. This gave local color, but hence came sundry jibes from the Democrats, for they were wont to refer to the Whigs as "coons," and to their log cabins as "coon pens." Against all these elements of success, added to promises of better times, the Democratic party could make little headway. Martin Van Buren, though an admirable public servant in many ways, was discredited. M. de Bacourt, the French Minister at Washington, during his administration, was, it is true, very fond of him, and this cynical scion of French nobility wrote in a private letter, which has been published in these latter days, "M. Van Buren is the most perfect imitation of a gentleman I ever saw." But this commendation had not then come to light, and the main reliance of the Democrats in capturing the popular good will was their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. He, too, had fought in the Indian wars, and bravely.

Therefore it was that one of the Whig songs which especially rejoiced me, ran:

"They shout and sing, Oh, humpsy dumpsy,
Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh."

Among the features of that period which excited my imagination were the enormous mass meetings, with processions, coming in from all points of the compass, miles in length, and bearing every patriotic device and political emblem. Here the Whigs had infinitely the advantage. Their campaign was positive and aggressive. On platform wagons were men working at every trade which expected to be benefited by Whig success; log cabins of all sorts and sizes, hard-cider barrels, coon pens, great canvas balls, which were kept "a-rolling on," canoes, such as General Harrison had used in crossing western rivers, eagles that screamed in defiance, and cocks that crowed for victory. The turning ball had reference to sundry lines in the foremost campaign song. For the October election in Maine having gone Whig by a large majority, clearly indicating what the general result was to be in November, the opening lines ran as follows:

"Oh, have you heard the news from Maine-Maine-Maine?
Rolling the country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." . . .

Another feature in the campaign also impressed me. A blackguard orator, on the Whig side, one of those whom great audiences applaud for the moment and ever afterwards despise, . . . made a speech which depicted the luxury prevailing at the White House, and among other evidences of it, dwelt upon the "gold spoons" used at the President's table, denouncing their use with such unction that, for the time, unthinking people regarded Martin Van Buren as a sort of American Vitellius. As a matter of fact, the scanty silver-gilt table utensils at the White House have been shown, in these latter days, in some very pleasing articles written by General Harrison's grandson, after this grandson had himself

retired from the presidency, to have been, for the most part, bought long before;—and by order of General Washington. . . .

In November of 1840 General Harrison was elected. In the following spring he was inaugurated, and the Whigs being now for the first time in power, the rush for office was fearful. It was undoubtedly this crushing pressure upon the kindly old man that caused his death. What British soldiers, and Indian warriors, and fire, flood, and swamp fevers could not accomplish in over sixty years, was achieved by the office-seeking hordes in just one month. He was inaugurated on the fourth of March and died early in April.

From "Autobiography."

GLOSSARY. Whig; Northwestern Territory; Tippecanoe; apotheosis; acrid; antithesis; Farmer of North Bend; Prince John; M. de Bacourt; scion; Tecumseh; October election; unction; Vitellius.

STUDY. This very vivid picture of what was perhaps the most remarkable campaign in American politics has the advantage of being written from personal recollections. Do you agree that this campaign was "an apotheosis of tomfoolery"? Point out what seem to you the best examples of "tomfoolery." Compare with what you have observed in campaigns of the present day. Does the author seem to give a well-balanced account and avoid partisanship?

THE RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

GLOSSARY. Recessional; contrite; dune; Nineveh; Tyre; Gentiles; reeking; shard.

STUDY. This poem was written at the time of the great celebration of the 60th year of Queen Victoria's reign in 1897, when the general theme in all minds was the greatness and glorious accomplishments of the empire. How does the theme in this poem differ from that suggested? In what direction does the poet try to turn men's minds? What is it that there is danger of forgetting? What was the "sacrifice" of line 9? What national danger is referred to in stanza 4? What kind of heart trusts in mere might? What more is needed?

ON REPUTATION

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cassio. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenseless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cassio. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cassio. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

From "Othello."

GLOSSARY. Iago; Cassio; repute; fustian; pleasance; moraler; Hydra; inordinate.

STUDY. This well-known passage is from the play of *Othello*, Act II, scene 3. Cassio is a well-meaning but rather weak follower of Othello. Iago, one of Shakespeare's greatest villains, has succeeded in getting him drunk. In this drunken condition he engages in a brawl, loses the favor of Othello, and is then seized with great shame and remorse.

What does Cassio's first speech tell you of his state of mind? What do you think of Iago's reply? Is his position that of one who sees deeply, or that of the man who expects to win his way by mere policy? Point out passages that show Cassio's great sense of his disgrace. Was he "too severe a moraler"? Select some passages that serve as good protests against drunkenness.

TRUTH

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Truth is the rock foundation of every great character. It is loyalty to the right as we see it; it is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals; it is always—power.

Truth ever defies full definition. Like electricity it can only be explained by noting its manifestation. It is the compass of the soul, the guardian of conscience, the final touchstone of right. Truth is the revelation of the ideal; but it is also an inspiration to realize that ideal, a constant impulse to live it.

Lying is one of the oldest vices in the world—it made its début in the first recorded conversation in history, in a famous interview in the garden of Eden. Lying is the sacrifice of honor to create a wrong impression. It is masquerading in misfit virtues. Truth can stand alone, for it needs no chaperon or escort. Lies are cowardly, fearsome things that must travel in battalions. They are like a lot of drunken men, one vainly seeking to support another. Lying is the partner and accomplice of all the other vices. It is the cancer of moral degeneracy in an individual life.

Truth is the oldest of all the virtues; it antedated man, it lived before there was man to perceive it or to accept it. It is the unchangeable, the constant. Law is the eternal truth of Nature—the unity that always produces identical results under identical conditions. When a man discovers a great truth in Nature he has the key to the understanding of a million phenomena; when he grasps a great truth in morals he has in it the key to his spiritual re-creation. For the individual there is no such thing as theoretic truth; a great truth that is not absorbed by our whole mind and life, and has not become an inseparable part of our living, is not a real truth to us. If we know the truth and do not live it, our life is—a lie.

In speech, the man who makes Truth his watchword is careful in his words, he seeks to be accurate, neither understating nor overcoloring. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity, the hall-mark of pure gold. If he praises you, you accept his statements as "net," you do not have to work out a problem in mental arithmetic on the side to see what discount you ought to make before you accept his judgment. His promise counts for something, you accept it as being as good as his bond, you know that no matter how much it may cost him to verify and fulfill his word by deed, he will do it. His honesty is not policy. The man who is honest merely because it is "the best policy," is not really honest, he is only politic. Usually such a man would forsake his seeming

loyalty to truth and would work overtime for the devil—if he could get better terms.

Truth means "that which one troweth or believeth." It is living simply and squarely by our belief; it is the externalizing of a faith in a series of actions. Truth is ever strong, courageous, virile, though kindly, gentle, calm, and restful. There is a vital difference between error and untruthfulness. A man may be in error and yet live bravely by it; he who is untruthful in his life knows the truth but denies it. The one is loyal to what he believes, the other is traitor to what he knows.

"What is Truth?" Pilate's great question, asked of Christ over two thousand years ago, has echoed unanswered through the ages. We get constant revelations of parts of it, glimpses of constantly new phases, but never complete, final definition. If we but live up to the truth that we know, and seek ever to know more, we have put ourselves into the spiritual attitude of receptiveness to know Truth in the fullness of its power. Truth is the sun of morality, and like that lesser sun in the heavens, we can walk by its light, live in its warmth and life, even if we see but a small part of it and receive but a microscopic fraction of its rays.

From "The Power of Truth."

GLOSSARY. Début; chaperon; degeneracy; phenomena; hall-mark; "net"; Pilate; microscopic.

STUDY. Why is truth such an important matter? Select all the passages that help you understand what truth means, and consider the meaning of each passage. Why can truth not be simply and fully defined? Contrast lying and truthfulness by reading passages that set the two over against each other. What criticism do you find of the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy"? Do you agree with this criticism? Since one can never be certain of having the whole truth, how can he guide his life by reference to what is true? (Does this analysis of truth help you any in understanding the case of Cassio in a previous lesson?)

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned it all,
For idly, hour by hour,

His singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine

He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

GLOSSARY. Admetus; viceroy; unwittingly.

STUDY. What do you learn of the early history of the shepherd in the first four stanzas? (Apollo, in the old story, had been condemned to serve a mortal for the space of a year because he had angered Zeus, the chief of the gods.) How did men regard him? What effect did his wisdom have upon mortals? Did it have this effect because he tried to act as an instructor? What do you learn of the source of his wisdom? Notice that the contradiction between the way people regarded the poet, and the effect his words had upon them, disappeared after he passed away. How was he regarded then? This poem may tell you how any great poet impresses people when alive and afterwards. Consider especially the expressions: "his careless words" (l. 24), "idly . . . he sat . . . or mused" (ll. 26 to 28), "a healing power profuse" (l. 32).

SPEECH OF VINDICATION

ROBERT EMMET

My lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard—a government which is

steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood

which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

GLOSSARY. Predetermination; mitigation; calumny; obloquy; perfidious; steeled; superinhuman; travailed; chimerical; minion; scrutiny; congealed; asperse.

STUDY. Do you find this speech full of dignified courage, or terror at the prospect before the speaker? Why had he been condemned to death? Is his purpose to move the court to mercy, or something else? Read passages to support your opinion. What points are urged in defense of the speaker's past actions? Why did he appeal to the shade of his father? What was his final request to mankind? Why did he make it?

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

THOMAS MOORE

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

GLOSSARY. Relics; verdure.

STUDY. This poem has reference to Robert Emmet, whose speech precedes. What is the reason for the appeal in the first line? (See the speech.) What comparison in lines 3 and 4? How is this comparison made the subject of stanza 2? Why, do you think, should Emmet's memory long be kept "green in our souls"? Does this poem impress you with the fact that there is more in the speaker's mind than mere sorrow over Emmet's untimely end? (Probably Moore's indignation at what he believed to be Ireland's sufferings at the hands of England.)

AN ICEBERG

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Saturday, July 2d. This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant; and we had a steady "reef-topsail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us; though such a thing was rarely heard of at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen.

"Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up.

"On the larboard bow."

And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the

Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size,—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

From "Two Years before the Mast."

GLOSSARY. Wheel; scuttle, Doctor; leeward; watch; filled away.

STUDY. From the time and the account of the day can you tell in what part of the world the ship was? What indicated the presence of ice? Does the writer seem to be trying to give you an account of what an iceberg is like, or to make you understand the effect upon the feelings of the observer? Read passages to justify your answer.

THE LAST WORD

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

STUDY. To what kind of person is this poem addressed? Does it suggest that folly can be rooted out of the world easily? What attitude toward wrong in the world does it inspire?

The two most common representations for life are those of the journey and the battle. In Bryant's "The Waterfowl" (Fourth Reader) which is used? Which one here? Which in Edwin Arnold's "Armageddon" (Sixth Reader)? Do you know of other selections in which life is pictured either as a journey or as a battle?

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

GLOSSARY. Dupes.

STUDY. What do you learn from stanza 1 as to why the soldier thinks it is not worth while to go on fighting? What encouraging points are made in stanza 2? What illustrations in stanzas 3 and 4 enforce the point of stanza 2? Is it easier to fight the battle of life when one can see successful results, or when he must trust merely to the righteousness of his cause in the face of seeming defeat and unpopularity? Which best tests the mettle of the fighter?

MENDING THE CLOCK

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

It is a little American clock, which I got as a present about two years ago on my coming of age. The donor told me it cost half a guinea, but on inquiry at the shop where it was bought

(this is what I always do when I get a present), I learned that the real price was four-and-sixpence. Up to this time I had been hesitating about buying a stand for it, but after that I determined not to do so. Since I got it, it has stood on my study mantelpiece, except once or twice at first, when its loud tick compelled me to wrap it up in flannel, and bury it in the bottom of a drawer. Until a fortnight ago my clock went beautifully, and I have a feeling that had we treated it a little less hardly it would have continued to go well. One night a fortnight ago it stopped, as if under the impression that I had forgotten to wind it up. I wound it up as far as was possible, but after going for an hour it stopped again. Then I shook it, and it went for five minutes. I strode into another room to ask who had been meddling with my clock, but no one had touched it. When I came back it was going again, but as soon as I sat down it stopped. I shook my fist at it, which terrified it into going for half a minute, and then it went creak, creak, like a clock in pain. The last thing it did before stopping finally was to strike nineteen, and alarm the neighborhood for two and a half minutes.

For two days I left my clock serenely alone, nor would I ever have annoyed myself with the thing had it not been for my visitors. I have a soul above mechanics, but when these visitors saw that my clock had stopped they expressed surprise at my not mending it. How different I must be, they said, from my brother, who had a passion for making himself generally useful. If the clock had been his he would have had it to pieces and put it right within the hour. Then the donor of the ill-fated clock called for the first time since he had smilingly presented me with the gift and murmured some incoherent words about ingratitude and hardness of heart. I pointed out that my mind was so full of weightier matters that I could not descend to clocks, but they had not the brains to see that what prevented my mending the clock was not incapacity, but want of desire to do so. This has ever been the worry of my life, that, because I don't do certain things, people take it for granted that I can't do them. I took no prizes at school or college, but you entirely misunderstand me if you think that was because

I could not take them. The fact is, that I had always a contempt for prizes and prizemen, and I have ever been one of the men who gather statistics to prove that it is the boy who sat at the foot of the class that makes his name in after life. I was that boy, and though I have not made my mark in life as yet, I could have done it had I wanted to do so as easily as I could mend a clock. My visitors, judging me by themselves, could not follow this argument, though I have given expression to it in their presence many times, and they were so ridiculous as to say it was a pity my brother did not happen to be at home. "Why, what do I need him for?" I asked, irritably.

"To mend the clock," they replied, and all the answer I made them was that if I wanted the clock mended I would mend it myself.

"But you don't know the way," they said.

"Do you really think," I asked them, "that I am the kind of man to be beaten by a little American clock?"

They replied that that was their belief, at which I coldly changed the subject.

"Are you really going to attempt it?" they asked, as they departed.

"Not I," I said. "I have other things to do."

Nevertheless, the way they flung my brother at me annoyed me, and I returned straight from the door to the study to mend the clock. It amused me to picture their chagrin when they dropped in the next night and found my clock going beautifully. "Who mended it?" I fancied them asking, and I could not help practicing the careless reply, "Oh, I did it myself." Then I took the clock in my hands, and sat down to examine it.

The annoying thing, to begin with, was that there seemed to be no way in. The clock was practically hermetically sealed, for, though the back shook a little when I thumped it on my knee, I could see quite well that the back would not come off unless I broke the mainspring. I examined the clock carefully round and round, but to open the thing up was as impossible as to get into an egg without chipping the shell. I twisted and twirled it, but

nothing would move. Then I raged at the idiots who made clocks that would not open. My mother came in about that time to ask how I was getting on.

"Getting on with what?" I asked.

"With the clock," she said.

"The clock," I growled, "is nothing to me," for it irritated me to hear her insinuating that I had been foiled.

"But I thought you were trying to mend it," she said.

"Not at all," I replied; "I have something else to do."

"What a pity," she said, "that Andrew is not here."

Andrew is the brother they are always flinging at me.

"He could have done nothing," I retorted, "for the asses made this clock not to open."

"I'm sure it opens," my mother said.

"Why should you be sure?" I asked fiercely.

"Because," she explained, "I never saw or heard of a clock that does n't open."

"Then," I snarled, "you can both see and hear of it now"—and I pointed contemptuously at my clock.

She shook her head as she went out, and as soon as the door shut I hit the clock with my clenched fist (stunning my fourth finger). I had a presentiment that my mother was right about the clock's opening, and I feared that she still labored under the delusion that I had been trying to mend the exasperating thing.

On the following day we had a visit from my friend Summer, and he had scarcely sat down in my study when he jumped up exclaiming:

"Hullo, is that the right time?"

I said to him that the clock had stopped, and he immediately took it on his knees. I looked at him sideways, and saw at once that he was the kind of man who knows about clocks. After shaking it he asked me what was wrong.

"It needs cleaning," I said at a venture, for if I had told him the whole story he might have thought that I did not know how to mend a clock.

"Then you have opened it and examined the works?" he asked, and not to disappoint him, I said yes.

"If it needs cleaning, why did you not clean it?" was his next question.

I hate inquisitiveness in a man, but I replied that I had not had time to clean it. He turned it round in his hands, and I knew what he was looking for before he said:

"I have never taken an American clock to pieces. Does it open in the ordinary way?"

This took me somewhat aback, but Summer, being my guest, had to be answered.

"Well," I said, cautiously, "it does and it doesn't."

He looked at it again, and then held it out to me, saying: "You had better open it yourself, seeing that you know the way."

There was a clock in the next room, and such a silence was there in my study after that remark that I could distinctly hear it ticking.

"Curiously unsettled weather," I said.

"Very," he answered. "But let me see how you get at the works of the clock."

"The fact is," I said, "that I don't want this clock mended; it ticks so loud that it disturbs me."

"Never mind," Summer said, "about that. I should like to have a look at its internals, and then we can stop it if you want to do so."

Summer talked in a light way, and I was by no means certain whether, once it was set agoing, the clock could be stopped so easily as he thought, but he was evidently determined to get inside.

"It is a curious little clock," I said to him; "a sort of puzzle, indeed, and it took me ten minutes to discover how to open it myself. Suppose you try to find out the way?"

"All right," Summer said, and then he tried to remove the glass.

"The glass doesn't come off, does it?" he asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," I replied.

"Stop a bit," said Summer, speaking to himself; "is it the feet that screw out?"

It had never struck me to try the feet; but I said: "Find out for yourself."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I replied

I sat watching with more interest than he gave me credit for, and very soon he had both the feet out; then he unscrewed the ring at the top, and then the clock came to pieces.

"I've done it," said Summer.

"Yes," I said, "but you have been a long time about it."

He examined the clock with a practiced eye, and then—

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "to be requiring cleaning."

A less cautious man than myself would have weakly yielded to the confidence of this assertion, and so have shown that he did not know about clocks.

"Oh, yes, it does," I said, in a decisive tone.

"Well," he said, "we had better clean it."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I replied, "but, if you like, you can clean it."

"Are they cleaned in the ordinary way, those American clocks?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "they are and they aren't."

"How should I clean it, then?" he asked.

"Oh, in the ordinary way," I replied.

Summer proceeded to clean it by blowing at the wheels, and after a time he said, "We'll try it now."

He put it together again, and then wound it up, but it would not go.

"There is something else wrong with it," he said.

"We have not cleaned it properly," I explained.

"Clean it yourself," he replied, and flung out of the house.

After he had gone I took up the clock to see how he had opened it, and to my surprise it began to go. I laid it down triumphantly. At last I had mended it. When Summer came in an hour afterward he exclaimed:

"Hullo, it's going."

"Yes," I said, "I put it to rights after you went out."

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I cleaned it properly," I replied.

As I spoke I was leaning against the mantelpiece, and I heard the clock beginning to make curious sounds. I gave the mantelpiece a shove with my elbow, and the clock went all right again. Summer had not noticed. He remained in the room for half an hour, and all that time I dared not sit down. Had I not gone on shaking the mantelpiece the clock would have stopped at any moment. When he went at last I fell thankfully in a chair, and the clock had stopped before he was halfway down the stairs. I shook it, and it went for five minutes, and then stopped. I shook it again, and it went for two minutes. I shook it, and it went for half a minute. I shook it, and it did not go at all.

The day was fine, and my study window stood open. In a passion I seized hold of that clock and flung it fiercely out into the garden. It struck against the trunk of a tree, and fell into a flower bed. Summer must have wound up the alarm when he was dickering with the thing, for a wild tr-r-ring suddenly cleft the noontide stillness. An old tabby leaped on the garden wall, made a spinal curve for a second, and then vanished. I stood at the window sneering at the clock, when suddenly I started. I have mentioned that it has a very loud tick. Surely I heard it ticking! I ran into the garden. The clock was going again! Concealing it beneath my coat I brought it back to the study, and since then it has gone beautifully. Everybody is delighted except Summer, who is naturally a little annoyed.

GLOSSARY. Guinea; four-and-sixpence; hermetically; foiled; presentiment.

STUDY. This story may offer some welcome relief from the more serious strain of the preceding group of selections. The whimsical nature of the owner of the clock should be noticed. What do you learn from his statement, "I have a soul above mechanics," and the passages following? Do you think he could have taken prizes at school if he had tried? Is he disturbed at the poor opinion others evidently had of him? Is the personal feeling displayed toward the clock unusual, or is it common to find people treating *things* as if they could understand? Why was the speaker annoyed at the way they "flung" his brother at him? Tell in order the adventures with the clock until it was finally "fixed." What was the matter with the clock? Why does the owner of the clock have such a feeling of triumph at the close? (You can easily dramatize this story and thus make its humorous points stand out clearly.)

THANATOPSIS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides

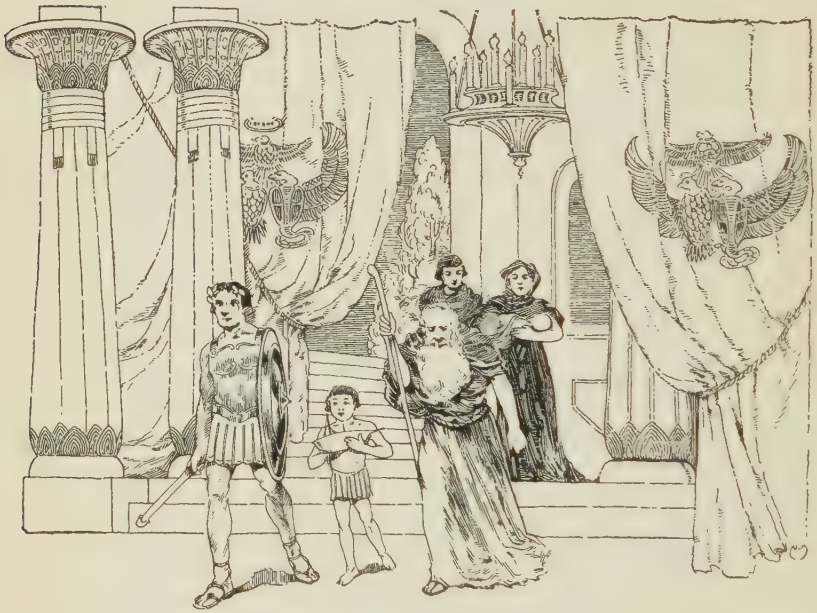
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between:

The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,



Each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

GLOSSARY. Thanatopsis; patriarchs; hoary; Barcan; Oregon; caravan; quarry slave.

STUDY. In what sense does Nature speak a various language? To what kind of person? Under what circumstances does the poet think Nature's voice especially consoling? What are Nature's teachings on the subject

of death? (These are very clearly set forth in the fine, sonorous blank verse of the poem, and you should read the passages expressing the various teachings. Thus you begin with the certainty of death, in lines 17 to 30. Then follow with the points by which Nature compensates us for that fact.) Does the poet succeed in making you feel the satisfaction of being a part of Nature in her glory? Especially, what compensation is suggested for parting with those dear to us? What attitude toward death are we exhorted to have, in the final lines? Many of the passages which you like best, if not the entire poem, should be committed to memory.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

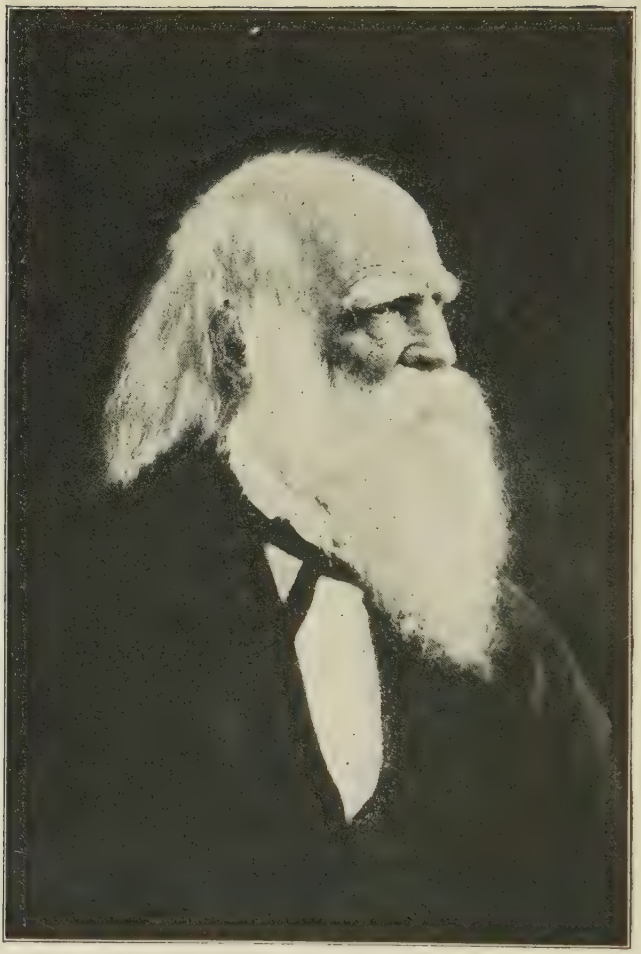
Born, at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794.
Died, at New York City, June 12, 1878.

In height, he is, perhaps, five feet nine. His frame is rather robust. His features are large but thin. His countenance is sallow, nearly bloodless. His eyes are piercing gray, deep set, with large projecting eyebrows. His mouth is wide and massive, the expression of the smile hard, cold — even sardonic. The forehead is broad, with prominent organs of ideality; a good deal bald; the hair thin and grayish, as are also the whiskers, which he wears in a simple style. His bearing is quite distinguished, full of the aristocracy of intellect. . . . The peculiar melancholy expression of his countenance has caused him to be accused of harshness, or coldness of heart. Never was there a greater mistake. His soul is charity itself, in all respects generous and noble. His manners are undoubtedly reserved.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1846.

Bryant's poetry is stately, lofty, clear. A man of practical self-control, who from childhood to the day of his death rose early, ate sparingly, exercised regularly, his verse is equally subject to rule. No impetuous measures broke from his pen. Respect for law and order, personal reserve, and coldness of temperament are so far from being the traditional make-up of a poet that it is no wonder the critics are puzzled.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

From Lowell's "Fable for Critics," 1848.

I am quite sensible that I did not do Mr. Bryant justice in the "Fable." But there was no personal feeling in what I said — though I have regretted what I *did* say because it might seem personal. I am now asked to write a review of his poems for the *North American*. If I do, I shall try to do him justice.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1855.

THE MINUTE MAN OF THE REVOLUTION

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Such was the opening battle of the Revolution — a conflict which, so far as we can see, saved civil liberty in two hemispheres — saved England as well as America, and whose magnificent results shine through the world as the beacon light of free popular government. And who won this victory? The minute men and militia, who, in the history of our English race, have been always the vanguard of freedom. The minute man of the American Revolution — who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty

is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die—or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more." . . .

This was the minute man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful fields—here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and, eighty-six years later, gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty—here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute man stood at the old North Bridge! But, should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man! . . .

And what cloud of doubt so dark hangs over us as that which lowered above the colonies when the troops of the king marched into the town, and the men of Middlesex resolved to pass the bridge? With their faith and their will we shall win their victory. No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drumbeat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But

wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life—there, minute men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge; and, as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

From "Orations and Addresses."

GLOSSARY. Minute man; old English cavalier; king's writ; Son of Liberty; North Bridge; caste.

STUDY. How does the orator make you understand that the minute man was not a mere abstraction, but a real, live human being? And what was the spirit that animated all his being? What special qualities of the minute man are emphasized in paragraph 2? What obligation for us has he made necessary? Explain fully the passage, "Who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system." In what fields are minute men necessary to-day? What kind of fight are we to wage? Notice that here, once more, life is set forth in the form of a battle. Trace the parallel. What spirit do you think the orator is trying to instill in his listeners by this speech?

THE OVERLAND MAIL

RUDYARD KIPLING

[*Foot-service to the Simla Hills*]

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are awake at the end of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.

Let the robber retreat—and the tiger turn tail—
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office bill;—
"Dispatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to him?
The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath 's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose oak, from rose oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice fields to rock ridge, from rock ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandaled feet, strains the scrawny brown chest.
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There 's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—
A jingle of bells on the footpath below—
There 's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:—
"In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

GLOSSARY. Simla Hills; Empress of India; *per;* spate.

STUDY. To the common imagination the power and majesty of government is suggested by the mail service more forcibly than by any other means, perhaps because it touches every one in a concrete way. Who are the Lords of the Jungle? (Does line 5 give you the answer?) Why are they exhorted to make way? How much time is covered by the poem? Picture the messenger from the hints here and there in the poem. What

suggestions of difficulties and the way they must be met? Read passages that indicate that certainty and speed are ideals in mail service. What climax is reached with reference to the sun in stanza 5?

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

From "Hamlet."

GLOSSARY. Trippingly; mouth; town-crier; robustious; periwig-pated; groundlings; dumb-shows; Termagant; Herod; tardy off.

STUDY. What are the main points of advice in the speech? Do they seem to you in every way good? Are they as applicable in other fields, say in reading, as to the stage? What does Shakespeare think is the purpose of playing? Commit to memory the famous lines that give this answer. Is it Shakespeare's main complaint that this ideal is "overdone," or that it is "come tardy off"?

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

WILLIAM COLLINS

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

STUDY. Commit these lines to memory. In what ways do they tell you that the graves of the patriot dead are honored? Notice the personifications. What words call attention to the grief with which their tombs are honored? Is there any other field than war in which bravery can be tested?

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THOMAS MOORE

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

GLOSSARY. Avoca.

STUDY. Read so as to bring out the fine swinging music of this song. Was it the beautiful scenery or something else that made the valley so attractive? What contrast do you find stated in stanza 4? After studying the poem, try to explain the meaning of the title.

THE FRUITS OF LIBERTY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe

to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him unto his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

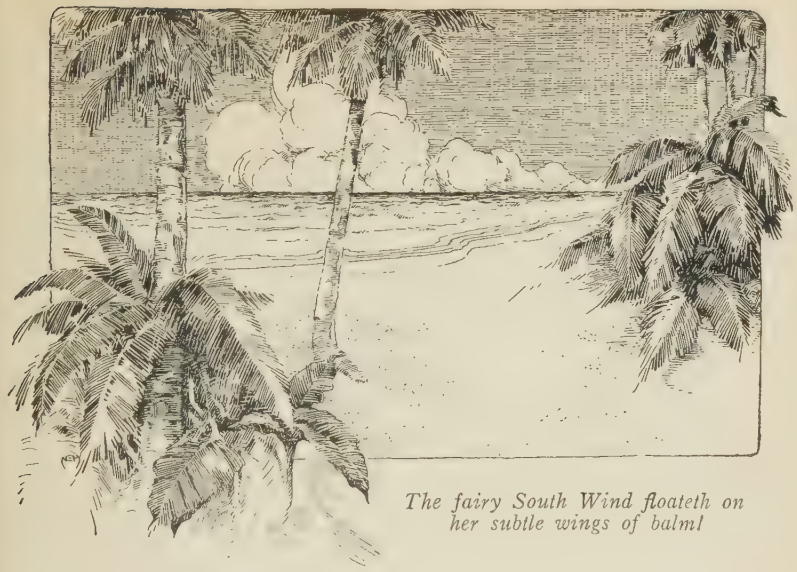
Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

From the essay on "Milton."

GLOSSARY. Ariosto; grovels; remand; coalesce; educed.

STUDY. This passage is from the essay on Milton, one of the earliest and greatest examples of Macaulay's remarkable style, written when he was twenty-five years of age.

Tell the story from Ariosto. In what way does this story illustrate the principle of liberty? What does Macaulay think of the idea that "no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom"? What is his line of argument on this point? With what illustration does he throw contempt over the maxim? Do you find yourself agreeing with Macaulay? (It may be interesting to notice that any nation with a colonial system generally falls back on the theory that Macaulay so contemptuously dismisses.)



The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Oh, fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-creasted calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars,—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

GLOSSARY. Transports; heat-lightnings; enthralling; preternatural.

STUDY. Why is this selection called a dream? Point out expressions that seem to fit into the dream idea. Notice that the effect of the south wind is to produce a sort of trance,—to produce what the poet calls "transports." This effect is suggested by language of a peculiarly rich and charming character. Its nature can be brought out by careful oral reading.

OFF ROUGH POINT

EMMA LAZARUS

We sat at twilight nigh the sea,
  The fog hung gray and weird.
Through the thick film uncannily
  The broken moon appeared.

We heard the billows crack and plunge,
  We saw nor waves nor ships.
Earth sucked the vapors like a sponge,
  The salt spray wet our lips.

Closer the woof of white mist drew,
  Before, behind, beside.
How could that phantom moon break through,
  Above that shrouded tide?

The roaring waters filled the ear,
  A white blank foiled the sight.
Close-gathering shadows near, more near,
  Brought the blind, awful night.

O friends who passed unseen, unknown!
  O dashing, troubled sea!
Still stand we on a rock alone,
  Walled round by mystery.

GLOSSARY. Uncannily; woof; foiled.

STUDY. What scene is brought before you in the first four stanzas? What one fact in the scene dominates it all? Does line 7 tell you that the fog hangs low upon the earth, or that it is lightly dispersed in air? Why call the night blind and awful (l. 16)? What impression does it give the speaker of her relation to other beings in the world? Do the last two lines have reference to the scene on the seashore alone, or do they suggest that in a sense we are always isolated from others? What is meant by "mystery" in line 20?

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE

We started off about noon; a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings, with two or three hammers, and a few pence among us, and no need to be home before dusk. An October sun shone merrily out upon us; the fields, bared of their leaves, had begun to be again laid under the plow, and long lines of rich brown loam alternated with bands of yellow stubble, up and down which toiled many a team of steaming horses. The neighboring woods, gorgeous in their tints of green, gold, and russet, sent forth clouds of rooks, whose noisy jangle, borne onward by the breeze, and mingling with the drone of the bee and the carol of the lark, grew mellow in the distance, as the cadence of a far-off hymn. We were too young to analyze the landscape, but not too young to find in every feature of it the intensest enjoyment. Moreover, our path lay through a district rich in historic associations. Watch-peels, castles, and towers looked out upon us as we walked, each with its traditionary tales, the recital of which formed one of our chief delights. Or if a castle lacked its story, our invention easily supplied the defect. And thus every part of the way came to be memorable in our eyes for some thrilling event real or imaginary—battles, stern and bloody, fierce encounters in single combat, strange weird doings of antique wizards, and marvelous achievements of steel-clad knights, who rambled restlessly through the world to deliver imprisoned maidens.

Thus beguiled the four miles seemed to shrink into one, and we arrived at length at the quarries. They had been opened, I found, along the slope of a gentle declivity. At the north end stood the kilns where the lime was burned, the white smoke from which we used to see some miles away. About a quarter of a mile to the south lay the workings where my comrades had seen the subterranean men; and there too stood the engine that drew up the wagons and pumped out the water. Between the engine and the kilns the hillside had all been mined and exhausted; the

quarrymen having gradually excavated their way southwards to where we saw the smoking chimney of the engine house. We made for a point midway in the excavations; and great indeed was our delight, on climbing a long bank of grass-grown rubbish, to see below us a green hollow, and beyond it a wall of rock, in the center of which yawned a dark cavern, plunging away into the hill far from the light of day. My companions rushed down the slope with a shout of triumph. For myself, I lingered a moment on the top. With just a tinge of sadness in the thought, I felt that though striking and picturesque beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen, this cavern was after all only a piece of human handiwork. The heaps of rubbish around me, with the smoking kilns at the one end and the clanking engine at the other, had no connection with beings of another world, but told only too plainly of ingenious, indefatigable man. The spell was broken at once and forever, and as it fell to pieces, I darted down the slope and rejoined my comrades.

They had already entered the cave, which was certainly vast and gloomy enough for whole legions of gnomes. The roof, steep as that of a house, sloped rapidly into the hillside beneath a murky sheet of water, and was supported by pillars of wide girth, some of which had a third of their height, or more, concealed by the lake, so that the cavern, with its inclined roof and pillars, half sunk in the water, looked as though it had been rent and submerged by some old earthquake. Not a vestige of vegetation could we see save, near the entrance, some dwarfed scolopendriums and pale patches of moss. Not an insect, nor indeed any living thing seemed ever to venture down into this dreary den. Away it stretched to the right hand and the left, in long withdrawing vistas of gloom, broken, as we could faintly see, by the light which, entering from other openings along the hillside, fell here and there along some hoary pillar, and finally vanished into the shade.

It is needless to recall what achievements we performed; how, with true boyish hardihood, we essayed to climb the pillars, or

crept along the ledges of rock that overhung the murky water, to let a ponderous stone fall plump into the depths, and mark how long the bubbles continued to rise gurgling to the surface, and how long the reverberations of the plunge came floating back to us from the far-off recesses of the cave. Enough, that, having satisfied our souls with the wonders below ground, we set out to explore those above.

"But where are the petrified forests and fishes?" cried one of the party. "Here!" "Here!" was shouted in reply from the top of the bank by two of the ringleaders on the previous Saturday. We made for the heap of broken stones whence the voices had come, and there, truly, on every block and every fragment the fossils met our eye, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first found fossil) was one that excited the deepest interest. The commander-in-chief of the first excursion, who was regarded (perhaps as much from his bodily stature as for any other reason) an authority on these questions, pronounced my treasure-trove to be, unmistakably and unequivocally, a fish. True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins; the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which were the scales; and in after years I learned that it was really a vegetable—the seed cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club moss; but, in the meantime, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be.

The halo that broke forth from the Wizard's tomb when William of Deloraine and the Monk of St. Mary's heaved at midnight the ponderous stone was surely not brighter, certainly not so benign in its results, as the light that now seemed to stream into my whole being, as I disinterred from their stony folds these wondrous relics. Like other schoolboys, I had, of course, had my lessons on geology in the usual meager, cut-and-dry form in which physical science was then taught in our schools. I could repeat a "Table of Formations," and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our textbooks—one with goggle

eyes, no neck, and a preposterous tail; another with an unwieldy body, and no tail at all, for which latter defect I had endeavored to compensate by inserting a long pipe into his mouth, receiving from our master (Ironsides, we called him) a hearty rap across the knuckles, as a recompense for my attention to the creature's comfort. But the notion that these pictures were the representations of actual, though now extinct monsters, that the matter-of-fact details of our textbooks really symbolized living truths, and were not invented solely to distract the brains and endanger the palms of schoolboys; nay, that the statements which seemed so dry and unintelligible in print were such as could be actually verified by our own eyes in nature, that beneath and beyond the present creation, in the glories of which we reveled, there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious, and infinitely older, and thus that more, immensely more, than our books and our teachers taught us could be learned by looking at nature for ourselves—all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation, one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We worked on industriously at the rubbish heap, and found an untold sum of wonders. The human mind in its earlier stages dwells on resemblances, rather than on differences. We identified what we found in the stones with that to which it most nearly approached in existing nature, and though many an organism turned up to which we could think of no analogue, we took no trouble to discriminate wherein it differed from others. Hence to our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary conglomeration of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist. It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves; why a seashore whelk lay entwined in the arms of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round

the tooth of a fish. These questions came all to be asked afterwards, and then I saw how egregiously erroneous had been our boyish identifications. But, in the meantime, knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up dragon flies, ferns, fishes, beetle cases, violets, seaweeds, and shells.

The shadows of twilight had begun to fall while we still bent eagerly over the stones. The sun, with a fiery glare, had sunk behind the distant hills, and the long lines of ruddy light that mottled the sky as he went down had crept slowly after him, and left the clouds to come trooping up from the east, cold, lifeless, and gray. The chill of evening now began to fall over everything, save the spirits of the treasure seekers. And yet they too in the end succumbed. The ring of the hammer became less frequent, and the shout that announced the discovery of each fresh marvel seldomer broke the stillness of the scene. And, as the moanings of the night-wind swept across the fields, and rustled fitfully among the withered weeds of the quarry, it was wisely resolved that we should all go home.

Then came the packing up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens, well-nigh as large as himself, and it was of course impossible to carry everything away. A rapid selection had therefore to be made. And oh! with how much reluctance were we compelled to relinquish many of the stones, the discovery whereof had made the opposite cavern ring again with our jubilee. Not one of us had had the foresight to provide himself with a bag, so we stowed away the treasures in our pockets. Surely practical geometry offers not a more perplexing problem than to gauge the capacity of these parts of a schoolboy's dress. So we loaded ourselves to the full, and marched along with the fossils crowded into every available corner.

Despite our loads, we left the quarry in high glee. Arranging ourselves instinctively into a concave phalanx, with the speaker in the center, we resumed a tale of thrilling interest, that had come to its most tragic part just as we arrived at the quarry

several hours before. It lasted all the way back, beguiling the tedium, darkness, and chill of the four miles that lay between the limeworks and our homes; and the final consummation of the story was artfully reached just as we came to the door of the first of the party who had to wish us good night.

Such was my first geological excursion—a simple event enough, and yet the turning point in a life. Thenceforward the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my everyday thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

From "Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad."

GLOSSARY. Watch-peels; traditionary; declivity; ingenious; indefatigable; gnomes; scolopendriums; petrified; fossil; unequivocally; extinct; William of Deloraine; analogue; conglomeration; pirouette; egregiously.

STUDY. Tell the story of this trip. How much more was it than just an ordinary picnic excursion? What was there in the day and the surroundings that added a glamour to it? What did they find in the cave? What revelation came to them of the relative value of books and nature? What humor do you find in their efforts to get their treasures home? Can you understand how such an experience could be the turning point of a life?

METAMORPHOSIS

LLOYD MIFFLIN

She spake so kindly unto all,
So tenderly and true,
She seemed the sweetest soul, I thought,
That ever met my view.

Her form and features, grace and mien,
Were lovely past compare;
To me, a halo seemed to rest
Above her yellow hair;

When lo! a scornful lip she curled,
One venomed word she spake,

And like a robe her beauty dropped,
And left the naked snake.

I shuddered, though I could have wept
To see those locks so fair
Take serpent shapes, and squirm and writhe
In gnarls of Gorgon hair.

Ah, they who keep their angel shapes
Bear still an angel mind;
And they are ever loveliest,
Who deepest love their kind.

For beauty dwells not in a form,
In tint of cheek or hair,
But they who bear the sweetest souls
Are fairest of the fair.

GLOSSARY. Metamorphosis; venomed; Gorgon hair.

STUDY. What kind of character is sketched in the first two stanzas? What transformation takes place with stanza 2? To what is this great change due? What effect did it have upon the speaker? Did he really observe "serpent shapes," or is that a figurative way of speaking which grew out of his familiarity with old symbolic stories? What is the real test of beauty and loveliness? Is it ever safe to judge wholly by external appearances?

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;

"Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

They could not see his bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool

That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

GLOSSARY. Jester; chastening; balsam.

STUDY. Why did the king order his jester to make a prayer? Did he expect the sort of prayer that followed? What did the jester's "bitter smile" mean? Notice the points to his prayer, the indictments he brings against humanity for its follies. Do you see any satire in his, "O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool"? What effect did the prayer have on the king and court? Explain the king's action and words at the close. What had he been brought to realize? Study with special care stanzas 6 and 7.

THE CHAMPION STONECUTTER

HUGH MILLER

We were joined in about a fortnight by the other workmen from the Low Country, and I resigned my temporary charge (save that I still retained the time-book in my master's behalf) into the hands of an ancient mason, remarkable over the north of Scotland for his skill as an operative, and who, though he was now turned of sixty, was still able to build and hew considerably more than the youngest and most active man in the squad. He was at this time the only survivor of three brothers, all masons, and all not merely first-class workmen, but of a class to which, at least to the north of the Grampians, only they themselves belonged, and very considerably in advance of the first. And on the removal of the second of the three brothers to the south of Scotland, it was found that, amid the stonecutters of Glasgow, David Fraser held relatively the same place that he had done among those of the north.

I have been told by Mr. Kenneth Matheson—a gentleman well

known as a master builder in the west of Scotland—that on erecting some hanging stairs of polished stone, ornamented in front and at the outer edge by the common fillet and torus, his ordinary workmen used to complete for him their one step apiece per day, and David Fraser his *three* steps, finished equally well. It is easily conceivable how, in the higher walks of art, one man should excel a thousand,—nay, how he should have neither competitor when living nor successor when dead. The English gentleman who, after the death of Canova, asked a surviving brother of the sculptor whether he purposed carrying on Canova's *business*, found that he had achieved an unintentional joke. But in the commoner avocations there appear no such differences between man and man; and it may seem strange how in ordinary stonecutting one man could thus perform the work of three. My acquaintance with old John Fraser showed me how very much the ability depended on a natural faculty.

John's strength had never been above the average of that of Scotchmen, and it was now considerably reduced; nor did his mallet deal more or heavier blows than that of the common workman. He had, however, an extraordinary power of conceiving of the finished piece of work, as lying within the rude stone from which it was his business to disinter it; and while ordinary stonecutters had to repeat and re-repeat their lines and drafts, and had in this way virtually to give to their work several surfaces in detail ere they reached the true one, old John cut upon the true figure at once, and made one surface serve for all. In building, too, he exercised a similar power: he hammer-dressed his stones with fewer strokes than other workmen, and in fitting the interspaces between stones already laid, always picked from out of the heap at his feet the stone that exactly fitted the place; while other operatives busied themselves in picking up stones that were too small or too large; or, if they set themselves to reduce the too large ones, reduced them too little or too much, and had to fit and fit again. Whether building or hewing, John never seemed in a hurry. He has been seen, when far advanced in life, working

very leisurely, as became his years, on the one side of a wall, and two stout young fellows building against him on the other side—toiling, apparently, twice harder than he, but the old man always contrived to keep a little ahead of them both.

David Fraser I never saw; but as a hewer he was said considerably to excel even his brother John. On hearing that it had been remarked among a party of Edinburgh masons that, though regarded as the first of Glasgow stonecutters, he would find in the eastern capital at least his equals, he attired himself most uncouthly in a long-tailed coat of tartan, and, looking to the life the untamed, untaught, conceited little Celt, he presented himself on Monday morning, armed with a letter of introduction from a Glasgow builder, before the foreman of an Edinburgh squad of masons engaged upon one of the finer buildings at that time in the course of erection. The letter specified neither his qualifications nor his name: it had been written merely to secure for him the necessary employment, and the necessary employment it did secure.

The better workmen of the party were engaged, on his arrival, in hewing columns, each of which was deemed sufficient for a week; and David was asked, somewhat incredulously, by the foreman, if he could hew. "Oh, yes, *he thought* he could hew." "Could he hew such columns as these?" "Oh, yes, *he thought* he could hew columns such as these."

A mass of stone in which a possible column lay hid was accordingly placed before David, not under cover of the shed, which was already occupied by workmen, but, agreeably to David's own request, directly in front of it, where he might be seen by all, and where he straightway commenced a most extraordinary course of antics. Buttoning his long tartan coat fast around him, he would first look along the stone from the one end, anon from the other, and then examine it in front and rear; or, quitting it altogether for the time, he would take up his stand beside the other workmen, and, after looking at them with great attention, return and give it a few taps with the mallet, in a style evidently imitative of theirs, but monstrously a caricature.

The shed all that day resounded with roars of laughter; and the only thoroughly grave man on the ground was he who occasioned the mirth of all the others. Next morning David again buttoned his coat; but he got on much better this day than the former: he was less awkward and less idle, though not less observant than before: and he succeeded ere evening in tracing, in workmanlike fashion, a few drafts along the future column. He was evidently greatly improving. On the morning of Wednesday he threw off his coat; and it was seen that, though by no means in a hurry, he was seriously at work. There were no more jokes or laughter; and it was whispered in the evening that the strange Highlander had made astonishing progress during the day. By the middle of Thursday he had made up for his two days' trifling, and was abreast of the other workmen; before night he was far ahead of them; and ere the evening of Friday, when they had still a full day's work on each of their columns, David's was completed in a style that defied criticism; and, his tartan coat again buttoned around him, he sat resting himself beside it.

The foreman went out and greeted him. "Well," he said, "you have beaten us all: you certainly *can* hew!" "Yes," said David, "I *thought* I could hew columns. Did the other men take much more than a week to learn?" "Come, come, *David Fraser*," replied the foreman; "we all guess who you are: you have had your week's joke out; and now, I suppose, we must give you your week's wages, and let you away." "Yes," said David; "work waits for me in Glasgow; but I just thought it might be well to know how you hewed on this side of the country."

GLOSSARY. Low Country; Grampians; fillet and torus; Canova; avocations; interspaces; eastern capital; tartan; Celt; caricature.

STUDY. In what way did the Frasers differ from ordinary stonecutters? What is the point to the English gentleman's unintentional joke? Give some of the facts that show that John Fraser's ability depended on a "natural faculty." Tell the story of David Fraser. What was his object in concealing his identity? Why did the foreman and the other workmen guess who he was?

DICKENS IN CAMP

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

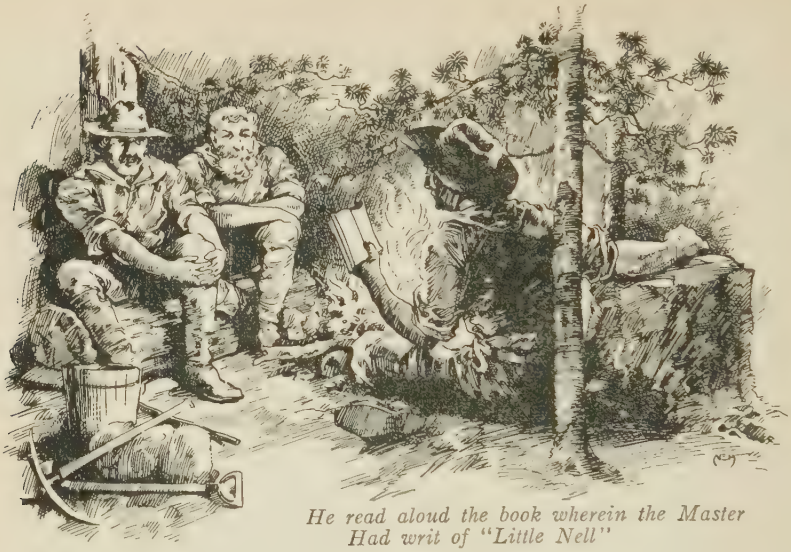
Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.



He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell"

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of western pine!

GLOSSARY. Sierras; minarets; "Little Nell"; Kentish; grave where English oak, etc.

STUDY. Can you tell from reading this poem whether it was written at the time the incident occurred, or much later, at the time of the death of

Charles Dickens? Picture the scene in the poem. What was the effect of the reading upon the men around the fire? How do you explain this effect? What was Little Nell to them or they to her, that they should be so moved by her story? What was the reader's fancy about the fir trees? What do you learn from the last three stanzas that explains why the author wrote this poem? Why does he call it a "spray of western pine"?

THE GRADGRIND IDEA

CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls" for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he must n't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that here. You must n't tell us about that here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You must n't tell us about the ring here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps, because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat

on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the center by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!"

so dark-eyed and dark-haired that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the selfsame rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the

sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She curtsied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennæ of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too), a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public Office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought all England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great Public Office Millennium, when commissioners should reign upon earth.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations.

"Of course, no. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course, no," said the gentleman with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste in only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room,

if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It would n't hurt them, sir. They would n't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you must n't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That 's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

From "Hard Times."

GLOSSARY. Peremptorily; suppositious; galvanizing; farrier; irradiated; graminivorous; antennæ; bolus; Millennium; elated.

STUDY. What is odd about the sentences in the first paragraph? Do they seem in any way appropriate to sum up Mr. Gradgrind? Do they suggest, by their snappy, nervous energy, an air of finality and certainty? What is gained by the strange comparisons of Mr. Gradgrind to a cannon and to a galvanizing apparatus? Does his opening notice of Sissy Jupe suggest that he knows much about children? Was it fitted to give her confidence in herself? Did she fail to answer the question put because she knew nothing about horses? Introduce Bitzer. How much more does he know about horses than Sissy? Is his definition any proof that he ever saw a horse, or would know one if he should see it? What do you think of Gradgrind's comment? What do you learn of the third gentleman? Does the "fistic phraseology" make his nature clear to you? Does Dickens hold to the Gradgrind theory of "facts" when describing his characters? State the points on art made by this gentleman. What illustrations did he use? Do you think Sissy's views on the subject were as hopeless as she was made to feel?

HANDS OVER SEA

CHARLES DICKENS

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I, and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external

nature, claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and byways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless—"These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are molded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better." I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the Old World as well as in the New, no man should know better than I—I, who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That in expressing it, we are but treading in the steps of those great master-spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature from Shakespeare downward.

There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child, in England, from the dwellers in log houses, amongst the morasses, and swamps, and densest forests, and deepest solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the ax and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen, and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with something of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and my correspondent has always addressed me,

not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother—I could reckon them now by dozens, not by units—has done the like, and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one-hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my Clock and come and see this country, and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes, and come and see my friends; and even now I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing—as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say to myself, "That's for Oliver; I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike; I have no doubt that is intended for Nell"; and so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man than ever I was before.

GLOSSARY. Invincible; adverting; little heroine; Clock; Oliver; Smike.

STUDY. This selection is part of a speech made by Dickens at a dinner given to him on one of his American tours. What does he tell you about the objects and purposes he had in view in his books? Does what he says about those in the lower walks of life help explain his enormous popularity? What illustrations of the effects of the story of Little Nell does he give in the second part of the extract? How can he join in the praise of his own characters without being egotistic? What is there about the situation that would tend to make him "sober and retiring"? Is it a great sense of his responsibility?

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHARLES DICKENS

Born, near Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812.
Died, at Gadshill, near Rochester, England, June 9, 1870.

Dickens has a broad, full brow, a fine head,—which, for a man of such power and energy, is singularly small at the base of the brain,—and a cleanly cut profile. There is a slight resemblance between him and Louis Napoleon in the latter respect, owing mainly to the nose; but it is unnecessary to add that the faces of the two men are totally different. Dickens's eyes are light blue, and his mouth and jaw, without having any claim to beauty, possess a strength that is not concealed by the veil of iron-gray mustache and generous imperial. His head is but slightly graced with iron-gray hair, and his complexion is florid. If any one thinks to obtain an idea of Dickens from the photographs that flood the country, he is mistaken. He will see Dickens's clothes, Dickens's features, as they appear when Nicholas Nickleby is in the act of knocking down Mr. Wackford Squeers; but he will not see what makes Dickens's face attractive, the geniality and expression that his heart and brain put into it.

KATE FIELD, 1870.

To give so much pleasure, to add so much to the happiness of the world, by his writings, as Mr. Dickens has succeeded in doing, is a felicity that has never been attained in such full measure by any other author. For the space of a generation he has done his beneficent work, and there are few English-speaking men or women who do not feel themselves under peculiar obligation to the great novelist, and bound to him, not by any mere cold literary tie, but by the warm and vital cords of personal sympathy. . . . No one thinks first of Mr. Dickens as a writer. He is at once, through his books, a friend. He belongs among the intimates of every pleasant-tempered and large-hearted person. He is not so much the guest as the inmate of our homes. He keeps holidays with us, he helps us to celebrate Christmas with heartier cheer,

CHARLES DICKENS

he shares at every New Year in our good wishes; for, indeed, it is not in his purely literary character that he has done most for us; it is as a man of the largest humanity, who has simply used literature as the means by which to bring himself into relation with his fellow-men, and to inspire them with something of his own sweetness, charity, and good will. He is the great magician of our time. His wand is a book, but his power is in his own heart. It is a rare piece of good fortune for us that we are the contemporaries of this benevolent genius, and that he comes among us in bodily presence, brings in his company such old and valued friends as Mr. Pickwick, and Sam Weller, and Nicholas Nickleby, and David Copperfield, and Boots at the Swan, and Dr. Marigold.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, 1868.

I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of "Mr." or "Esquire." I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me; in addition thereto, I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there.

From Charles Dickens's Will.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown.

HOMER.

THE SNOWSTORM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's nightwork,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

GLOSSARY. Tumultuous; artificer; bastions; Parian; mauger.

STUDY. Explain "trumpets of the sky." Do you get a definite picture from the first five lines? What indicates how completely the family

is snow-bound? Explain "tumultuous privacy." Who is the "fierce artificer" of line 12? Why call him "myriad-handed"? What are the characteristics of his work? Picture some of the results. Consider the meaning of the last two lines.

THE CYNIC

HENRY WARD BEECHER

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will

be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

GLOSSARY. Mousing; morose; innuendoes; asceticism; envenomed; morbid.

STUDY. What is a cynic? Why is he compared to the owl? What is his attitude toward human actions? toward the qualities we call "good"? What is his effect upon a listener? Give illustrations of his "criticisms and innuendoes." What comparison shows their effect? What is the result of the cynical habit of mind upon its possessor? What of the appreciative habit of mind? Do you agree fully with all that is said in the final paragraph? Do you think the comparison to an adder is a fitting one?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl:
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

GLOSSARY. Siren; sea maids; irised; crypt; Triton.

STUDY. The nautilus was formerly supposed to move over the water by means of a kind of membrane which served as a sail. What does this make clear about the imagery of the opening stanza? What is the state of the shell as the poet looks at it and writes (stanza 2)? Sketch the life history of the nautilus as the poet builds it up in stanza 3. What likeness or analogy does the poem set forth between the growth of the nautilus and the development of the human soul? What appeal to the soul is based upon a recognition of this analogy? How does it serve as an inspiration to us? Explain in detail the meaning of the imagery in the last four lines.

MEDITATIONS

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

I. Needless Failure

In the stir and hurry of life how careless we are of little courtesies! We rudely brush aside love that yearns to bless us. Unthinkingly we wound hearts whose joy or sorrow hangs upon our slightest act or word. Pride or carelessness checks the spontaneous expression of our love. We crush and cast aside the flower of life's mystery, and then bemoan the monotony of existence. Oh, to be awake every moment to the wonder and majesty of it all!

Glossary. Spontaneous; monotony.

Study. To what lack in us does this paragraph call attention? What is the result upon our lives? How may we avoid the failure set forth here?

II. Duty

Men frequently abandon their property when they no longer have use for it, and imagine they are very benevolent. So when a man finds his life a wreck he is apt to say he will live for others. Yet one can give to others only what one's life is worth to one's self.

To abandon a mean situation is not the path to a better one. Only when we are faithful to the little duty are we worthy to meet a larger one. It is often necessary to leave a situation that offers small chance for the realization of our lives, but it makes all the difference in the world whether we sneak meanly out from under the little duty or climb bravely through and over the top.

Glossary. Benevolent.

Study. What is the ideal of duty presented? What mean ways of dodging this call are mentioned? What test of a strong character is suggested?

III. Humanity

Out upon the night-wind it is born, faint, tremulous, rising into a deep swell of sound, shaking the fabric of the earth and

reaching aloft to heaven—the sigh of suffering humanity. It shakes the throne of the despot, and weakens the foundations upon which Pride and Selfishness have built their seemingly eternal palaces. It rings in the ears of the dreamer and makes tremulous the heart of every lover of his fellow-men. More powerful than the wind that lashes the sea, more lasting than the ceaseless hum of toil, pitiable, insistent, menacing, it shall not go unheard and unanswered. The ear of God listens, the forces of the universe wait to leap into being to answer its need. Those who cause it shall be swept into ruin, and those who listen and seek to help shall attain a power no tyrant ever dreamed.

From "A Book of Meditations."

GLOSSARY. Insistent; menacing.

STUDY. State the thought that dominates this paragraph. What illustrations of the effect of the "sigh of suffering humanity" are given? What feeling does it awaken in regard to the greatest duty of human beings? And what warning is there for those who do not heed?

CHANGED VOICES

WILLIAM WATSON

Last night the sea-wind was to me
A metaphor of liberty,
  And every wave along the beach
A starlit music seemed to be.

To-day the sea-wind is to me
A fettered soul that would be free,
  And dumbly striving after speech
The tides yearn landward painfully.

To-morrow how shall sound for me
The changing voice of wind and sea?
  What tidings shall be borne of each?
What rumor of what mystery?

GLOSSARY. Metaphor; fettered.

STUDY. What did the sea-wind mean yesterday? What does it mean to-day? Do both meanings seem justified? Is the change in the sea-wind, or in the mind of the poet, or may it be in both? Is it at any rate possible that some new meaning, some rumor of mystery, may be found in the sea-wind to-morrow? (The natural tendency of our minds is to find illustrations of our own thoughts and feelings in the world round about us.)

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

WASHINGTON IRVING

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodnesday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre—

CARTWRIGHT.

I. THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the

upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites

and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole county; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness,

promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age,

and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a

How sagely they would deliberate upon public events

rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most

gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

GLOSSARY. Posthumous; Woden; Cartwright; Stuyvesant (Peter); shrews; malleable; tribulation; curtain lecture; termagant; impunity; insuperable; assiduity; Tartar; pestilent; patrimonial; galligaskins; gallows air; precipitation; rubicund; dapper; junto; virago.

STUDY. What facts are brought out about the Kaatskill Mountains in the opening paragraph? Why call them "fairy mountains"? Describe the village. What one family is spoken of in detail? Give an account of Rip. What seemed to be the "principal error in his composition"? What showed this? What words would you use to indicate Rip's disposition? Tell what you learn about his wife. Are you sorry for Rip? Does Rip's attitude in any way excuse her? How did he try to escape her tongue? With what success?

II. Rip's Escape

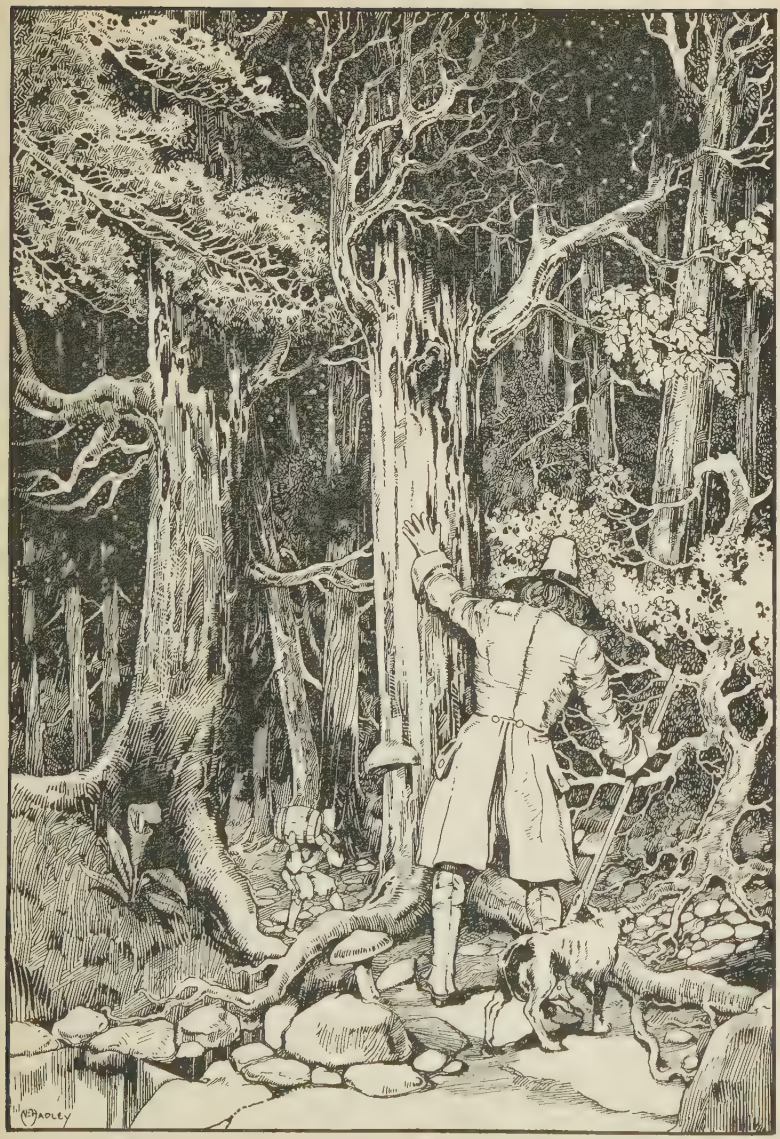
Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in the mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their



He perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks

branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His

companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

GLOSSARY. Reciprocated; alacrity; amphitheater; hanger; Flemish; Hollands; reiterated.

STUDY. What was Rip finally driven to do? Give an account of his whole adventure on the mountain. What were some of the strange features about it?

III. THE AWAKENING

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip,—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might

He even ventured, when no eye was upon him, to taste the beverage

have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn,

and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

GLOSSARY. Roisterers; addled; connubial.

STUDY. What were Rip's first thoughts on awaking? What did he do? Why did he feel some hesitation about going back to the village? State the incidents of his return trip. What were some of the things that seemed strange to him?

IV. STRANGE CHANGES

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes;—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a

lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that was a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too,—was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's

changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where 's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van

Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

GLOSSARY. Metamorphosed; phlegm; Babylonish jargon; a-kimbo; Stony Point; Antony's Nose; comely; corroborated; Half-moon.

STUDY. Follow carefully the happenings after Rip reached the village. What was especially confusing to him about it all? Why could he not get the situation through his head? What had really taken place during his absence? Can you tell from the way people acted what they thought of Rip's story? Who was able to settle the "facts"?

V. Rip's After Life.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war,—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England,—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr.

Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskills, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draft out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

From "The Sketch-Book."

GLOSSARY. Ditto; cronies.

STUDY. Give an account of Rip's after life. Do you think he rather enjoyed telling his story? To what persons did his career seem enviable?

GENERAL. Point out the most humorous passages and scenes. Does Irving tell the story so that it seems convincing to you? *If* Rip had slept twenty years, and *if* he had returned under the circumstances described, would things probably have seemed and happened as they did? What is meant by referring to a person as a "regular Rip Van Winkle"? Irving said that one of his purposes in *The Sketch-Book* was to "rub out wrinkles from the brow of care": does that seem to you a sufficient and worthy purpose for this story to serve?

WASHINGTON IRVING

Born, at New York City, April 3, 1783.
Died, at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859.

It was only a quiet old gentleman of six-and-seventy who was buried awhile ago from his home upon the Hudson; yet the village shops were all closed; the streets, the houses, the station,

WASHINGTON IRVING

were hung in black; thousands from the city thirty miles away thronged the high-road leading to the little church where prayers were to be said. How shall we explain this? The author is dead, indeed, whose writings were admired by all; but there is something worthier to be said than this:—At the little church lay the body of the man whom all men loved.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, 1864.

Every reader has his first book: I mean to say, one book, among all others, which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the *Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving. I was a schoolboy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever-increasing wonder and delight,—spellbound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery; nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of the titles, and the fair, clear type,—which seemed an outward symbol of the style. How many delightful books the same author has given us, written before and since,—volumes of history and of fiction, most of which illustrate his native land, and some of which illuminate it, and make the Hudson, I will not say as classic, but as romantic as the Rhine! Yet still the charm of the *Sketch-Book* remains unbroken; the old fascination still lingers about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth. . . .

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain; and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man,—the same playful humor, the same touches of sentiment, the same poetic atmosphere, and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self,—

"And rustling, hears in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

WALT WHITMAN

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,—
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

GLOSSARY. Filament; ductile; gossamer.

STUDY. Give the picture worked out in the first five lines. What characteristics of the spider are emphasized? What object did it seem to have in view? In what way is the soul like the spider? What is it seeking to do? What are the methods it uses? Does the poem hold out encouragement? How are you impressed with this image of life as compared with that in "Off Rough Point"?

THE FLY AND THE WATCHDOG

JOHN RUSKIN

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and

conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?

For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watchdog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books,—nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at, with sullen ill success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, wearily disappointed; or, worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No"—too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate; if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier

master: but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable: and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful powers of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet of the two, would we rather be watchdog, or fly?

Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine; but that we will be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate, of all that we can suffer, is to have it, *without* deserving it.

From "The Queen of the Air."

GLOSSARY. Egotism; vulgar; caprice; wistful.

STUDY. Of what is the fly a type? Point out his traits and the facts of his career that fit him as such a type. Why is the fly a better type than the earthworm? the bee? the spider? the ant? Of what is the watchdog a type? Mention all the facts brought out which make him a good type. How do you answer Ruskin's question as to which you would rather be? The last paragraph gives the grounds for an answer. State them as clearly as you can. Is not the spider in the preceding selection a fine type of a free person? Free in what sense?

THE DESERTER FROM THE CAUSE

GERALD MASSEY

He is gone: better so. We should know who stand under
Our banner: let none but the trusty remain!
For there 's stern work at hand, and the time comes shall sunder
The shell from the pearl, and the chaff from the grain!
And the heart that through danger and death will be dutiful —
Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake hands,
With a life, like a palace home built for the beautiful —
Freedom of all her beloved demands!

He is gone from us! Yet shall we march on victorious,
Hearts burning like beacons—eyes fix'd on the goal!
And if we fall fighting, we fall like the glorious;
With face to the stars, and all heaven in the soul!
And aye for the brave stir of battle we'll barter
The sword of life sheath'd in the peace of the grave:
And better the fieriest fate of the martyr,
Than live like the coward, and die like the slave!

GLOSSARY. Cranmer.

STUDY. It does not matter whether the poet had some definite individual in mind or not. There are many persons who desert a good cause the moment there is danger or inconvenience. Why is it better that the deserter is gone? How do lines 5 to 8 suggest the unfitness of the deserter for a place with those who stand for principle? Will the desertion weaken the cause? How shall "we march on victorious" if "we fall fighting"? What is the attitude of mind stirred by the last four lines? Are you in sympathy with the last two lines? Compare this conclusion with that in Arnold's "The Last Word." There are some fine figurative passages in this poem; point them out.

PATRIOTISM

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Patriotism, or the peculiar relation of an individual to his country, is like the family instinct. In the child it is blind devotion; in the man an intelligent love. The patriot perceives the claim made upon his country by the circumstances and time of her growth and power, and how God is to be served by using those opportunities of helping mankind. Therefore his country's honor is dear to him as his own, and he would as soon lie and steal himself as assist or excuse his country in a crime.

Right and Wrong, Justice and Crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and to do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my

country, right or wrong," he merely utters words such as those might be of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the customhouse, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not an area of land, of mountains, rivers, and woods, but it is a principle: and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and the symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country; so Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with the sense of duty done and of God as his friend. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall; recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope for humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

Yet through the ages of the combat the mistress, beloved as with human affection, of whom poets sing, for whom heroes die, is still unseen and her voice unheard. But in some happy hour of bivouac the musing soldier hears the hum of cities and inland mills, sees golden harvests waving out of sight, sees men and women walking and working, parents and children of freemen, and bending over all the benediction of the summer sky; and the musing soldier of that great army knows that he sees and hears, as they can only be seen and heard, the face and the voice of the mistress he loves and worships. . . .

Remember that the greatness of our country is not in the greatness of its achievement, but in its promise—a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive national conscience. If it were a question of the mere daily pleasure of living, the gratification of taste, opportunity of access to the great intellectual and æsthetic results of human genius and whatever embellishes human life, no man could hesitate a moment between the fullness of foreign lands in these respects and the conspicuous poverty of our own. What have we done? We have subdued and settled a vast domain. We have made every inland river turn a mill, and wherever on the dim rim of the globe there is a harbor, we have lighted it with an American sail. We have bound the Atlantic to the Mississippi, so that we drift from the prairies upon a cloud of vapor; and we are stretching one hand across the continent to fulfill the hope of Columbus in a shorter way to Cathay, and with the other we are groping under the sea to clasp there the hand of the old continent, that so the throbbing of the ocean may not toss us farther apart, but be as the beating of one common pulse of the world.

Yet these are results common to all national enterprise, and different with us only in degree, not in kind. These are but the tools with which to shape a destiny. Commercial prosperity is only a curse if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress, and our prosperity will conquer us if we do not conquer our prosperity. . . .

The whole of patriotism for us seems to consist at the present moment in the maintenance of this public moral tone. No voice of self-glorification, no complacent congratulation that we are the greatest, wisest, and best of nations, will help our greatness or our goodness in the smallest degree. History and mankind do not take men or nations at their own valuation, and a man no longer secures instant respect by announcing himself an American. Are we satisfied that America should have no other excuse for independent national existence than a superior facility of money making? Shall it have no national justification to the intellect

and the heart? Does the production of twelve hundred million pounds of cotton fulfill the destiny of this continent in the order of providence? Why, if we are unfaithful as a nation, though our population were to double in a year, and the roar and rush of our vast machinery were to silence the music of the spheres, and our wealth were enough to buy all the world, our population could not bully history, nor all our riches bribe the eternal Justice not to write upon us, as with fiery finger the autumn is beginning even now to write upon the woods and fields, "Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed!" . . .

Surrounded by unequaled opportunities, let us use them as God inspires. Be faithful, be brave, be bold; neither deluded by the hope of easy success nor disheartened by the long delay. We shall die, and our children's children, and yet the end not be. But be cheered by the great aim and by the great spirit in which you serve it. Live to justify your own hope and the vision of all noble minds.

From "Orations and Addresses."

GLOSSARY. Aggregation; sanctification; Arnold von Winkelried; Nathan Hale; bivouac; Cathay; Ichabod.

STUDY. Answer the following points by reading passages. What is the meaning of patriotism as set forth in this speech? In what way is it broader and deeper than what many have in mind by that term? In what way does this high notion of patriotism become synonymous with our common definition as "loyalty to country"? What typical patriots and patriotic acts are given as illustrations? Were they all patriots in the larger or smaller sense? Explain. Is the point made here in any sense like the ideal suggested in "The Deserter from the Cause"? In what does the speaker say the greatness of our country consists? What danger is there in our commercial prosperity? Explain what he means by "public moral tone." To what are we exhorted in the last paragraph? (This selection is a splendid protest against that spurious patriotism for which the word "jingoism" is a proper term.)

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Born, at Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824.
Died, on Staten Island, New York, August 31, 1892.

His hair and beard were a beautiful silver-gray, his face was pale, his manner studied, his voice cultivated. It was as enjoyable to hear him as to listen to an opera, and was a lesson in grand manners and elocution. His voice, like his manners and appearance on the platform, was ideal — clear, bell-like, silvery. He could be heard in the largest of halls without apparently any special effort. It was a delight to listen; every syllable was distinct, yet there was no strain. The enunciation was perfect. The matter of his speeches was like the sound, perfect in sense, clear in meaning, as graceful as the speaking, and always carrying the sense of conviction to the hearers.

JAMES B. POND.

That which always struck me as his strongest characteristic was his common sense. His judgment was almost unerring, and his tact was marvelous. His mind seemed never closed to a new suggestion. If it had force, he recognized it immediately; if not, he put it aside with such gentle but conclusive refutation that its author was almost glad not to have it accepted. High as was the standard of his own thinking and living, he was of all men the least censorious. Easily superior in mental gifts and accomplishments, in that personal attractiveness which is the genius of character, he never showed that he was conscious of it. His associates in the League (Civil Service Reform) felt that he was the natural leader; but among them, while most effectively leading, he seemed to be only the most hearty and generous of comrades.

SHERMAN S. ROGERS.

When we review such a career as that which in all that was earthly has just closed, the considerate ask: "What has he left?" It is a question not difficult to answer; the readiest reply is that

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

he has made the world better for having been a part of its experience; he put more into the common stock of our truest wealth than he took out of it; he made that rarest of all gifts to his time, the gift of a noble nature nobly dedicated to the highest tasks. When there shall be gathered into more accessible form the political widsom which he had for forty years contributed to a better knowledge of the people, and that store of gentle satire and sweet persuasion, which he spoke as he sat in the Easy Chair, shall have become a part of our literature, then we will find ourselves wondering at the fertility of resource, the lightness of a strong touch, the varied culture which our friend possessed.

THOMAS R. SLICER.

He is the direct descendant of Addison, whose style is overrated, of Steele, whose morality is humorous, of Goldsmith, whose writing was angelic, and of Irving, whose taste was pretty. Mr. Curtis recalls all of these, yet he is like none of them. Humorous as they are and charming, he is somewhat sturdier, of a more robust fiber, with a stronger respect for plain living and high thinking, with a firmer grasp on the duties of life.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE NOBLE NATURE

BEN JONSON

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

WEALTH

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, How does that man get his living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

Wealth has its source in application of the mind to nature, from the rudest strokes of ax or spade up to the last secrets of art. Intimate ties subsist between thought and all production; because a better order is equivalent to vast amounts of brute labor. The forces and the resistances are Nature's, but the mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted; in wise combining; in directing the practice of the useful arts, and in the creation of finer values, by fine art, by eloquence, by song or by the reproduction of memory. Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams and growth of markets where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam pipe to the wheat crop. Puff now, O Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time

it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that *a half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal by rail and by boat to make Canada as warm as Calcutta; and with its comfort brings its industrial power.

When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree and carried into town, they have a new look and a hundredfold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough and lies fulsomely on the ground. The craft of the merchant is this bringing a thing from where it abounds, to where it is costly.

Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; and three meals; in a horse, or a locomotive to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read; and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet and hands and eyes and blood, length to the day, and knowledge and good will.

Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done; she starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his own way to his own loaf. Then less peremptorily, but still with sting enough,

she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop window, every fruit tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and his dignity to gratify. It is of no use to argue the wants down: the philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few; but will a man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried peas? He is born to be rich. He is thoroughly related; and is tempted out of his appetites and fancies to the conquest of this and that piece of nature, until he finds his well-being in the use of his planet, and of more planets than his own. Wealth requires—besides the crust of bread and the roof—the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, traveling, machinery, the benefits of science, music, fine arts, the best culture and the best company. He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men, of men in distant countries, and in past times. The same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach and water in the spring, exists between the whole of man and the whole of nature. . . . The world is his tool chest, and he is successful, or his education is carried on just so far, as is the marriage of his faculties with nature, or the degree in which he takes up things into himself. . . .

Whilst it is each man's interest, that, not only ease and convenience of living, but also wealth or surplus product should exist somewhere, it need not be in his hands. Often it is very undesirable to him. Goethe said well, "Nobody should be rich but those who can understand it." Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions. Others cannot: their owning is not graceful; seems to be a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can administer, not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the greater proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars, but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path for all. For he is a rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the

poor man in whom the people are poor, and how to give all access to the masterpieces of art and nature is the problem of civilization.

From "Conduct of Life."

GLOSSARY. Watt; Stephenson; fulsomely; Goethe.

STUDY. Emerson's method in one of his essays is somewhat like that of one showing a precious stone with many facets. He turns first one side and then another toward you, and, while no two are alike, you are gradually getting a clearer and clearer conception of what the whole is worth. From your study of this selection determine as clearly as possible Emerson's position on these points: (1) What wealth means; (2) what its source is; (3) why wealth is a necessity; (4) who should own; (5) who is the rich man and who the poor; (6) the place of money in this scheme of wealth; (7) why every man should be a producer. Read passages to bring out each point.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

GLOSSARY. Light Brigade; Cossack.

STUDY. First, notice the gallop of the horses in the rhythm of the verse. What was there about this charge that caused all the world to wonder? What in the second stanza suggests the supreme test of the soldier's sense of discipline? Notice that stanza 3 gives the ride forward, stanza 4 the fight for the guns, stanza 5 the ride back. What likenesses and differences in the charge and the retreat? What feelings does Tennyson stir in you by this poem? Wonder? Admiration? Amazement? Indignation at the blunder that caused the charge? Do you think that such an event can be of any value to humanity?

THE ALTERNATIVE

PATRICK HENRY

[From a speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775]

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen

have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we

wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to

be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

CLOSSARY. Illusions; siren; British ministry; insidious; comports; supinely; election; extenuate.

STUDY. The opening paragraph deals with a tendency "natural to man"; what is it? What is the speaker's attitude toward it? The main body of the speech consists of two paragraphs and deals with two points: (1) the reasons for concluding that there is no longer any hope of a satisfactory arrangement with England; (2) the answer to the objection that the colonies are too weak to take the field. Follow the speaker carefully, noticing the grounds for his conclusion on each point. Do you think he makes out a good case? What is the main point in the concluding paragraph? What do you think Henry intended to effect by this speech? Was his purpose merely to announce his own determination? (Take the rest of the class for members of the Virginia Convention, and play the part of Patrick Henry.)

SONNET ON CHILLON

LORD BYRON

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

GLOSSARY. Chillon; Bonnivard.

STUDY. This sonnet suggests why you cannot destroy liberty though you destroy or put in prison the patriot. What are the reasons? Why is Liberty brightest in dungeons? Explain line 7. The first eight lines (octave) state the general principle, the last six (sestet) state the specific illustration in the mind of the poet. Why is Chillon a perpetual monument, inspiring the spirit of liberty?

COMPENSATION

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favors and render none. In the

order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

From "Essays," First Series.

GLOSSARY. Scot and lot; frugality; indolence; worm; dual.

STUDY. What does Emerson mean by the term "compensation"? Why is it dangerous to borrow? How can the lesson of borrowing be extended to one's whole life? Explain the passages: "Benefit is the end of nature," "Beware of too much good staying in your hand." (Consider them carefully in their setting.) In what ways does the law of compensation apply to labor? Why can there be no cheating in the long run? Why are wealth and credit not final? (In this, as in the selection on "Wealth," the object is to present various phases or sides of the truth, and thus stimulate the mind of the reader. Hence the importance of reading every word with the utmost care.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born, at Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803.
Died, at Concord, Massachusetts, April 27, 1882.

Seldom had "the reaper whose name is Death" gathered such illustrious harvest as between December, 1880, and April, 1882. In the first month of this period George Eliot passed away; in the ensuing February Carlyle followed; in April Lord Beaconsfield died, deplored by his party, nor unregretted by his country; in February of the following year Longfellow was carried to the tomb; in April Rossetti was laid to rest by the sea, and the pavement of Westminster Abbey was disturbed to receive the dust of Darwin. And now Emerson lay down in death beside the painter of man and the searcher of Nature, the English-Oriental statesman, the poet of the plain man and the poet of the artist, and the prophet whose name is indissolubly linked with his own. All these men passed into Eternity laden with the spoils of Time, but of none of them could it be said, as of Emerson, that the most shining intellectual glory and the most potent intellectual force of a continent had departed along with him.

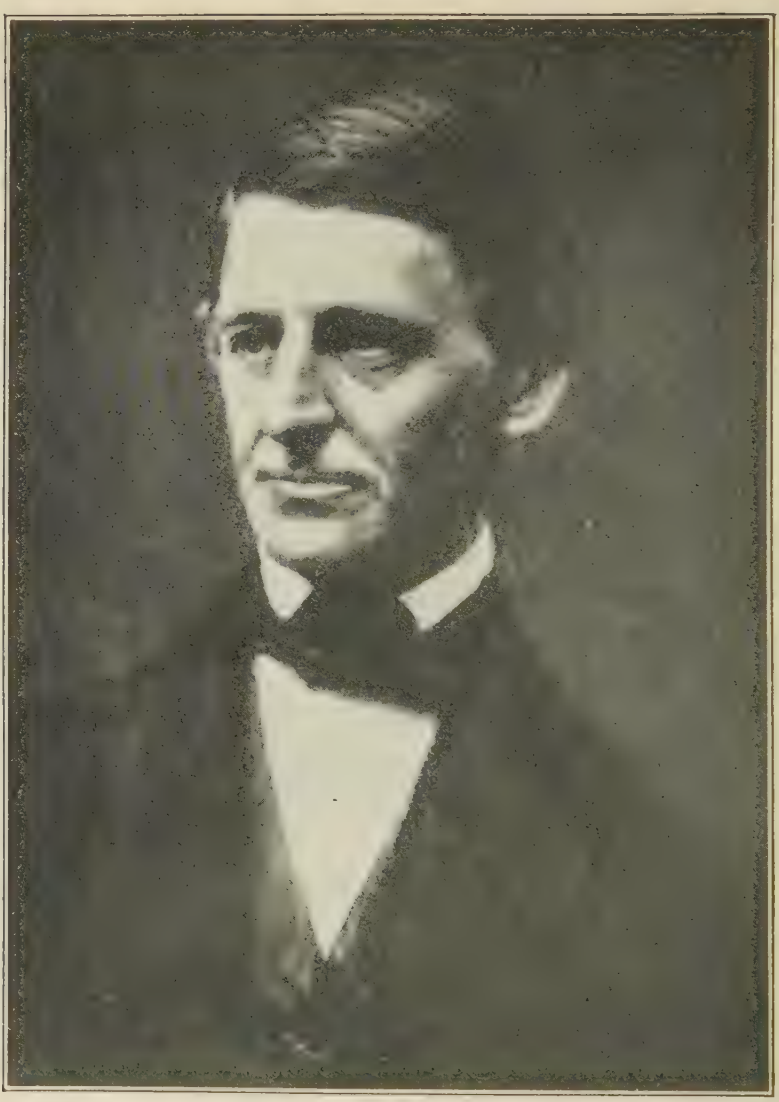
RICHARD GARNETT.

Emerson then represents for us the most conspicuous American influence on modern English culture. Before him, as Mr. Lowell says, his countrymen were "still socially and intellectually moored to English thought"; it was he who "cut the cable" and gave them "a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water." And though Emerson's main lines of thought were not new, and not peculiar to him, his was essentially an independent development.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

That man came to see me, I don't know what brought him, and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel.

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1833.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Puritanism of the past found its unwilling poet in Hawthorne, the rarest creative genius of the century, the rarest in some ideal respects since Shakespeare; but the Puritanism that cannot die, the Puritanism that made New England what it is, and is destined to make America what it should be, found its voice in Emerson.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

He did not arrive at conclusions by stages observable to ordinary comprehension. Where there is any connection between one station of his speech and another it is by a submerged wire. There is a flash here, another yonder, but the reader may not immediately discover the path through the sea or air by which the current went. He used to say that his sentences were repellant particles. A paragraph of them, like a handful of bullets, might be arranged in any order, yet singly or together they were effective. This no doubt was the case when they were discharged from the platform. No time was given to make connections, as in reading, but the personality, voice, and emphasis attending oral delivery aided the hearer's apprehension.

LORENZO SEARS.

REFLECTIONS

JEREMY TAYLOR

I. Life and Death

Xerxes wept sadly when he saw his army of thirteen hundred thousand men, because he considered that within a hundred years all the youth of that army should be dust and ashes; and yet, as Seneca well observes of him, he was the man that should bring them to their graves; and he consumed all that army in two years, for whom he feared and wept the death after an hundred. Just so do we all.

II. The Value of an Hour

In taking the accounts of your life, do not reckon by great distances, and by the periods of pleasure, or the satisfaction of your hopes, or the sating of your desires; but let every intermedial day and hour pass with observation. He that reckons he hath lived but so many harvests, thinks they come not often enough, and that they go away too soon. Some lose the day with longing for the night, and the night in waiting for the day. Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a precious year, and use it but as the burden of our time,—fit to be pared off and thrown away, that we may come at those little pleasures which first steal our hearts, and then steal our life.

Glossary. Xerxes; Seneca; sating; intermedial.

Study. I. What story of Xerxes is used here as an illustration? What is meant by saying, "Just so do we all"? May it mean that we destroy our spiritual powers as Xerxes did his soldiers? Can you think of some ways in which we might do so?

II. What test is suggested for taking account of our lives? Does it seem to you worth thinking about carefully? Is it difficult to use other tests than that of the "high lights," or great occurrences?

SOME INDIAN CUSTOMS

GEORGE CATLIN

I. The Medicine Bag

The "medicine bag" is a mystery bag; and its meaning and importance necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key to Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented and preserved in a thousand different ways, as suits the tastes or freak of the person who constructs them. These

skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand. They are oftentimes decorated in such a manner as to be exceedingly ornamental to his person, and always are stuffed with grass, or moss, or something of the kind; and generally without drugs or medicines within them, as they are religiously closed and sealed, and seldom, if ever, to be opened.

I find that every Indian, in his primitive state, carries his medicine bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life. In fact it might almost be called a species of idolatry, for it would seem in some instances as if he actually worshiped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed, to a man's medicine; and days, and even weeks, of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered, to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. . . .

The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: the boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or "forming his medicine," when he wanders away from his father's lodge, and absents himself for the space of two or three, and sometimes even four or five, days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird, or reptile of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps), he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his fancy, and carries it with him through life, for "good luck" (as he calls it): as his strength in battle—and in death his guardian *Spirit*, that is buried with him, and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come.

The value of the medicine bag to the Indian is beyond all

Lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit

price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe, that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his medicine bag into battle, and trusts to it for his protection. If he loses it thus, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away. His enemy carries it off and displays it to his own people as a trophy. The loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of his tribe, and forever subjected to the degrading epithet of "a man without medicine," or "he who has lost his medicine," until he can replace it again; which can only be done by rushing into battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand. This done, his medicine is restored, and he is reinstated again in the estimation of his tribe; and even higher than before, for such is called the best of medicine, or "medicine honorable."

GLOSSARY. Primitive; homage; penance; Great Spirit; satiating.

STUDY. Give an account of the medicine bag. Explain as fully as you can just what these bags mean to the Indians. By what kind of ceremonies does a young Indian institute his "medicine"? Why would an Indian not sell or give away his medicine bag? Suppose it is taken from him in battle; how can he redeem himself from the disgrace?

II. THE MEDICINE MAN

All tribes have their physicians, who are also medicine (or mystery) men. These professional gentlemen are worthies of the highest order in all tribes. They are regularly called and paid as physicians, to prescribe for the sick; and many of them acquire great skill in the medicinal world, and gain much celebrity in their nation.

Their first prescriptions are roots and herbs, of which they have a great variety of species; and when they have all failed, their last resort is to "medicine" or mystery; and for this purpose, each one of them has a strange and unaccountable dress, conjured

up and constructed during a lifetime of practice, in the wildest fancy imaginable, in which he arrays himself, and makes his last visit to his dying patient,—dancing over him, shaking his frightful rattles, and singing songs of incantation, in hopes to cure him by a charm.

There are some instances, of course, where the exhausted patient unaccountably recovers, under the application of these absurd forms; and in such cases, this ingenious son of Indian Æsculapius will be seen for several days after, on the top of a wigwam, with his right arm extended and waving over the gaping multitude, to whom he is vaunting forth, without modesty, the surprising skill he has acquired in his art, and the undoubted efficacy of his medicine or mystery.

But if, on the contrary, the patient dies, he soon changes his dress, and joins in doleful lamentations with the mourners; and easily, with his craft, and the ignorance and superstition of his people, protects his reputation and maintains his influence over them; by assuring them, that it was the will of the Great Spirit that his patient should die, and when sent for, his feeble efforts must cease.

GLOSSARY. Incantation; Æsculapius; doleful.

STUDY. In what way are the medicine men like our physicians? in what way unlike? What strange methods do they use in practicing "mystery"? How does the medicine man celebrate his success when a patient recovers? What does he do in case the patient dies?

III. A BLACKFOOT MEDICINE MAN

Several hundred spectators, including Indians and traders, were assembled around the dying man, when it was announced that the "medicine man" was coming. We were required to form a ring, leaving a space of some thirty or forty feet in diameter around the dying man, in which the doctor could perform his wonderful operations; and a space was also opened to allow him free room to pass through the crowd without touching any one. This being done, in a few moments his arrival was announced by

the death-like "hush——sh——" through the crowd; and nothing was to be heard, save the light and casual tinkling of the rattles upon his dress, which was scarcely perceptible to the ear, as he cautiously and slowly moved through the avenue left for him; which at length brought him into the ring, in view of the pitiable object over whom his mysteries were to be performed. . . .

He approached the ring with his body in a crouching position, with a slow and tilting step. His body and head were entirely covered with the skin of a yellow bear, the head of which (his own being inside of it) served as a mask; the huge claws of which also, were dangling on his wrists and ankles. In one hand he shook a frightful rattle, and in the other brandished his medicine spear or magic wand; to the rattling din and discord of all of which, he added the wild and startling jumps and yelps of the Indian, and the horrid and appalling grunts, and snarls, and growls of the grizzly bear, in ejaculatory and guttural incantations to the Good and Bad Spirits, in behalf of his patient; who was rolling and groaning in the agonies of death, whilst he was dancing around him, jumping over him, and pawing him about, and rolling him in every direction.

In this wise, this strange operation proceeded for half an hour, to the surprise of a numerous and death-like silent audience, until the man died; and the medicine man danced off to his quarters, and packed up, and tied and secured from the sight of the world, his mystery dress and equipments.

From "North American Indians."

STUDY. Give a clear account of the incident recorded by Catlin in this passage. What effect was gained by the medicine man's dress and strange actions? Tell how he "treated" the sick man. From these selections do you get the impression that "medicine" means something very real and important to the Indian?

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

ALEXANDER POPE.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP OF POKANOKET

WASHINGTON IRVING

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished; he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity nor any arm that could bring deliverance.

With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about like a specter among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and of friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above

it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where

He was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian

Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip, persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find that amidst all

the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

From "The Sketch-Book."

GLOSSARY. Philip of Pokanoket; Mount Hope; expedient; renegado; connubial; poignant.

STUDY. In what condition were Philip's fortunes at the time this passage takes them up? Why did he select Mount Hope as a final refuge? Is Irving right in saying that the words of the chronicler quoted enlist your feelings in favor of Philip? Give reasons for your answer. What elements of grandeur does Irving find in Philip's last days? Point out the fine and admirable traits in his character enumerated in the last paragraph. Do these seem more admirable when found in a person like Philip than they would seem in one whose surroundings were more favorable? Point out elements of pathos in Philip's history.

THE INDIANS

JOSEPH STORY

There is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors,

and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes—the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors—"few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

GLOSSARY. Sobriety; fortitude; sachems; canker; perfidy; forebodings.

STUDY. The selection from Irving dealt with the sad fortunes of one particular Indian. What does this passage from Judge Story deal with? Does the speaker seem impressed to any extent with the idea that the Indians have not been fairly treated? Observe that the key to the oration is found in the question composing the second sentence: "What can be more melancholy than their history?" Show that this is true by reading passages which bring out the "melancholy" points in their history.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

GLOSSARY. (For this poem.) Hings = hangs; a' = all; gowd = gold; hamely = homely; hodden-grey = coarse woolen cloth; gie = give; sae = so; birkie = fellow; ca'd = called; wha = who; coof = blockhead; mak = make; aboon = above; guid = good; mauna fa = must not undertake; bear the gree = come out ahead; warld = world.

STUDY. What kind of poverty would a man be a "coward slave" to be ashamed of? Why is such poverty no proof of a man's degradation? What does stanza 2 add to the thought of stanza 1? What type of man is presented in stanza 3? What shows the speaker's contempt for him? Is it justified? What limitations on a prince's power does stanza 4 bring out? Does it suggest a higher standard of manhood than mere rank? What condition does the last stanza pray for? Do you think the world would be better if this condition prevailed? What are some of the changes that such a condition would bring about? (In reading this poem be careful to bring out the fiery independence and contempt for "flunkies" and mere rank which actuate the speaker. It has been said that, on one occasion, Burns was sent to the kitchen to wait with the servants until the high-toned company invited to meet him had assembled. When finally called in he recited this poem, composed while waiting. Even if not true, this story suggests how to read the poem.)

IN TYPEE

HERMAN MELVILLE

I. Pop-guns and Old Shoes

In my various wanderings through the vale, and as I became better acquainted with the character of its inhabitants, I was more and more struck with the light-hearted joyousness that everywhere prevailed. The minds of these simple savages, unoccupied by matters of graver moment, were capable of deriving the utmost delight from circumstances which would have passed unnoticed in more intelligent communities. All their enjoyment, indeed, seemed to be made up of the little trifling incidents of the passing hour; but these diminutive items swelled altogether to an amount of happiness seldom experienced by more enlightened individuals, whose pleasures are drawn from more elevated and rarer sources.

What community, for instance, of refined and intellectual mortals would derive the least satisfaction from shooting pop-guns? The mere supposition of such a thing being possible would excite their indignation, and yet the whole population of Typee did little else for ten days but occupy themselves with that childish amusement, fairly screaming, too, with the delight it afforded them.

One day I was frolicking with a little spirited urchin, some six years old, who chased me with a piece of bamboo about three feet long, with which he occasionally belabored me. Seizing the stick from him, the idea happened to suggest itself, that I might make for the youngster, out of the slender tube, one of those nursery muskets with which I had sometimes seen children playing. Accordingly, with my knife, I made two parallel slits in the cane several inches in length, and cutting loose at one end the elastic strip between them, bent it back and slipped the point into a little notch made for the purpose. Any small substance placed against this would be projected with considerable force through

the tube, by merely springing the bent strip out of the notch.

Had I possessed the remotest idea of the sensation this piece of ordnance was destined to produce, I should certainly have taken out a patent for the invention. The boy scampered away with it, half delirious with ecstasy, and in twenty minutes afterwards I might have been seen surrounded by a noisy crowd—venerable old graybeards—responsible fathers of families—valiant warriors—matrons—young men—girls and children, all holding in their hands bits of bamboo, and each clamoring to be served first.

For three or four hours I was engaged in manufacturing pop-guns, but at last made over my good will and interest in the concern to a lad of remarkably quick parts, whom I soon initiated into the art and mystery.

Pop, pop, pop, pop, now resounded all over the valley. Duels, skirmishes, pitched battles, and general engagements were to be seen on every side. Here, as you walked along a path which led through a thicket, you fell into a cunningly-laid ambush, and became a target for a body of musketeers, whose tattooed limbs you could just see peeping into view through the foliage. There, you were assailed by the intrepid garrison of a house, who leveled their bamboo rifles at you from between the upright canes which composed its sides. Farther on, you were fired upon by a detachment of sharpshooters, mounted upon the top of a pi-pi.

Pop, pop, pop, pop! green guavas, seeds, and berries were flying about in every direction, and during this dangerous state of affairs, I was half afraid that, like the man and his brazen bull, I should fall a victim to my own ingenuity. Like everything else, however, the excitement gradually wore away, though ever after occasionally pop-guns might be heard at all hours of the day.

It was towards the close of the pop-gun war, that I was infinitely diverted with a strange freak of Marheyo's.

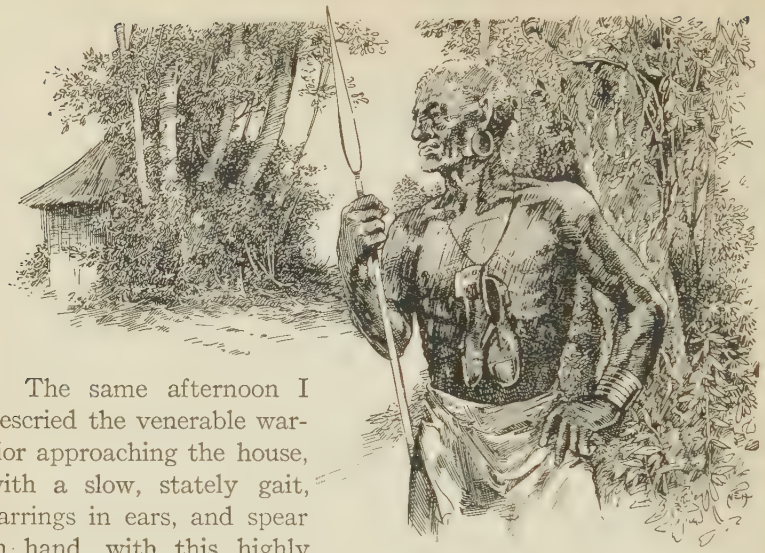
I had worn, when I quitted the ship, a pair of thick pumps, which, from the rough usage they had received in scaling precipices and sliding down gorges, were so dilapidated as to be

altogether unfit for use—so, at least, would have thought the generality of people, and so they most certainly were, when considered in the light of shoes. But things unserviceable in one way, may with advantage be applied in another—that is, if one have genius enough for the purpose. This genius Marheyo possessed in a superlative degree, as he abundantly evinced by the use to which he put these sorely bruised and battered old shoes.

Every article, however trivial, which belonged to me, the natives appeared to regard as sacred; and I observed that for several days after becoming an inmate of the house, my pumps were suffered to remain, untouched, where I had first happened to throw them. I remembered, however, that after awhile I had missed them from their accustomed place; but the matter gave me no concern, supposing that Tinor—like any other tidy housewife, having come across them in some of her domestic occupations—had pitched the useless things out of the house. But I was soon undeceived.

One day I observed old Marheyo bustling about me with unusual activity, and to such a degree as almost to supersede Kory-Kory in the functions of his office. One moment he volunteered to trot off with me on his back to the stream; and when I refused, noways daunted by the repulse, he continued to frisk about me like a superannuated housedog. I could not for the life of me conjecture what possessed the old gentleman, until all at once, availing himself of the temporary absence of the household, he went through a variety of uncouth gestures, pointing eagerly down to my feet, and then up to a little bundle which swung from the ridgepole overhead. At last I caught a faint idea of his meaning, and motioned him to lower the package. He executed the order in the twinkling of an eye, and unrolling a piece of tappa, displayed to my astonished gaze the identical pumps which I thought had been destroyed long before.

I immediately comprehended his desire, and very generously gave him the shoes, which had become quite moldy, wondering for what earthly purpose he could want them.



Marheyo in gala costume

The same afternoon I descried the venerable warrior approaching the house, with a slow, stately gait, earrings in ears, and spear in hand, with this highly ornamental pair of shoes suspended from his neck by a strip of bark, and swinging backwards and forwards on his capacious chest. In the gala costume of the tasteful Marheyo, these calfskin pendants ever after formed the most striking feature.

GLOSSARY. Typee; ordnance; ecstasy; pi-pi; guavas; brazen bull; superannuated; tappa.

STUDY. What trait of the people of Typee impressed itself on the narrator? How was this trait likely to show itself? In what way is the story of the pop-guns a good illustration of the general truth stated? Relate the story carefully. Are you able to feel the great excitement that prevailed while the pop-gun craze was on? Read passages that bring out this excitement. Tell the story of the old shoes. Picture clearly Marheyo in gala costume. What is there comic in his use of the shoes?

II. TAPPA

But to turn to something a little more important. Although the whole existence of the inhabitants of the valley seemed to

pass away exempt from toil, yet there were some light employments which, although amusing rather than laborious as occupations, contributed to their comfort and luxury. Among these, the most important was the manufacture of the native cloth—"tappa"—so well known, under various modifications, throughout the whole Polynesian Archipelago. As is generally understood, this useful and sometimes elegant article is fabricated from the bark of different trees. But, as I believe that no description of its manufacture has ever been given, I shall state what I know regarding it.

In the manufacture of the beautiful white tappa generally worn on the Marquesan Islands, the preliminary operation consists in gathering a certain quantity of the young branches of the cloth tree. The exterior green bark being pulled off as worthless, there remains a slender fibrous substance, which is carefully stripped from the stick, to which it closely adheres. When a sufficient quantity of it has been collected, the various strips are enveloped in a covering of large leaves, which the natives use precisely as we do wrapping paper, and which are secured by a few turns of a line passed round them. The package is then laid in the bed of some running stream, with a heavy stone placed over it, to prevent its being swept away. After it has remained for two or three days in this state, it is drawn out, and exposed for a short time to the action of the air, every distinct piece being attentively inspected, with a view of ascertaining whether it has yet been sufficiently affected by the operation. This is repeated again and again, until the desired result is obtained.

When the substance is in a proper state for the next process, it betrays evidences of incipient decomposition; the fibers are relaxed and softened, and rendered perfectly malleable. The different strips are now extended, one by one, in successive layers, upon some smooth surface—generally some prostrate trunk of a coconut tree—and the heap thus formed is subjected, at every new increase, to a moderate beating, with a sort of wooden mallet, leisurely applied. The mallet is made of a hard heavy wood

resembling ebony, is about twelve inches in length, and perhaps two in breadth, with a rounded handle at one end, and in shape is the exact counterpart of one of our four-sided razor strops. The flat surfaces of the implement are marked with shallow parallel indentations, varying in depth on the different sides, so as to be adapted to the several stages of the operation. These marks produce the corduroy sort of stripes discernible in the tappa in its finished state. After being beaten in the manner I have described, the material soon becomes blended in one mass, which, moistened occasionally with water, is at intervals hammered out, by a kind of gold-beating process, to any degree of thinness required. In this way the cloth is easily made to vary in strength and thickness, so as to suit the various purposes to which it is applied.

When the operation last described has been concluded, the new-made tappa is spread out on the grass to bleach and dry, and soon becomes of a dazzling whiteness. Sometimes, in the first stages of the manufacture, the substance is impregnated with a vegetable juice which gives it a permanent color. A rich brown and a bright yellow are occasionally seen, but the simple taste of the Typee people inclines them to prefer the natural tint. . . .

In passing along the valley, I was often attracted by the noise of the mallet, which, when employed in the manufacture of the cloth, produces at every stroke of its hard, heavy wood, a clear, ringing, and musical sound, capable of being heard at a great distance. When several of these implements happen to be in operation at the same time, and near one another, the effect upon the ear of a person, at a little distance, is really charming.

From "Typee."

GLOSSARY. Polynesian Archipelago; Marquesan Islands; incipient; malleable.

STUDY. This selection is a good account of the steps in the primitive method of making a kind of cloth. Does the author make the steps so definite and distinct that you can follow them easily? After reading the passage carefully, close your book, and tell just how tappa is made. What colors do the Typee people prefer? What effect was produced by the mallets?

THE REVENGE

A Ballad of the Fleet, 1591

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: " 'Fore God I am no coward!
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap,
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

GLOSSARY. Flores; Azores; Sir Richard Grenville; Lord Thomas Howard; Inquisition; devildoms; Bideford; ballast; thumbscrew; weather bow; Seville; Don; galleons; womb; grisly.

STUDY. Why did Lord Howard sail away? Why did Grenville refuse to go? What impression of him do you get from his care of the sick men? Why did he decide to fight? Do you like his spirit? and that of his men? How is the terrible inequality of the impending conflict suggested? Give the details of the fight. What strong comparison in stanza 8? What is gained by the repetitions in stanza 9? What insight does stanza 10 give you of Sir Richard? What was the situation when morning came? Picture the scene clearly. Why was the Revenge surrendered to the Spaniards? How did the Spaniards regard Sir Richard? Was Sir Richard's death in keeping with his character? What became of the Revenge? Does it seem that the higher powers interfered to keep the Spaniards from enjoying the fruits of their hard-earned victory? What are the characteristics of the fight that make it so famous? Has Tennyson succeeded in making it stirring and dramatic? Do you get a clear idea of the strong partisanship of the time in Sir Richard's last words and elsewhere in the poem?

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods?

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Born, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809.
Died, at Aldworth, Surrey, England, October 6, 1892.

One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe!

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1844.

The broad scope of his poetic interest and the variety as well as the general felicity of his art, helped to make him the most popular poet of his time and race. Tennyson has something for everybody. He is easy to read. He has charm. Thus he has found a wide audience, and his poetry has not only reflected, but powerfully influenced, the movements of his age. The poet whose words are quoted is a constant, secret guide of sentiment and conduct. The man who says a thing first may be more original; he who says it best is more potent. The characters which Tennyson embodied in his verse became memorable. The ideals which he expressed in music grew more clear and beautiful and familiar to the hearts of men, leading them insensibly forward.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

He was undoubtedly the poet of his age, and the fact of his popularity is flattering to the age. Appreciation means sympathy. As Tennyson was widely read and enthusiastically admired by all classes of minds in his time, he is in a way the mirror of his century. Hence it is not an unfair inference that very many men and women, his contemporaries, were sensitive to beauty in all its forms, possessed broad culture and thorough refinement, lived on the moral uplands, and envisaged with earnestness the

tremendous riddles of human life and destiny. For poetry is not an amusement, a recreation. It is truly a "criticism of life." We turn to our poets instinctively for guidance in matters of faith. Not in vain do we come to Tennyson. He may not offer a very certain hope, but he does

> "Teach high faith and honorable words
> And courtliness and the desire of fame
> And love of truth—"

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

IF I WERE PAN

IVAN SWIFT

Deep in the wood across the way
I dreamt that I was Pan to-day,
And tuned me joyous pipes to play.
The fronds came out to me,
The nymphs and graces three,—
The world was all aglee!
For I was Pan and this was Spring!

I played that I was Pan to-day,
And laughed at mortals on the way,
But no man heard and none would stay
Their ears were sorely dull,
And sad their eyes and full
Of pelf and pride and mull!—
And Spring to them is *never* Spring!

I know that I was Pan a day,
But would that I were Pan alway—
With ears like his and eyes of May,
To hear and feel and see!
Pipe tunes to birds and bee
And set the world's heart free
With laughter, love and light of Spring!
I would if I were Pan.

GLOSSARY. Pan; fronds; nymphs; graces; pelf; mull.

STUDY. What is the result of dreaming that you are Pan? What does the season have to do with this result? What difference between Pan and mortals is brought out in the second stanza? Is there any way to improve the condition of mortals? Do you have the desire stated in line 16? What would it mean to achieve that desire? Is it worth while now and then just to dream of being the finer thing, even if we come short of it in our waking performance?

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOLAR

MAX MÜLLER

But now I am asked to give a much fuller account of myself, not only of what I have seen, but also of what I have been, what were the objects or ideals of my life, how far I have succeeded in carrying them out, and, as I said, how often I have failed to accomplish what I had sketched out as my task in life. People wished to know how a boy, born and educated in a small and almost unknown town in the center of Germany, should have come to England, should have been chosen there to edit the oldest book of the world, the Veda of the Brahmans, never published before, whether in India or in Europe, should have passed the best part of his life as a professor in the most famous and, as it was thought, the most exclusive university in England, and should actually have ended his days as a member of her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council. I confess myself it seems a very strange career, yet everything came about most naturally, not by my own effort, but owing again to those circumstances or to that environment of which we have heard so much of late.

Young, struggling men also have written to me, and asked me how I managed to keep my head above water in that keen struggle for life that is always going on in the whirlpool of the learned world of England. They knew, for I had never made any secret of it, how poor I was in worldly goods, and how, as I said at Glasgow, I had nothing to depend on after I left the university, but those fingers with which I still hold my pen and write so badly

that I can hardly read my manuscript myself. When I arrived I had no family connections in England, nor any influential friends, "and yet," I was told, "in a foreign country, you managed to reach the top of your profession. Tell us how you did it; and how you preserved at the same time your independence and never forsook the not very popular subjects, such as language, mythology, religion, and philosophy, on which you continued to write to the very end of your life?"

I generally said that most of these questions could best be answered from my books, but they replied that few people had time to read all I had written, and many would feel grateful for a thread to lead them through this labyrinth of books, essays, and pamphlets, which have issued from my workshop during the last fifty years.

All I could say was that each man must find his own way in life, but if there was any secret about my success, it was simply due to the fact that I had perfect faith, and went on never doubting even when everything looked gray and black about me. I felt convinced that what I cared for, and what I thought worthy of a whole life of hard work, must in the end be recognized by others also as of value, and as worthy of a certain support from the public. Had not Layard gained a hearing for Assyrian bulls? Did not Darwin induce the world to take an interest in worms, and in the fertilization of orchids? And should the oldest book and the oldest thoughts of the Aryan world remain despised and neglected?

For many years I never thought of appointments or of getting on in the world in a pecuniary sense. My friends often laughed at me, and when I think of it now, I confess I must have seemed very Quixotic to many of those who tried for this and that, got lucrative appointments, married rich wives, became judges and bishops, ambassadors and ministers, and could hardly understand what I was driving at with my Sanskrit manuscripts, my proofsheets and revises. Perhaps I did not know myself. Still I was not quite so foolish as they imagined. True, I declined several offers made to me which seemed very advantageous in

a wordly sense, but would have separated me entirely from my favorite work.

When at last a professorship of Modern Literature was offered me at Oxford, I made up my mind, though it was not exactly what I should have liked, to give up half of my time to studies required by this professorship, keeping half of my time for the Veda and for Sanskrit in general. This was not so bad after all. People often laughed at me for being professor of the most modern languages, and giving so much of my time and labor to the most ancient language and literature in the world. Perhaps it was not quite right my giving up so much of my time to modern languages, a subject so remote from my work in life, but it was a concession which I could make with a good conscience, having always held that language was one and indivisible, and that there never had been a break between Sanskrit, Latin, and French, or Sanskrit, Gothic, and German. One of my first lectures at Oxford was "On the antiquity of modern languages," so that I gave full notice to the university as to how I meant to treat my subject, and on the whole the university seems to have been satisfied with my professorial work, so that when afterwards for very good reasons, whether financial, theological, or national, I, or rather my friends, failed to secure a majority in Convocation for a professorship of Sanskrit, the university actually founded for me a professorship of Comparative Philology, an honor of which I had never dreamed, and to secure which I certainly had never taken any steps.

Here is all my secret. At first, as I said, it required faith, but it also required for many years a perfect indifference as to wordly success. And here again in my career as a Sanskrit scholar, mere circumstances were of great importance. They were circumstances which I was glad to accept, but which I could never have created myself. It was surely a mere accident that the directors of the old East India Company voted a large sum of money for printing the six large quartos of the Rig-veda of about a thousand pages each. It was at the time when the fate of the company hung in the balance, and when Bunsen, the Prussian

Minister, made himself *persona grata* by delivering a speech at one of the public dinners in the city, setting forth in eloquent words the undeniable merits of the old company and the wonderful work they had achieved. It was likewise a mere accident that I should have become known to Bunsen, and that he should have shown me so much kindness in my literary work. He had himself tried hard to go to India to discover the Rig-veda, nay, to find out whether there was still such a thing as the Veda in India. The same Bunsen, his Excellency Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister in London, on his own accord went afterwards to see the chairman and the directors of the East India Company, and explained to them what the Rig-veda was, and that it would be a real disgrace if such a work were published in Germany; and they agreed to vote a sum of money such as they had never voted before for any literary undertaking. Though after the mutiny nothing could save them, I had at least the satisfaction of dedicating the first volume of my edition of the Rig-veda to the chairman and the directors of the much abused East India Company,—much abused though splendidly defended also by no less a man than John Stuart Mill.

This is what I mean by friends and circumstances, and that is the environment which I wished to describe in my Recollections instead of always dwelling on what I meant to do myself and what I did myself. Small and large things work wonderfully together. It was the change threatening the government of India, and a mighty change it was, that gave me the chance of publishing the Veda, a very small matter as it may seem in the eyes of most people, and yet intended to bring about quite as mighty a change in our views of the ancient people of the world, particularly of their languages and religions. This, too—the development of language and religion—seems of importance to some people who do not care two straws for the East India Company, particularly if it helps us to learn what we really are ourselves, and how we came to be what we are.

From "My Autobiography."

GLOSSARY. Veda; Brahmans; most famous . . . university; Privy Council; thread . . . labyrinth; Layard; Assyrian bulls; Darwin; Aryan; quixotic; lucrative; Sanscrit; Gothic; Convocation; Comparative Philology; East India Company; Rig-veda; Bunsen; *persona grata;* mutiny; Mill (John Stuart).

STUDY. What is there strange or romantic about the career recorded here? How did the object to which the speaker was devoting his life appeal to people generally? State the steps by which he rose to the high place he occupied in the learned world. To what qualities does he ascribe his success? In what way may his career be an inspiration? What practical interests, if any, can be served by such studies as those described? What contrast suggests itself between such a life and that of a man like, say, Sir Richard Grenville?

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

[Supposed to be told by a soldier who survived]

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Right on our flank the sun was dropping down;
The deep sea heaved around in bright repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one —he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true— we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonor'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark;
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
This feel we none the less:—

That those whom God's high grace there saved from ill,
Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

GLOSSARY. Birkenhead; formed . . . in line; cross of bronze; Tower and Park.

STUDY. Picture the scene with which the poem opens. What was the effect upon the passengers of the ship striking the rock? What splendid comparison in stanza 3? What facts made the situation especially horrifying? What means did the colonel decide upon to preserve order and save the women and children? Would it be a great test of courage and discipline to stand at "attention" as the ship gradually settled in the waters? What is meant by "bloody surf" and "purple tide"? What consolation does the speaker find for the loss of the ordinary prizes of the soldier by those who died? Does such an event make you have any more faith in humanity? and in yourself? (Compare the inspiration from such an event with that derived from "The Charge of the Light Brigade.")

THE BARMECIDE FEAST

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER

I have now to relate the story of my sixth brother, called Schacabac, whom a reverse of fortune forced to beg his bread. One day, as he passed by a magnificent house, whose high gate opened on a very spacious court, where there was a multitude of servants, he went to one of them and asked him to whom that

house belonged. "Good man," replied the servant, "whence do you come that you ask me such a question? Does not all that you behold point out to you that it is the palace of a Barmecide?" My brother, who very well knew the liberality and generosity of the Barmecides, addressed himself to one of the gatekeepers (for there were more than one), and prayed him to give him an alms. "Go in," said he, "nobody hinders you, and address yourself to the master of the house; he will send you back satisfied."

My brother, who expected no such civility, thanked the porter and entered the palace. He went on till he came into a hall richly furnished, and adorned with foliage painted in gold and azure, where he saw a venerable man with a long white beard sitting at the upper end on a sofa, whence he concluded him to be the master of the house; and, in fact, it was the Barmecide himself, who said to my brother, in a very civil manner, that he was welcome, and asked him what he wanted.

"My lord," answered my brother, "I am a poor man who stands in need of help. I swear to you I have not eaten anything to-day." "Is it true," demanded the Barmecide, "that you are fasting till now? Alas! poor man, he is ready to die for hunger! Ho, boy!" cried he with a loud voice, "bring a basin and water immediately, that we may wash our hands."

Though no boy appeared, and my brother saw neither water nor basin, the Barmecide fell to rubbing his hands as if one had poured water upon them, and bade my brother come and wash with him. Schacabac judged by this that the Barmecide lord loved to be merry; and he himself understanding raillery, and knowing that the poor must be complaisant to the rich if they would have anything from them, came forward and did as he was required.

"Come on," said the Barmecide; "bring us something to eat, and do not let us wait." When he had spoken, though nothing appeared, he began to cut, as if something had been brought him upon a plate, and putting his hand to his mouth, began to eat; and said to my brother, "Come, friend, eat as freely as if you were

at home; you said you were like to die of hunger, but you eat as if you had no appetite!"

"Pardon me, my lord," said Schacabac, who perfectly imitated what he did, "you see I lose no time, and that I play my part well enough." "How like you this bread?" said the Barmecide; "do you not find it very good?" "Oh, my lord," replied my brother, who saw neither bread nor meat, "I have never eaten anything so white and so fine." "Eat your fill," said the Barmecide. "I assure you the woman who bakes me this good bread cost me five hundred pieces of gold to purchase her."

The Barmecide, after having boasted so much of his bread, which my brother ate only in idea, cried, "Boy, bring us another dish"; and though no boy appeared, "Come, my good friend," continued he, "taste this new dish, and tell me if ever you ate better mutton and barley broth than this." "It is admirably good," replied my brother, "and therefore you see I eat heartily."

"You oblige me highly," resumed the Barmecide. "I conjure you then, by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat all up, since you like it so well." A little while after he called for a goose and sweet sauce. He then called for several others, of which my brother, who was ready to die of hunger, pretended to eat; but what he boasted of more than all the rest was a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts, which he ordered to be brought up in the same manner. "I knew you would like it," said the Barmecide. "There is nothing in the world finer," replied my brother; "your table is most delicious."

"Come, bring the ragout. I fancy you will like that as well as you did the lamb. Well, how do you relish it?" "Oh, it is wonderful," replied Schacabac; "for here we taste all at once amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most odoriferous herbs, and all these delicacies are so well mixed that one does not prevent our tasting the other." "How pleasant! Honor this ragout," said the Barmecide, "by eating heartily of it. Ho, boy! bring us another ragout." "No, my lord, if it please you," replied my brother, "for indeed I can eat no more."

"Come, take it away then," said the Barmecide, "and bring the fruit." He stayed a moment, as it were to give time for his servants to carry it away; after which he addressed my brother, "Taste these almonds; they are good, and fresh gathered." Both of them made as if they had peeled the almonds and eaten them. After this the Barmecide invited my brother to eat something else.

"Look," said he, "there are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and conserves. Take what you like." Then stretching out his hand, as if he had reached my brother something, he still bade my brother eat, and said to him, "Methinks you do not eat as if you were as hungry as you said you were when you came in." "My lord," replied Schacabac, whose jaws ached with moving and having nothing to eat, "I assure you that I cannot eat one bite more."

"Well, then, friend," resumed the Barmecide, "we must drink some wine now, after we have eaten so well." "I will drink, then, out of complaisance," said Schacabac, "for I see you will have nothing wanting to make your treat complete; but since I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall act contrary to the respect that is due to you; therefore I pray you to excuse me from drinking any wine. I will be content with water."

"No, no," said the Barmecide, "you shall drink wine," and at the same time he commanded some to be brought, in the same manner as the meat and the fruit had been served before. He made as if he poured out wine, and drank first himself, and then pouring out for my brother, presented him the glass, saying, "Drink my health, and let me know if you think this wine good."

My brother made as if he took the glass, and looked as if the color was good, and put it to his nose to try the flavor. He then made a low salute to the Barmecide, to signify that he took the liberty to drink his health; and lastly, he appeared to drink with all the signs of a man who drinks with pleasure. "My lord," said he, "this is very excellent wine, but I think it is not strong enough."

"If you would have stronger," answered the Barmecide, "you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this." Hereupon he made as if he poured out another glass for himself and one for my brother, and did this so often that Schacabac, feigning to be intoxicated with the wine, and acting the part of a drunken man, lifted up his hand, and gave the Barmecide such a box on the ear as made him fall down.

He was going to give him another blow, but the Barmecide, holding up his hand to ward it off, cried, "Are you mad?" Then my brother, making as if he had come to himself again, said, "My lord, you have been so good as to admit your slave into your house and give him a treat. You should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink wine; for I told you beforehand that it might occasion me to fail in my respect to you. I am very sorry for it, and beg a thousand pardons."

Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Barmecide, instead of showing anger, began to laugh with all his might. "I have been long," said he, "seeking a man of your character. I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I desire henceforward we should be friends, and that you take my house for your home. You have had the complaisance to accommodate yourself to my humor, and the patience to keep up the jest to the last; we will now eat in good earnest."

When he had finished these words, he clapped his hands, and commanded his servants, who then appeared, to cover the table, which was speedily done, and my brother was treated with all those dishes in reality which he ate of before in fancy. At last they cleared the table and brought in the wine; and at the same time a number of handsome slaves, richly appareled, came and sang some agreeable airs to their musical instruments. In a word, Schacabac had all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the Barmecide's bounty; for the great man treated him as his friend, and ordered him a robe of honor from his wardrobe.

The Barmecide found my brother to be a man of so much

wit and understanding that a few days afterwards he entrusted him with the care of his household; and my brother acquitted himself very well in that employment for twenty years.

From "The Arabian Nights."

GLOSSARY. Schacabac; Barmecide; raillery; complaisant; pistachio nut; ragout.

STUDY. Why did Schacabac go to the palace of the Barmecide? What reply did he receive to his appeal to the gatekeeper? Describe the room in which he was received. Tell in order how he feasted with his host. Why did he fall in with the apparently merry mood of the Barmecide? Why did he ask to be excused from drinking the wine? Why did he finally agree to drink, and what result followed? How did the Barmecide accept the situation? Do you think he judged wisely in taking Schacabac into his service? (Judging from this story, what would it mean to speak of enjoying a "Barmecide Feast"?)

GOODWIN SANDS

WILLIAM CANTON

Did you ever read or hear
How the Aid—(God bless the Aid!
More earnest prayer than that was never prayed)
How the lifeboat, Aid of Ramsgate, saved the London Fusilier?

With a hundred souls on board,
With a hundred and a score,
She was fast on Goodwin Sands.
(May the Lord
Have pity on all hands—
Crew and captain—when a ship's on Goodwin Sands!)
In the smother and the roar
Of a very hell of waters—hard and fast—
She shook beneath the stroke
Of each billow as it broke,
And the clouds of spray were mingled with the clouds of swirling smoke

As the blazing barrels bellowed in the blast!

And the women and the little ones were frozen dumb with fear;
And the strong men waited grimly for the last;
When — as the clocks were striking two in Ramsgate town —
The little Aid came down,
The Aid, the plucky Aid —
The Aid flew down the gale
With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail;
And the people thronged to leeward; stared and prayed —
Prayed and stared with tearless eye and breathless lip,
While the little boat drew near.
Ay, and then there rose a shout —
A clamor, half a sob and half a cheer —
As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out,
And the gallant Aid sheered in beneath the ship,
Beneath the shadow of the London Fusilier!

"We can carry maybe thirty at a trip."
(Hurrah for Ramsgate town!)
"Quick, the women and the children!"

O'er the side
Two sailors, slung in bowlines, hung to help the women down —
Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay
As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in spray,
Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of the tide;
As they watched it rise and drop, with its crew of stalwart men,
When a huge sea swung it upward to the bulwarks of the ship,
And, sweeping by in thunder, sent it plunging down again.
Still they shipped them — nine-and-twenty (God be blessed!)
When a man with glaring eyes
Rushed up frantic to the gangway with a cry choked in his throat —
Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands.

Honest Jack, *he* understands —

Why, a blanket for a woman in the boat!
"Catch it, Bill!"
And he flung it with a will;
And the boatman turned and caught it, bless him!—caught it, tho' it slipped,
And, even as he caught it, heard an infant's cries,
While a woman shrieked and snatched it to her breast—
"My baby!"
So the thirtieth passenger was shipped!

Twice, and thrice, and yet again
Flew the lifeboat down the gale
With the moonlight on her sail—
With the sunrise on her sail—
("God bless the lifeboat Aid and all her men!")
Brought her thirty at a trip
Thro' the hell of Goodwin waters as they raged around the ship,
Saved each soul aboard the London Fusilier!

If you live to be a hundred, you will ne'er—
You will ne'er in all your life,
Until you die, my dear,
Be nearer to your death by land or sea!
Was *she* there?
Who?—my wife?
Why, the baby in the blanket—that was she!

GLOSSARY. Goodwin Sands; Ramsgate; sheered; bowlines; ark of refuge; bulwarks; shipped.

STUDY. What does the opening question tell you this story is about? What indicates the terrible state of the vessel? What that those on board had little hope of rescue? What justifies the use of the words "plucky" and "gallant" to characterize the Aid? How many could the Aid carry at a trip? Who were taken off first? Describe the loading of the Aid. "So the thirtieth passenger was shipped": How? How many trips did the lifeboat make? What explains the fact that the teller of the story places greater emphasis on the first trip of the Aid than on the others?

FROZEN VOICES

JOSEPH ADDISON

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. . . .

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows:—

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in

order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which were severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire.

"After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

'We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry, clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue.

"I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

"It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. . . .

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

"At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity

and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that, for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued. 'For,' says he', finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing in order to kill time.'"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

From "The Tatler."

GLOSSARY. Parts; Mandeville; copiousness; Pinto; wits; Ulysses; Red-Cross Knight; attested; Nova Zembla; inclemencies; posthumous; valet; kit; minuet; prolix.

STUDY. In what kind of books does the writer say he takes great delight? Why does he give first place to those that tell of "remote countries"? What two writers of such books does he mention? To what two great imaginative stories does he compare their accounts? Why? Why was the story here given not published in the books given to the world by Sir John himself? Tell the story in detail, bringing out all these points: (1) Where they landed and why, (2) what happened when they tried to talk to each other, (3) the result of the thaw, (4) the visit to the Dutch settlement, (5) the visit to the French cabin. Why doesn't the author give Sir John's explanation of why the kit could be heard during the frost? What possible explanation of Sir John's big stories is hinted in the final lines?

SCENES FROM "WILLIAM TELL"

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

I. Saved by a Child

[William Tell was one of the legendary heroes of Switzerland in her fight for liberty against the Austrians. As the story goes in the play from which these scenes are taken, Gessler, the tyrannical Austrian governor, became separated from his followers while hunting in the Alps. A tremendous storm came up and Gessler was terrified. Albert, the little son of William Tell, found him in this terrible plight, and guided him back to Altorf.]

A Mountain with Mist. GESSLER *is seen descending the mountain with a hunting pole.*

GESSLER. Alone, alone! and every step the mist
Thickens around me! On these mountain tracks
To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death.
What, hoa! holloa!—No tongue replies to me!
No thunder hath the horror of this silence!
I dare not stop!—The day, though not half run,
Is not less sure to end his course; and night,
Dreary when through the social haunts of men
Her solemn darkness walks, in such a place
As this, comes wrapped in most appalling fear!
I dare not stop; nor dare I, yet, proceed;
Begirt with hidden danger! If I take
This hand, it carries me still deeper into
The wild and savage solitudes I 'd shun,
Where once to faint with hunger is to die!
If this, it leads me to the precipice,
Whose brink with fatal horror rivets him
That treads upon 't; till, drunk with fear, he reels
Into the gaping void, and headlong down
Plunges to still more hideous death! Cursed slaves!
To let me wander from them! (*Thunder.*) Hoa!—Holloa!
My voice sounds weaker to mine ear! I've not
The strength to call I had; and through my limbs
Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes

On my heart! Oh, heaven, have mercy! Do not see
The color of the hands I lift to thee!
Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
And pity it! Let me not sink! Uphold,—
Support me! Mercy! mercy! I shall die!

[*He leans against a rock, stupefied with terror and exhaustion— it grows darker and darker — the rain pours down in torrents, and a furious wind arises — the mountain streams begin to swell and roar.* ALBERT *is seen descending by the side of one of the streams, which in his course he crosses with the help of his pole.*

ALBERT. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me!
Thanks to't. A man, and fainting! Courage, friend,
Courage! A stranger that has lost his way—
Take heart!—Take heart; you're safe. How feel you now?

[*Gives him drink from a flask.*

GESSLER. Better.

ALBERT. You have lost your way upon the hill?

GESSLER. I have.

ALBERT. And whither would you go?

GESSLER. To Altorf.

ALBERT. I'll guide you thither.

GESSLER. You're a child.

ALBERT. I know
The way. The track I've come is harder far
To find.

GESSLER. The track you've come! What mean you? Sure
You have not been still farther in the mountains?

ALBERT. I've traveled from Mount Faigel.

GESSLER. No one with thee?

ALBERT. No one but God.

GESSLER. Do you not fear these storms?

ALBERT. God's in the storm!

GESSLER. And there are torrents, too,
That must be crossed.

ALBERT. God's by the torrent, too!
GESSLER. You're but a child.
ALBERT. God will be with a child!
GESSLER. You're sure you know the way?
ALBERT. 'T is but to keep
The side of yonder stream.
GESSLER. But guide me safe,
I'll give thee gold!
ALBERT. I'll guide thee safe without.
GESSLER. Here's earnest for thee. (*Offers gold.*) Here—
I'll double that,
Yea, treble it, let me but see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Take't.
ALBERT. No.
GESSLER. You shall.
ALBERT. I will not.
GESSLER. Why?
ALBERT. Because
I do not covet it; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.
GESSLER. Ha!—who taught
Thee that?
ALBERT. My father.
GESSLER. Does he live in Altorf?
ALBERT. No, in the mountains.
GESSLER. How! a mountaineer?
He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by't.
ALBERT. Not so much as he might lose by't.
GESSLER. What might he lose by't?
ALBERT. Liberty.
GESSLER. Indeed!
He also taught thee that?

ALBERT. He did.
GESSLER. His name?
ALBERT. This is the way to Altorf, sir.
GESSLER. I'd know
Thy father's name.
ALBERT. The day is wasting — We
Have far to go.
GESSLER. Thy father's name, I say?
ALBERT. I will not tell it thee.
GESSLER. Not tell it me!
Why?
ALBERT. You may be an enemy of his.
GESSLER. May be, a friend.
ALBERT. May be; but should you be
An enemy — Although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?
GESSLER. Ne'er mind thy father's name:
What would it profit me to know't? Thy hand;
We are not enemies.
ALBERT. I never had
An enemy!
GESSLER. Lead on.
ALBERT. Advance your staff
As you descend; and fix it well. Come on!
GESSLER. What! must we take that steep?
ALBERT. 'T is nothing! Come!
I'll go before — Ne'er fear. Come on — Come on! [*They go out.*

GLOSSARY. Appalling; Altorf; Mount Faigel.

STUDY. How did Gessler happen to be alone on the mountain? Why is he so terrified? Why does he ask heaven not to see the "color" of his hands? Does Albert seem as terrified as Gessler? What does he do when he sees Gessler? What does he say that surprises Gessler? What reasons does Albert give for his lack of fear? Why does he refuse Gessler's gold? Why does Albert refuse to tell his father's name? Select three of Albert's speeches that seem especially fine.

II. Tyrant and Patriot

[When they arrive in safety at the gates of Altorf, Gessler again demands that Albert tell the name of his father, and upon his continued refusal has him thrown into prison. A little later the tyrant has his cap placed upon a pole, and gives orders that the citizens shall bow before it. Tell refuses to do so, and is seized and imprisoned. Here the father and son meet, but give no sign at first that they know each other. Tell finally admits that the boy is his son.]

William Tell, Albert, *and* Gessler. *Austrian officers and soldiers in the background.*

Gessler. Thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:
My name is Tell.

Gessler. What!—William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Gessler. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss?—Indeed!—I'll take
Exquisite vengeance!—Mark!—I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's too.—Both of you are free—on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Gessler. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Please you, name the trial
You would have me make. [*Looks on* Albert.

Gessler. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look
Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it!—Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it instinctively!
Instinctively! You do not mean?—No!—No!—

You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
GESSLER. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
TELL. Is my boy to hold it?
GESSLER. No.
TELL. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!
GESSLER. It is to rest upon his head.
TELL. O, Nature!
Thou hearest him!
GESSLER. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.
TELL. Oh, monster!
GESSLER. Wilt thou do it?
ALBERT. He will! He will!
TELL. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!
GESSLER. Take off
His chains, if he consents.
TELL. With his own hand!
GESSLER. Does he consent?
ALBERT. He does.
[GESSLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains,* TELL *all the while unconscious of what they do.*
TELL. With his own hand!—
Murder his child with his own hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'T is beyond horror—'t is most horrible!
Amazement!—'T is too much for flesh and blood
To bear!—I should be made of steel to stand it!
And I believe I am, almost, about

To turn to some such thing; for feeling grows
Benumbed within me, that I seem to lose
Almost the power of hating him, and all's
A calm, where all, but now, was raging tempest!
[*His chains, which they have been employed in unloosing, fall off.*
What!—Do you make me ready, while I wist not?
[*Lifts the manacles from the ground, and holds them to the soldiers.*
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they would drink my child's!—Here! Here!—I'll not
Murder my boy for Gessler!

ALBERT. Father—Father!
You will not hit me, father!

TELL. Hit thee!—Send
The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses!—Hit thee—hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart! Who's he
That bids me do it!—Show him me,—the monster!
Make him perceptible unto my reason
And heart! In vain my senses vouch for it!
I hear he lives!—I see it!—but it is
A prodigy that Nature can't believe!

GESSLER. Dost thou consent?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GESSLER. For what?

TELL. To shoot my boy!

ALBERT. No, father,—no!
To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth!—
I'll make the trial!

ALBERT. Thank you!

TELL. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corse before her!

GESSLER. Then
He dies this moment; and you certainly
Murder the child, whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well—I'll do it:
I'll make the trial.

ALBERT. (*Runs up to* TELL *and embraces him.*) Father!

TELL. (*Putting* ALBERT *behind him.*) Speak not to me!
Let me not hear thy voice!—Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be!—Earth should be dumb!
And heaven!—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!—

GESSLER. When all's ready.

TELL. Ready!—
I must be calm, with such a mark to hit!
[ALBERT *is about to take* TELL'S *hand.*
Don't touch me, child!—Don't speak to me!—Lead on!
[TELL *suddenly stops.*

GESSLER. Why do you stop?

TELL. We have forgot!—'Tis dusk—
Look at that mountain peak! The sun is down
To all below—will soon be down to that!
You wish to see a trial of my skill,
You ask for one harder a thousand times
Than e'er the hardest yet I e'er essayed!
You would not have me shoot without my eyes?
'Twere just the same to shoot without the light!
The peak, you see, is now gone out!—The court's
To reach—the ground's to choose—the distance
Has to be measured. Then, the boy's to place,
The mark to be adjusted—Where is it?

Where is the apple?—Ere all's ready, 'twill
Be night. As well expect me, were I dead,
To draw a bow, as now!—To-morrow, Gessler.

GESSLER. Hadst thou not lingered—

TELL. It were done—I know.
It shall be done to-morrow, wilt thou grant
The time.—'Tis night already!

GESSLER. Well—to-morrow!
Take them to separate dungeons!

TELL. To the same!
He's but a child!—He has his part to play!
I would prepare him for it!—It may be
His last night. Let him spend it with his father!

GESSLER. To the same dungeon!

TELL. Now, my child, thy hand! [*They go out severally.*

GLOSSARY. Exquisite; instinctively; wist; gust; prodigy; essayed.

STUDY. Why was Gessler startled at learning his prisoner's name? What had he heard about Tell? "I'll take exquisite vengeance": vengeance for what? On what condition did he propose to spare the lives of Tell and Albert? Why would this be "exquisite" vengeance? Why does Tell order his chains put on again? Why is Tell unable to make up his mind? On what grounds does Tell ask a postponement till the morrow? Why is Gessler willing to grant his request and also to allow Albert to spend the night with his father? Would this, perhaps, make Tell's sufferings of mind greater?

III. The Tyrant's Doom

[The Swiss patriots, upon hearing that Tell and his son are in the hands of Gessler, gather in force and proceed from various directions toward the governor's castle. Tell secures a postponement of the test of his marksmanship, thus giving the Swiss opportunity to carry out their plans, with the final results indicated in the scene that follows.]

Enter, slowly, Burghers and Women, GESSLER, TELL, ALBERT, *and Soldiers—one bearing* TELL'S *bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

GESSLER. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL. Is
The line a true one?
GESSLER. True or not, what is't
To thee?
TELL. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing—A yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind!
GESSLER. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
TELL. I will be thankful, Gessler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!
GESSLER. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?
TELL. I'd have it at my back!—The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun!—
I will not shoot against the sun!
GESSLER. Give him his way!—Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.
TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
SOLDIER (*with the basket of apples*). Here!
GESSLER. Show me
The basket!—There—
TELL. You've picked the smallest one.
GESSLER. I know I have.
TELL. Oh! do you?—But you see
The color on't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.
GESSLER. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
TELL. True!—True!—I didn't think of that—I wonder
I did not think of that.—Give me some chance
To save my boy! I will not murder him

If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart be gone.

GESSLER. Well, choose thyself.

[*Hands a basket of apples.* TELL *takes one.*

TELL. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?

VERNER (*a patriot in league with* TELL). Here, Tell!

TELL. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend that does not mind a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is drawn, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy!—the boy!—Think'st thou he has the courage
To stand it?

VERNER. Yes.

TELL. Does he tremble?

VERNER. No.

TELL. Art sure?

VERNER. I am.

TELL. How looks he?

VERNER. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it—look yourself.

TELL. No—no—my friend,
To hear it is enough.

VERNER. He bears himself
So much above his years—

TELL. I know!—I know.

VERNER. With constancy so modest—

TELL. I was sure
He would—

VERNER. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—

TELL. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man!—Verner, no more, my friend.
I would be flint—flint—flint! Don't make me feel
I'm not—You do not mind me!—Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—
Set him upon his knees—and place the apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus, Verner—Charge him to keep steady—Tell him
I'll hit the apple!—Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
VERNER. Come, Albert!
ALBERT. May I not speak with him before I go?
VERNER. No.
ALBERT. I would only kiss his hand.
VERNER. You must not.
ALBERT. I must!—I cannot go from him without!
VERNER. It is his will you should.
ALBERT. His will, is it?
I am content, then—come.
TELL. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*
ALBERT. My father! [*Running into* TELL'S *arms.*
TELL. If thou can'st bear it, should not I?—Go now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—
Go, boy—Be thou but steady, I shall hit
The apple. (*Kisses him.*) Go!—God bless thee!—Go!—My bow!
[*One hands him the bow.*
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No!
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty,
Thou'rt stanch!—Stanch!—I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,
Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake
My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver.
GESSLER. Give him a single arrow.
TELL. Do you shoot?

GESSLER. I do.

TELL. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is blunt; the feather jagged;
That's all the use 't is fit for. [*Breaks it.*

GESSLER. Let him have
Another.

TELL. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 't is not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that! What is't you fear? I'm but
A naked man!—A wretched naked man!
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,
With every one of you a weapon in
His hand. What can I do in such a strait
With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,
Will you give it me or not?

GESSLER. It matters not.
Show him the quiver. You're resolved, I see,
Nothing shall please you.

[TELL *kneels and picks out an arrow, which he hides under his vest, and then selects another.*

TELL. Am I so?—That's strange,
That's very strange!—Is the boy ready?

VERNER. Yes.

TELL. I'm ready too!—Keep silence, every one!
And stir not for my child's sake!—And let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it!
Now, friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless
And silent. [TELL *shoots, and a shout of wonder and exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL *falls on his knees and with difficulty supports himself.*

VERNER. (*Rushing in with* ALBERT.) Thy boy is safe; no hair of him is touched!

ALBERT. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe. Dear father, Speak to me! Speak to me!

VERNER. He cannot, boy!

ALBERT. You grant him life?

GESSLER. I do.

ALBERT. And we are free?

GESSLER. You are.

ALBERT. Thank heaven!—thank heaven!

VERNER. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eyes on* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*

TELL. My boy!—My boy!

GESSLER. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

VERNER. He cannot!—He's o'ercome! [*Whispers to* TELL.
William, the tyrant stands aloof from all!
Thy deadly aim, alone, transfixes him,
And with him all the rest, through fear for him;
While pace by pace thou canst withdraw;—But gain
A dozen yards, thou'rt free! I'll mind the boy!

GESSLER. How came that arrow in thy breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son!
And now beware! [TELL *suddenly takes aim at* GESSLER.
Stir thou, or any, stir!
The shaft is in thy heart!

[TELL *retreats slowly, while* VERNER *removes* ALBERT. GESSLER *and the rest, following* TELL *with their eyes, remain in breathless and motionless suspense.*

SOLDIER. He shoots!

GESSLER. Oh! [*Falls dead, transfixed with the arrow.*

[*Before the startled Austrians can seize* TELL, *great numbers of armed Swiss rush in upon the scene, shut off the retreat of the Austrians to their castle, and completely surround them.*

TELL. Yield! Resistance now is hopeless!
Your lives are spared! — The tyrant's will suffice!
. . . . We are free, my countrymen!
Our country is free! Austrians, you'll quit a land
You never had a right to; and remember,
The country's never lost, that's left a son
To struggle with the foe that would enslave her!

GLOSSARY. Naked; thrall.

STUDY. What questions did Tell raise about measuring the ground, about the direction in which he must shoot, about the choice of the apple, and about the arrow to be used? Was Gessler trying to take advantage of Tell, or just tantalizing him (that is, taking "exquisite vengeance")? Why was Gessler willing to let Tell finally have his way about all the points mentioned? Why did Tell call for a friend from the lookers on? Explain the meaning of his words to Verner, "Whatever the issue of this hour, the common cause must not stand still." What questions did he ask Verner about the boy? Why did he ask Verner instead of finding out for himself? Why did he order Verner to stop speaking of Albert? How did Albert's attitude strengthen Tell for the test? What does his address to his bow tell you of his confidence? Why did Tell ask every one to keep "motionless and silent"? What was the result of the shooting? How did it affect the crowd? Albert? Tell? Give a clear account of the final events and of the death of Gessler. Do you like Tell's last speech? Commit the last two lines.

LIBERTY BELL

IVAN SWIFT

Ah, here is our Liberty Bell,
Paraded in pride of old!
I would that my tongue could dwell
In the turbulent times she tolled.

I would it were mine to reveal,
In a reverent rage of song,
The secrets her sibyls conceal
And the motley and militant throng.

Forgetful of things that be,
I turn to the long ago—
To the years ere men were free
And the world moved on but slow;

To the days of ruffle and wig
And leathern apron and hose;
Of flintlock, horn and brig,
And the spirit that went with those.

My mind is peopled of courts
And powder and silk and sword;
The hound and the falcon sports,
And pride of lady and lord.

I witness the hurrying groups
To the hall of the prophet's light,
And the red and the rags of troops
In the dim-lit streets of night.

But thou, old Liberty Bell,
Attuned to the patriot shout,
Didst ring for a tyrant's knell,
And ring till freedom was out!

Now loud shall Liberty sing
Te Deums around her shrine;
And nations bent shall bring
Their altars unto thine!

GLOSSARY. Liberty Bell; sibyls; horn; brig; powder; falcon; *Te Deums*.

STUDY. What do the opening lines tell you about the inspiration of this poem? What do the third and fourth lines tell you about the writer's desire? What connection do stanzas 2 to 6 have with this desire? Mention in detail all the features of the past suggested in these stanzas. What part did the Liberty Bell play in this life of the past? What does the final stanza suggest to you about the value of the Liberty Bell?

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

PLINY THE YOUNGER

I. The Story of an Eyewitness

You tell me that the letter which I wrote at your request about the death of my uncle has excited your curiosity, and that you are anxious to learn about the horrible disaster which befell me when I was left alone at Misenum: for it was at this point, I think, that I broke off my narrative. Here then is the full account.

I had stayed behind to work: and so, as soon as my uncle had started, I devoted the rest of the day to my reading. After a while I had a bath, took my supper, and retired to bed, where I passed a restless night. Several days before a slight shaking of the earth had been noticed; but as this was not unusual in Campania, very little heed was paid to it. On this particular night, however, it was so pronounced that everything seemed to collapse completely and not merely to shake, as on the previous occasions. My mother rushed into my room, where she found that I had risen as well, in order to arouse her, had not the earthquake already done so. I consider that for a boy of eighteen I displayed marvelous presence of mind (or perhaps I should call it stubbornness). I asked for my Livy, and proceeded to read it in a leisurely fashion, and even made some additions to my list of quotations. At this juncture a friend of my uncle's, who had just lately come from Spain to join him, chanced to notice that my mother and I were sitting still, and that I was actually reading. Thereupon he rebuked me because I did not realize the extreme peril in which we were placed, and blamed my mother for offering no resistance to me. I paid no attention to him, and became more engrossed than ever in my reading.

By this time it was daybreak; though as yet there was only the dim gray uncertain light of early morning. The surrounding houses had all collapsed; the place we occupied, though perfectly open, was extremely narrow; and it was clear, that if we waited

any longer, certain death was in store for us. Accordingly, we determined to leave the town. We were immediately followed by the terrified populace, who, as is always the case, adopted any one's plan of escape in preference to their own (for a panic-stricken mob is always more impetuous than independent), and pressed on in one continuous stream at the heels of the fugitives. When we had left the last house behind us, we halted for a while. There our experiences were more marvelous than comforting. The carriages, which we had brought out for us, swayed to and fro, though they were standing on perfectly level ground, and would not even remain in one position when we scotched them with stones. Moreover, the sea seemed to be gradually withdrawing, and, as it were, recoiling before the violence of the earthquake. It was palpable that the land had gained upon it, as shoals of fish were left high and dry on the sand.

On the other side there hovered a dark lowering cloud of fiery vapor, which quivered and flashed to and fro over our heads, cleft at times by forked tongues of flame resembling lightning flashes, but of somewhat longer duration. Then my Spanish friend turned round to me and said sharply: "If your brother and your uncle are alive, they are anxious for your safety; if they are dead, they are anxious that you should outlive them. Why not escape, while you can?" We replied that we could not undertake to insure our own safety in order to accommodate that of so uncertain an individual. Thereupon he immediately took to his heels, and rushed away at full speed from the scene of danger. Presently the cloud floated down to the level of the ground and covered the sea: it had already enveloped Capreæ, and concealed the promontory of Misenum from our view.

My mother fell on her knees and implored me to make my escape as best I could. "You are young and active," she said, "and will easily get away. I shall only be a hindrance to you; moreover I am worn out by age and weary of life, and death will be a boon to me." I replied that I could not go and leave her to perish; then I caught her by the hand, and hurried away. She

obeyed reluctantly, reproaching herself all the while for impeding my flight. By this time showers of ashes had commenced to fall, although at present they were only intermittent. I looked back. There was a dense black mist coming up from behind, which swept over the ground like a mountain torrent, and was rapidly bearing down upon us. I turned to my companion and whispered: "Let us turn aside from the road, while it is still light, otherwise, when the darkness comes over, we shall be trampled to death by the crowd." We had scarcely done so when we were enveloped in the fog: it was not so much the gloom of a cloudy moonless night, as the impenetrable blackness of a dungeon which no light can reach: it was a darkness that could be felt.

Then universal confusion arose: the howls of the women, the plaintive cries of the children, and the mad shouts of the men created a vast uproar: parents, children, husbands and wives clamored for one another, and exchanged cries of recognition. A few lamented their own fate; the majority bewailed the death of their kinsfolk. Some even prayed to Death himself, so abject was their terror. Many raised their hands in supplication to the Gods: more believed that the Gods had ceased to exist, and that the end of the world had really come. The real danger of the situation was greatly increased by the numerous false rumors which were circulated. Some asserted that half Misenum was in ruins, and the other half in flames: they had no ground for this statement, but they met with a credulous audience. After a short time it grew light again; it was not the daylight, as we thought, but the glamour of the steadily approaching fire. The fire lasted for some while; then darkness came on again, followed by a heavy shower of ashes. We were compelled to rise from time to time and shake them off, otherwise they would have buried us completely. I can boast that even in this perilous situation I never suffered a single cry of grief or cowardice to escape me. I was consoled by the thought that I was merely one unhappy man in the midst of universal desolation: doubtless a poor consolation, but one which afforded me much relief. At length the darkness

dispersed into smoke and mist, and cleared off. Soon after that the day broke, and the sun even shone, though only with a lurid light as during an eclipse. When we saw what had taken place, we could scarcely believe our eyes; everything was changed and covered with a thick coating of ashes. We returned to Misenum, and attended to our various needs as best we could. There we passed a night of terrible anxiety and suspense.

This was the end of our adventure, but even then, after all that we had gone through, we did not make up our minds to leave the place till a message arrived from my uncle. You must not write back and say that my experiences are not worth relating. They may not be: but remember that I have described them by your especial request.

GLOSSARY. Misenum; Campania; Livy; Capreæ; intermittent.

STUDY. These letters were written to Tacitus, the historian, and form the most vivid of contemporary records of the great catastrophe. What led to the writing of this account? What preliminary happenings are told of? Does the young Pliny's "presence of mind" seem as remarkable as he makes it out to be? What was the situation when the Plinys left their house in the morning? Contrast their state of mind with that of the people, and of their Spanish friend. Did the young Pliny give any special evidence of courage in connection with the flight? Does he succeed in making you realize the terrible confusion and state of horror that existed? Describe the scene at its worst.

II. The Death of the Elder Pliny

You want me, I believe, my dear Tacitus, to give you an account of my uncle's death, to enable you to tell it to posterity with some semblance of truth. I feel flattered. For I quite see that my uncle will have won undying fame by his death, if it is ever related by you. Personally, I think that those men, whose deeds are often related, are quite as fortunate as those who have the gift of relating them. But the luckiest men, I think, are those who possess both qualities. Among these last I class my uncle, who will be famous from his own writings and from yours too. He was stationed at the time of his death at Misenum in command of the fleet. On

the 23d of August at about one o'clock in the afternoon my mother pointed out to him a gathering cloud of unusual shape and extraordinary size. He had previously been exercising himself in the sun; then after cooling himself he had taken his lunch reclining, and was at the time reading some book. But on hearing of this, he asked for his slippers, and went to a spot where he could get a good view of the spectacle. A cloud was slowly rising, and though the onlookers could not make out from which mountain it issued, they subsequently found it was Vesuvius. In shape and general appearance it was not unlike a fir tree. It reached right up into the air with long trunk, but at the top seemed to extend its branches. The reason for this, I think, was that the current of air was sufficient to blow the smoke up at first. But when this current grew weaker, the cloud settled down as if succumbing to its own weight. At one time it seemed snowy white, and at another dirty gray in color. This depended on the amount of earth and ashes it contained. My uncle, as an educated man, naturally wished to examine this phenomenon more closely. Accordingly orders were given to fit out a cutter. He gave me permission to accompany him if I wished. I said that I preferred to work, and it so happened I had some work of his to do.

Just as he was leaving, he got a note from Rectina Tascius, who was greatly alarmed at the approaching danger. Her villa lay just underneath Vesuvius, and there was no means of escape except by sea. On hearing this my uncle had the boats launched and went on board in person, with the intention of helping Rectina and many others of his friends, for this coast was a favorite resort. As he hastened on his way he met many fleeing for refuge, but he held on his course, steering straight into the danger. So reckless was he that he remarked on and carefully noted all the features and characteristics of the disaster, as they met his eyes. As they drew near clouds of ashes began to surround the boats. Thicker and more solid they grew. Then came bits of pumice stone, and fragments of rock blackened and scorched by the flames.

After slight hesitation whether he should retreat, he gave

orders to his steersman, who was urging him to turn, to go in search of Pomponianus. Fortune favors the brave, he said. Pomponianus was at Stabii, and so separated from my uncle by the bay that lay between. For the sea makes its way here into all the numerous curves and bends of the coast. They found that he had put all his goods on board, and had resolved on flight as soon as the unfavorable breeze should drop. He was alarmed by the nearness of the danger, though as a matter of fact there was no immediate cause for fear.

My uncle arrived just in time and comforted him in his panic, telling him to allay his own fears by seeing how little he himself thought of the danger. After a bath they sat down to dinner quite cheerful, or, at any rate, with feigned cheerfulness. In the meantime sheets of flame were beginning to shoot out from many places on Mount Vesuvius. Night had come on, increasing their glaring brightness.

My uncle, after trying to allay the fears of those around, soon went to lie down, and dropped off into a deep slumber. For those who were standing near the threshold heard his deep breathing, which was heavy owing to his immense size. But by this time the approach to his apartment was so blocked up by ashes and scattered stones that any further delay in his sleeping chamber would have taken away all means of escape. Accordingly they woke him up. He rose and joined Pomponianus and the others, who had kept awake all night. A hurried consultation was held. They debated whether they should keep under cover, or venture out into the open. Already the house was beginning to totter under the frequent and severe shocks. The foundations seemed to have been uprooted, causing the house to sway backwards and forwards. On the other hand in the open they feared the shower of stones, though small and fragmentary. However, after weighing the chances, they chose the latter course. Only in the case of my uncle it was the result of well-balanced calculation: the others merely gave way to headlong panic.

Before going out they put bolsters round their heads, as a

protection against possible accidents. Although it was now daytime, yet in that neighborhood night still reigned supreme. Its murky darkness was only dispelled by the flickering lights of torches. My uncle determined to make his way down to the shore, and see whether the sea would provide them with means of escape. However, the waves were still running mountains high, and any passage seemed impracticable. Accordingly he had some linen spread and lay down on it, twice sending for some cold water, which he drank. Soon the flames and the sulphurous smell that preceded them drove his companions into flight, and roused my uncle. He lifted himself, leaning on two slaves, but at once fell down dead. His throat, I imagine, was choked with the thick and sulphurous fog, and his lungs affected. When daylight at last returned—three days after he had last seen the sun—he was found: his body was unharmed: no wounds were seen upon him, and his garments were just as they were before his death.

As he lay there, he seemed to be sleeping rather than dead. During all this time my mother and I were at Misenum; however, that is not connected with my story, so I will conclude. I will add one word. I have related in full both what I saw myself, and what I heard soon after from others, who told me the whole story accurately.

From "Letters of Pliny the Younger."

GLOSSARY. Tacitus; my uncle; Rectina Tascius; pumice; Pomponianus; Stabii; Vesuvius.

STUDY. What is the subject of the second letter? Why is Pliny flattered by the invitation to write this account? Narrate in order the facts connected with the Elder Pliny. What traits of character does he exhibit? How does he contrast with others referred to? Does the writer seem desirous of telling "a plain unvarnished tale"? Where did he get his information? Select some passages that seem especially good in the way of simple description or narration.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A MAN MUST LIVE

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

A man must live. We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
  A little vote for a little gold
  To a whole senate bought and sold,
By that self-evident reply.
But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
  In what religion were you told
    A man must live?

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine, for a battle cry,
  From soldiers, with a sword to hold,—
  From soldiers, with the flag unrolled,—
This coward's whine, this liar's lie,—
    A man must live!

STUDY. What result would likely follow if the world should adopt as its motto, "A man must live"? What questions about its truth are raised? And what answer is found in stanza 2? Why is it not a fit battle cry? Do you agree in calling it what the poet does in line 14? (A number of selections in this reader have dealt with this fine spirit of loyalty to principle at whatever cost; recall some of them, and compare with this poem.)

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF LUCULLUS

PLUTARCH

Lucullus's life, like the Old Comedy, presents us at the commencement with acts of policy and of war, at the end offering nothing but good eating and drinking, feastings and revelings, and mere play. For I give no higher name to his sumptuous buildings, porticoes, and baths, still less to his paintings and sculptures, and all his industry about these curiosities, which he collected with vast expense, lavishly bestowing all the wealth and treasure which

he got in the war upon them, insomuch that even now, with all the advance of luxury, the Lucullean gardens are counted the noblest the emperor has.

Tubero, the stoic, when he saw his buildings at Naples, where he suspended the hills upon vast tunnels, brought in the sea for moats and fishponds round his house, and built pleasure houses in the waters, called him Xerxes in a gown. He had also fine seats in Tusculum, belvederes, and large open balconies for men's apartments, and porticoes to walk in, where Pompey coming to see him, blamed him for making a house which would be pleasant in summer but uninhabitable in winter; whom he answered with a smile:

"You think me, then, less provident than cranes and storks, not to change my home with the season."

When a prætor, with great expense and pains, was preparing a spectacle for the people, and asked him to lend him some purple robes for the performers in a chorus, he told him he would go home and see, and if he had any, would let him take them; and the next day asking how many he wanted, and being told that a hundred would suffice, bade him take twice as many: on which the poet Horace observes, that a house is indeed a poor one, where the valuables unseen and unthought of do not exceed all those that meet the eye.

Lucullus's daily entertainments were ostentatiously extravagant, not only in purple coverlets, and plate adorned with precious stones, and dancings, and interludes, but with the greatest diversity of dishes and the most elaborate cookery, for the vulgar to admire and envy. It was a happy thought of Pompey in his sickness, when his physician prescribed a thrush for his dinner, and his servants told him that in summer time thrushes were not to be found anywhere but in Lucullus's fattening coops, that he would not suffer them to fetch one thence, but observed to his physician, "So if Lucullus had not been an epicure, Pompey had not lived," and ordered something else that could easily be got to be prepared for him.

Cato was his friend and connection, but, nevertheless, so hated

Lucullus's daily entertainments were ostentatiously extravagant

his life and habits, that when a young man in the senate made a long and tedious speech in praise of frugality and temperance, Cato got up and said:

"How long do you mean to go on making money like Crassus, living like Lucullus, and talking like Cato?"

It is plain from the anecdotes on record of him, that Lucullus was not only pleased with, but even gloried in his way of living. For he is said to have feasted several Greeks upon their coming to Rome day after day, who, out of a true Grecian principle, being ashamed, and declining the invitation, where so great an expense was every day incurred for them, he with a smile said to them:

"Some of this, indeed, my Grecian friends, is for your sakes, but more for that of Lucullus."

Once when he supped alone, there being only one course, and that but moderately furnished, he called his steward and reproved him, who, professing to have supposed that there would be no need of any great entertainment, when nobody was invited, was answered:

"What, did not you know, then, that to-day Lucullus was to dine with Lucullus?"

This being much spoken of about the city, Cicero and Pompey one day met him loitering in the Forum, the former his intimate friend and familiar, and, though there had been some ill will between Pompey and him about the command in the war, still they used to see each other and converse on easy terms together. Cicero accordingly saluted him, and asked him whether to-day was a good time for asking a favor of him, and on his answering, "Very much so," and begging to hear what it was, Cicero said, "Then we should like to dine with you to-day, just on the dinner that is prepared for yourself."

Lucullus being surprised, and requesting a day's time, they refused to grant it, and would not allow him to talk with his servants, for fear he should give orders for more than was appointed before. But this they consented to, that before their faces he might tell his servant that to-day he would sup in "the Apollo"

(for so one of his best dining rooms was called), and by this evasion he outwitted his guests. For every room, as it seems, had its own assessment of expenditure, dinner at such a price, and all else in accordance; so that the servants, on knowing where he would dine, knew also how much was to be expended, and in what style and form dinner was to be served. The expense for the Apollo was fifty thousand drachmas, and such a sum being that day laid out, the greatness of the cost did not so much amaze Pompey and Cicero, as the rapidity of the outlay. One might believe that Lucullus thought his money really captive and barbarian, so wantonly and contumeliously did he treat it.

GLOSSARY. Lucullus; Tubero; stoic; Naples; Xerxes; Tusculum; belvederes; Pompey; Horace; ostentatiously; epicure; Cato; Crassus; Cicero; Forum; drachma; contumeliously.

STUDY. This passage gives a fine account of one phase of ancient "high life." What is Plutarch's opinion of Lucullus as suggested in the first paragraph? What did Tubero mean by calling him "Xerxes in a gown"? What other opinions of great Romans are referred to in the course of the passage? Notice all the hints and illustrations that enable you to gather a clear idea of the manner in which Lucullus lived. What was his own attitude toward all this magnificence and extravagance?

THESEUS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I. How Theseus Lifted the Stone

Once upon a time there was a princess in Trœzen, Æthra, the daughter of Pittheus the king. She had one fair son, named Theseus, the bravest lad in all the land; and Æthra never smiled but when she looked at him, for her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away. And she used to go up to the mountain above Trœzen, to the temple of Poseidon, and sit there all day looking out across the bay, over Methana, to the purple peaks of Ægina, and the Attic shore beyond. And when Theseus was full fifteen years old, she took him up with her to the temple, and

into the thickets of the grove which grew in the temple yard. And she led him to a tall plane tree, beneath whose shade grew arbutus, and lentisk, and purple heather bushes. And there she sighed, and said, "Theseus, my son, go into that thicket, and you will find at the plane-tree foot a great flat stone; lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and saw that they had not been moved for many a year. And searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all overgrown with ivy, and acanthus, and moss. He tried to lift it, but he could not. And he tried till the sweat ran down his brow from heat, and the tears from his eyes for shame; but all was of no avail. And at last he came back to his mother, and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it; nor do I think that any man could in all Trœzen."

Then she sighed, and said, "The Gods wait long; but they are just at last. Let it be for another year. The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all Trœzen."

Then she took him by the hand, and went into the temple and prayed, and came down again with Theseus to her home.

And when a full year was past, she led Theseus up again to the temple, and bade him lift the stone; but he could not.

Then she sighed, and said the same words again, and went down, and came again the next year; but Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after; and he longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might lie underneath it; but her face was so sad that he had not the heart to ask

So he said to himself, "The day shall surely come when I will lift that stone, though no man in Trœzen can." And in order to grow strong he spent all his days in wrestling, and boxing, and hurling, and taming horses, and hunting the boar and the bull, and coursing goats and deer among the rocks, till upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus; and he killed Phæa, the wild sow of Crommyon, which wasted all the land; till all the people said, "Surely the Gods are with the lad."

And when his eighteenth year was past, Æthra led him up again to the temple, and said, "Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are." And Theseus went into the thicket, and stood over the stone, and tugged at it; and it moved. Then his spirit swelled within him, and he said, "If I break my heart in my body, it shall up." And he tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

And when he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals; and he caught them up, and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and leapt to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl; and Theseus stood by her wondering, and wept also, he knew not why. And when she was tired of weeping, she lifted up her head, and laid her finger on her lips, and said, "Hide them in your bosom, Theseus my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."

Then they went outside the sacred wall, and looked down over the bright blue sea; and Æthra said,—

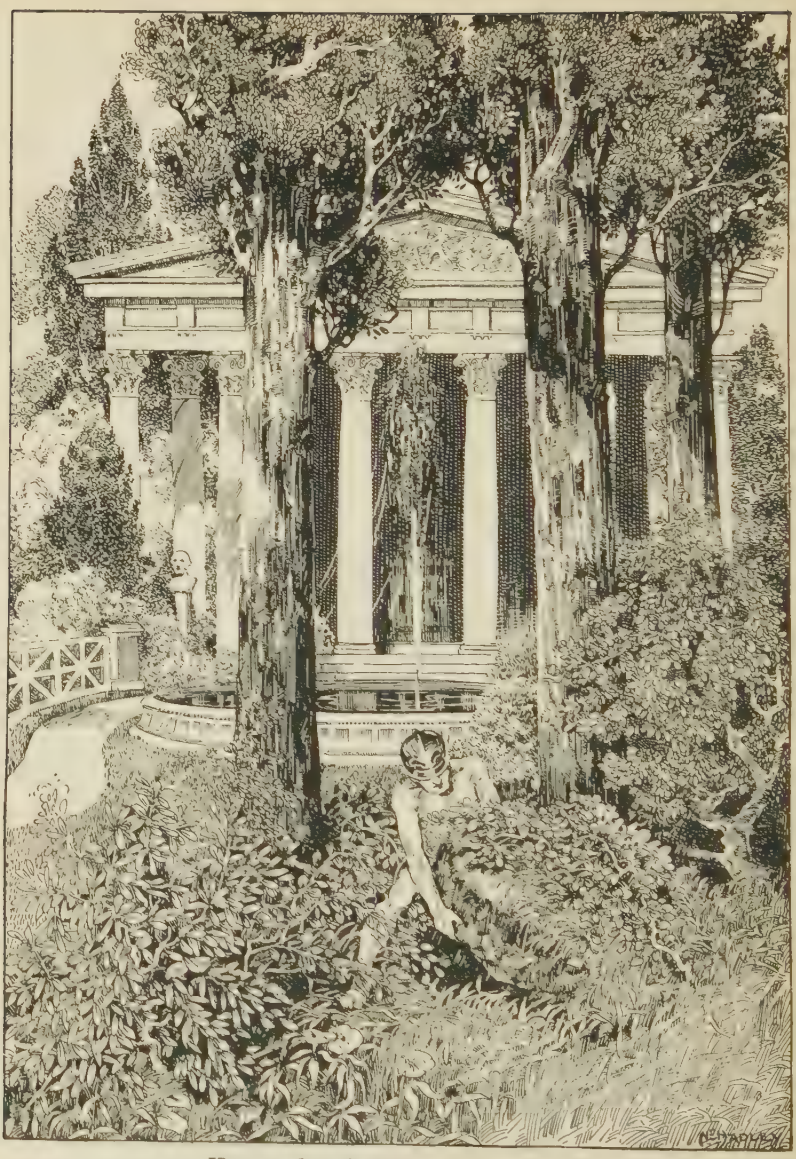
"Do you see this land at our feet?"

And he said, "Yes, this is Trœzen, where I was born and bred."

And she said, "It is but a little land, barren and rocky, and looks toward the bleak northeast. Do you see that land beyond?"

"Yes; that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell."

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son; and it looks toward the sunny south; a land of olive oil and honey, the joy of Gods and men. For the Gods have girdled it with mountains, whose veins are of pure silver, and their bones of marble white as snow; and there the hills are sweet with thyme and basil, and the meadows with violet and asphodel, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets, by the side of ever-flowing streams. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race, the children of Cecrops the serpent-king, the son of Mother Earth,



He tugged at it once more, and lifted it

who wear gold cicalas among the tresses of their golden hair; for like the cicalas they sprang from the earth, and like the cicalas they sing all day, rejoicing in the genial sun. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were king of such a land?"

Then Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad bright sea; and saw the fair Attic shore, from Sunium to Hymettus and Pentelicus, and all the mountain peaks which girdle Athens round. But Athens itself he could not see, for purple Ægina stood before it, midway across the sea.

Then his heart grew great within him, and he said, "If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb and cry, 'Alas, for the shepherd of his people!'"

And Æthra smiled, and said, "Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to Ægeus, king of Athens, who lives on Pallas's hill, and say to him, 'The stone is lifted, but whose is the pledge beneath it?' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the Gods shall send."

But Theseus wept—"Shall I leave you, O my mother?"

But she answered, "Weep not for me. That which is fated must be; and grief is easy to those who do naught but grieve. Full of sorrow was my youth, and full of sorrow my womanhood. Full of sorrow was my youth for Bellerophon the slayer of the Chimera, whom my father drove away by treason; and full of sorrow my womanhood, for thy treacherous father and for thee; and full of sorrow my old age will be (for I see my fate in dreams), when the sons of the Swan shall carry me captive to the hollow vale of Eurotas, till I sail across the seas a slave, the handmaid of the pest of Greece. Yet shall I be avenged when the golden-haired heroes sail against Troy, and sack the palaces of Ilium; then my son shall set me free from thralldom, and I shall hear the tale of Theseus's fame. Yet beyond that I see new sorrows; but I can bear them as I have borne the past."

Then she kissed Theseus, and wept over him; and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.

GLOSSARY. Trœzen; Æthra; Pittheus; Theseus; Poseidon; **Methana;** Ægina; Attic; plane tree; arbutus; lentisk; heather; acanthus; coursing; Phæa; Crommyon; Athenian; thyme; basil; asphodel; Cecrops; cicalas; Sunium; Hymettus; Pentelicus; Ægeus; Pallas's hill; fated; Bellerophon; Chimera; sons of the Swan; Eurotas; pest of Greece; Troy; Ilium; thralldom.

STUDY. Who was the mother of Theseus? What do you learn about his father from the first paragraph? What points in this paragraph do you expect to find cleared up as the story advances? How many attempts did Theseus make to lift the stone? What showed that he had determination? Why did he not ask his mother the meaning of the stone? What information did she give Theseus after he had secured what was under the stone? Do you think Theseus made a good answer when asked what he would do if he were king of Athens? What makes Æthra so sad at the parting? Does she foresee any relief from her trials?

II. How Theseus Slew the Devourers of Men

So Theseus stood there alone, with his mind full of many hopes. And first he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship, and sailing across the bay to Athens; but even that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea, and find his father. But after a while his heart began to fail him, and he sighed, and said within himself,—

"What if my father have other sons about him whom he loves? What if he will not receive me? And what have I done that he should receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born. Why should he welcome me now?"

Then he thought a long while sadly; and at the last he cried aloud, "Yes! I will make him love me; for I will prove myself worthy of his love. I will win honor and renown, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me, though he had fifty other sons! Did not Heracles win himself honor though he was oppressed, and the slave of Eurystheus? Did he not kill all robbers and evil beasts, and drain great lakes and marshes, breaking the hills through with his club? Therefore it was that all men honored him, because he rid them of their miseries, and made life pleasant to them and

their children after them. Where can I go, to do as Heracles has done? Where can I find strange adventures, robbers, and monsters, and the children of hell, the enemies of men? I will go by land and into the mountains, and round by the way of the Isthmus. Perhaps there I may hear of brave adventures, and do something which shall win my father's love."

So he went by land, and away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh, till he came to the Spider Mountains, which hang over Epidaurus and the sea, where the glens run downward from one peak in the midst, as the rays spread in a spider's web.

And he went up into the gloomy glens, between the furrowed marble walls, till the lowland grew blue beneath his feet, and the clouds drove damp about his head.

But he went up and up forever, through the spider's web of glens, till he could see the narrow gulfs spread below him, north and south, and east and west; black cracks half-choked with mists, and above all a dreary down.

But over that down he must go, for there was no road right or left; so he toiled on through bog and brake, till he came to a pile of stones.

And on the stones a man was sitting, wrapped in a bearskin cloak. The head of the bear served him for a cap, and its teeth grinned white around his brows; and the feet were tied about his throat, and their claws shone white upon his chest. And when he saw Theseus he rose, and laughed till the glens rattled.

"And who art thou, fair fly, who hast walked into the spider's web?" But Theseus walked on steadily, and made no answer: but he thought, "Is this some robber? and has an adventure come already to me?" But the strange man laughed louder than ever, and said,—

"Bold fly, know you not that these glens are the web from which no fly ever finds his way out again, and this down the spider's house, and I the spider who suck the flies? Come hither, and let me feast upon you, for it is of no use to run away, so cunning a

"What is your name among men, bold spider?"

web has my father Hephæstus spread for me, when he made these clefts in the mountains, through which no man finds his way home."

But Theseus came on steadily, and asked, —

"And what is your name among men, bold spider? and where are your spider's fangs?"

Then the strange man laughed again, —

"My name is Periphetes, the son of Hephæstus and Anticlea the mountain nymph. But men call me Corynetes the club-bearer; and here is my spider's fang."

And he lifted from off the stones at his side a mighty club of bronze.

"This my father gave me, and forged it himself in the roots of the mountain; and with it I pound all proud flies till they give out their fatness and their sweetness. So give me up that gay

sword of yours, and your mantle, and your golden sandals, lest I pound you, and by ill luck you die."

But Theseus wrapped his mantle round his left arm quickly, in hard folds, from his shoulder to his hand, and drew his sword, and rushed upon the club-bearer, and the club-bearer rushed on him.

Thrice he struck at Theseus, and made him bend under the blows like a sapling; but Theseus guarded his head with his left arm, and the mantle which was wrapped around it.

And thrice Theseus sprang upright after the blow, like a sapling when the storm is past; and he stabbed at the club-bearer with his sword, but the loose folds of the bearskin saved him.

Then Theseus grew mad, and closed with him, and caught him by the throat, and they fell and rolled over together; but when Theseus rose up from the ground, the club-bearer lay still at his feet.

Then Theseus took his club and his bearskin, and left him to the kites and crows, and went upon his journey down the glens on the further slope, till he came to a broad green valley, and saw flocks and herds sleeping beneath the trees.

And by the side of a pleasant fountain, under the shade of rocks and trees, were nymphs and shepherds dancing; but no one piped to them while they danced.

And when they saw Theseus they shrieked; and the shepherds ran off, and drove away their flocks; while the nymphs dived into the fountain like coots, and vanished.

Theseus wondered and laughed: "What strange fancies have folks here who run away from strangers, and have no music when they dance!" But he was tired, and dusty, and thirsty; so he thought no more of them, but drank and bathed in the clear pool, and then lay down in the shade under a plane tree, while the water sang him to sleep, as it tinkled down from stone to stone.

And when he woke he heard a whispering, and saw the nymphs peeping at him across the fountain from the dark mouth of a cave, where they sat on green cushions of moss. And one said, "Surely

he is not Periphetes"; and another, "He looks like no robber, but a fair and gentle youth."

Then Theseus smiled, and called them, "Fair nymphs, I am not Periphetes. He sleeps among the kites and crows: but I have brought away his bearskin and his club."

Then they leapt across the pool, and came to him, and called the shepherds back. And he told them how he had slain the club-bearer: and the shepherds kissed his feet, and sang, "Now we shall feed our flock in peace, and not be afraid to have music when we dance; for the cruel club-bearer has met his match, and he will listen for our pipes no more."

Then they brought him kid's flesh and wine, and the nymphs brought him honey from the rocks; and he ate, and drank, and slept again, while the nymphs and shepherds danced and sang. And when he woke, they begged him to stay; but he would not. "I have a great work to do," he said; "I must be away toward the Isthmus, that I may go to Athens."

But the shepherds said, "Will you go alone toward Athens? None travel that way now, except in armed troops."

"As for arms, I have enough, as you see. And as for troops, an honest man is good enough company for himself. Why should I not go alone toward Athens?"

"If you do, you must look warily about you on the Isthmus, lest you meet Sinis the robber, whom men call Pityocamptes the pine-bender; for he bends down two pine trees, and binds all travelers hand and foot between them; and when he lets the trees go again, their bodies are torn in sunder."

"And after that," said another, "you must go inland, and not dare to pass over the cliffs of Sciron; for on the left hand are the mountains, and on the right the sea, so that you have no escape, but must needs meet Sciron the robber, who will make you wash his feet; and while you are washing them he will kick you over the cliff, to the tortoise who lives below, and feeds upon the bodies of the dead."

And before Theseus could answer, another cried, "And after

that is a worse danger still, unless you go inland always, and leave Eleusis far on your right. For in Eleusis rules Cercyon the cruel king, the terror of all mortals, who killed his own daughter Alope in prison. But she was changed into a fair fountain; and her child he cast out upon the mountains; but the wild mares gave it milk. And now he challenges all comers to wrestle with him; for he is the best wrestler in all Attica, and overthrows all who come: and those whom he overthrows he murders miserably, and his palace court is full of their bones."

Then Theseus frowned, and said, "This seems indeed an ill-ruled land, and adventures enough in it to be tried. But if I am the heir of it, I will rule it and right it, and here is my royal scepter." And he shook his club of bronze, while the nymphs and shepherds clung round him, and entreated him not to go.

But on he went, nevertheless, till he could see both the seas, and the citadel of Corinth towering high above all the land. And he passed swiftly along the Isthmus, for his heart burned to meet that cruel Sinis; and in a pine wood at last he met him, where the Isthmus was narrowest and the road ran between high rocks. There he sat upon a stone by the wayside, with a young fir tree for a club across his knees, and a cord laid ready by his side; and over his head, upon the fir tops, hung the bones of murdered men.

Then Theseus shouted to him, "Holla, thou valiant pine-bender, hast thou two fir trees left for me?"

And Sinis leapt to his feet, and answered, pointing to the bones above his head, "My larder has grown empty lately, so I have two fir trees ready for thee." And he rushed on Theseus, lifting his club, and Theseus rushed upon him.

Then they hammered together till the greenwoods rang: but the metal was tougher than the pine; and Sinis's club broke right across, as the bronze came down upon it. Then Theseus heaved up another mighty stroke, and smote Sinis down upon his face; and knelt upon his back, and bound him with his own cord, and said, "As thou hast done to others so shall it be done

to thee." Then he bent down two young fir trees, and bound Sinis between them, for all his struggling and his prayers; and let them go, and ended Sinis, and went on, leaving him to the hawks and crows.

Then he went over the hills toward Megara, keeping close along the Saronic Sea, till he came to the cliffs of Sciron, and the narrow path between the mountain and the sea.

And there he saw Sciron sitting by a fountain, at the edge of the cliff. On his knees was a mighty club; and he had barred the path with stones, so that every one must stop who came up.

Then Theseus shouted to him, and said, "Holla, thou tortoise-feeder, do thy feet need washing to-day?"

And Sciron leapt to his feet and answered,—

"My tortoise is empty and hungry, and my feet need washing to-day." And he stood before his barrier, and lifted up his club in both hands.

Then Theseus rushed upon him; and sore was the battle upon the cliff; for when Sciron felt the weight of the bronze club, he dropped his own, and closed with Theseus, and tried to hurl him by main force over the cliff. But Theseus was a wary wrestler, and dropped his own club, and caught him by the throat and by the knee, and forced him back against the wall of stones, and crushed him up against them, till his breath was almost gone. And Sciron cried, panting, "Loose me, and I will let thee pass." But Theseus answered, "I must not pass till I have made the rough way smooth"; and he forced him back against the wall till it fell, and Sciron rolled head over heels.

Then Theseus lifted him up all bruised, and said, "Come hither and wash my feet." And he drew his sword, and sat down by the well, and said, "Wash my feet, or I cut you piecemeal."

And Sciron washed his feet trembling; and when it was done, Theseus rose and cried, "As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee. Go feed thy tortoise thyself"; and he kicked him over the cliff into the sea.

And whether the tortoise ate him, I know not; for some say

that earth and sea both disdained to take his body, so foul it was with sin. So the sea cast it out upon the shore, and the shore cast it back into the sea, and at last the waves hurled it high into the air in anger; and it hung there long without a grave, till it was changed into a desolate rock, which stands there in the surge until this day.

This at least is true, which Pausanias tells, that in the royal porch at Athens he saw the figure of Theseus modeled in clay, and by him Sciron the robber, falling headlong into the sea.

Then he went a long day's journey, past Megara, into the Attic land, and high before him rose the snow-peaks of Cithæron, all cold above the black pine woods, where haunt the Furies, and the raving Bacchæ, and the nymphs who drive men wild, far aloft upon the dreary mountains, where the storms howl all day long. And on his right hand was the sea always, and Salamis, with its island cliffs, and the sacred strait of the sea fight, where afterwards the Persians fled before the Greeks. So he went all day until the evening, till he saw the Thriasian plain, and the sacred city of Eleusis, where the Earth-mother's temple stands. For there she met Triptolemus, when all the land lay waste, Demeter the kind Earth-mother, and in her hands a sheaf of corn. And she taught him to plow the fallows, and to yoke the lazy kine; and she taught him to sow the seed-fields, and to reap the golden grain; and sent him forth to teach all nations, and give corn to laboring men. So at Eleusis all men honor her, whosoever tills the land; her and Triptolemus her beloved who gave corn to laboring men.

And he went along the plain into Eleusis, and stood in the market place, and cried,—

"Where is Cercyon the king of the city? I must wrestle a fall with him to-day."

Then all the people crowded round him, and cried, "Fair youth, why will you die? Hasten out of the city, before the cruel king hears that a stranger is here."

But Theseus went up through the town, while the people wept

and prayed, and through the gates of the palace yard, and through the piles of bones and skulls, till he came to the door of Cercyon's hall, the terror of all mortal men.

And there he saw Cercyon sitting at the table in the hall alone; and before him was a whole sheep roasted, and beside him a whole jar of wine. And Theseus stood and called him, "Holla, thou valiant wrestler, wilt thou wrestle a fall to-day?"

And Cercyon looked up and laughed, and answered, "I will wrestle a fall to-day; but come in, for I am lonely and thou weary, and eat and drink before thou die."

Then Theseus went up boldly, and sat down before Cercyon at the board; and he ate his fill of the sheep's flesh, and drank his fill of the wine; and Theseus ate enough for three men, but Cercyon ate enough for seven.

But neither spoke a word to the other, though they looked across the table by stealth; and each said in his heart, "He has broad shoulders; but I trust mine are as broad as his."

At last, when the sheep was eaten, and the jar of wine drained dry, King Cercyon rose, and cried, "Let us wrestle a fall before we sleep."

So they tossed off all their garments, and went forth into the palace yard; and Cercyon bade strew fresh sand in an open space between the bones. And there the heroes stood face to face, while their eyes glared like wild bulls'; and all the people crowded at the gates, to see what would befall.

And there they stood and wrestled, till the stars shone out above their heads; up and down and round, till the sand was stamped hard beneath their feet. And their eyes flashed like stars in the darkness and their breath went up like smoke in the night air; but neither took nor gave a footstep, and the people watched silent at the gates.

But at last Cercyon grew angry, and caught Theseus round the neck, and shook him as a mastiff shakes a rat; but he could not shake him off his feet.

But Theseus was quick and wary, and clasped Cercyon round

the waist, and slipped his loin quickly underneath him, while he caught him by the wrist; and then he hove a mighty heave, a heave which would have stirred an oak, and lifted Cercyon, and pitched him right over his shoulder on the ground.

Then he leapt on him, and called, "Yield, or I kill thee!" but Cercyon said no word; for his heart was burst within him, with the fall, and the meat, and the wine.

Then Theseus opened the gates, and called in all the people; and they cried, "You have slain our evil king; be you now our king, and rule us well."

"I will be your king in Eleusis, and I will rule you right and well: for this cause I have slain all evil doers, Sinis and Sciron and this man last of all."

Then an aged man stepped forth, and said, "Young hero, hast thou slain Sinis? Beware then of Ægeus, king of Athens, to whom thou goest, for he is near of kin to Sinis."

"Then I have slain my own kinsman," said Theseus, "though well he deserved to die. Who will purge me from his death, for rightfully I slew him, unrighteous and accursed as he was?"

And the old man answered,—

"That will the heroes do, the sons of Phytalus, who dwell beneath the elm tree in Aphidna by the bank of silver Cephisus; for they know the mysteries of the Gods. Thither you shall go and be purified, and after you shall be our king."

So he took an oath of the people of Eleusis, that they would serve him as their king, and went away next morning across the Thriasian plain, and over the hills toward Aphidna, that he might find the sons of Phytalus.

And as he was skirting the Vale of Cephisus, along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke,—

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man, than

to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up the valley, and to reach Aphidna in the Vale of Cephisus."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidna to-night; for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine; and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say, that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forwards: but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and beside, he was hungry and weary: yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why: for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky like a toad's; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half-seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow-blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at that doleful place. And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their ware.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once!"

And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep pass.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said,—

"Oh, fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said,—

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know: but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."

Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried,—

"O house of Hades, man-devouring; will thy maw never be full? Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years agone; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and

dwelt in brazen-gated Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."

Then Theseus said nothing; but he ground his teeth together.

"Escape, then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed: and the young man's hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the stretcher, though his father called him Damastes. Flee from him: yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee"; and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death"; and the old man screamed after him down the glen, but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then Procrustes's countenance changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste; but Theseus leapt on him, and cried,—

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

A map showing the places mentioned in Theseus

And once again he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down to Hades squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave. Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and parted the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, down the slopes of oak, and lentisk, and arbutus, and fragrant bay, till he came to the Vale of Cephisus, and the pleasant town of Aphidna, and the home of the Phytalid heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

And there they built an altar, and bade him bathe in Cephisus, and offer a yearling ram, and purified him from the blood of Sinis, and sent him away in peace.

And he went down the valley by Acharnæ, and by the silver-swirling stream, while all the people blessed him; for the fame of his prowess had spread wide, till he saw the plain of Athens, and the hill where Athené dwells.

So Theseus went up through Athens, and all the people ran out to see him; for his fame had gone before him, and every one knew of his mighty deeds. And all cried, "Here comes the hero who slew Sinis, and Phæa the wild sow of Crommyon, and conquered Cercyon in wrestling, and slew Procrustes the pitiless." But Theseus went on sadly and steadfastly; for his heart yearned after his father; and he said, "How shall I deliver him from these leeches who suck his blood?"

So he went up the holy stairs, and into the Acropolis, where Ægeus's palace stood; and he went straight into Ægeus's hall, and stood upon the threshold, and looked round.

And there he saw his cousins sitting about the table, at the wine; many a son of Pallas, but no Ægeus among them. There they sat and feasted, and laughed, and passed the wine cup round; while harpers harped, and slave girls sang, and the tumblers showed their tricks.

Loud laughed the sons of Pallas, and fast went the wine cup round; but Theseus frowned, and said under his breath, "No wonder that the land is full of robbers, while such as these bear rule."

Then the Pallantids saw him, and called to him, half-drunk with wine—"Holla, tall stranger at the door, what is your will to-day?"

"I come hither to ask for hospitality."

"Then take it, and welcome. You look like a hero and a bold warrior; and we like such to drink with us."

"I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the king, the master of this house."

At that some growled, and some laughed, and shouted, "Hey-day, we are all masters here."

"Then I am master as much as the rest of you," said Theseus; and he strode past the table up the hall, and looked around for Ægeus; but he was nowhere to be seen.

The Pallantids looked at him, and then at each other; and each whispered to the man next him, "This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out at the door." But each man's neighbor whispered in return, "His shoulders are broad; will you rise and put him out?" So they all sat still where they were.

Then Theseus called to the servants, and said, "Go tell King Ægeus your master that Theseus of Trœzen is here, and asks to be his guest awhile."

A servant ran and told Ægeus, where he sat in his chamber within, by Medea, the dark witch-woman, watching her eye and hand. And when Ægeus heard of Trœzen, he turned pale and red again; and rose from his seat trembling, while Medea watched him like a snake.

"What is Trœzen to you?" she asked. But he said hastily, "Do you not know who this Theseus is? The hero who has cleared the country from all monsters; but that he came from Trœzen, I never heard before. I must go out and welcome him."

So Ægeus came out into the hall; and when Theseus saw him, his heart leapt into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck

and welcome him; but he controlled himself, and said, "My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I discover myself"; and he bowed low before Ægeus, and said, "I have delivered the king's realm from many monsters; therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king."

And old Ægeus looked on him, and loved him, as what fond heart would not have done? But he only sighed, and said,—

"It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you; for surely you are no mortal man, or at least no mortal's son."

"All I ask," said Theseus, "is to eat and drink at your table."

"That I can give you," said Ægeus, "if at least I am master in my own hall."

Then he bade them put a seat for Theseus, and set before him the best of the feast; and Theseus sat and ate so much, that all the company wondered at him; but always he kept his club by his side.

But Medea the dark witch-woman had been watching him all the while. She saw how Ægeus turned red and pale, when the lad said that he came from Trœzen. She saw, too, how his heart was opened toward Theseus; and how Theseus bore himself before all the sons of Pallas, like a lion among a pack of curs. And she said to herself, "This youth will be master here; perhaps he is nearer to Ægeus already than mere fancy. At least the Pallantids will have no chance, by the side of such as he."

Then she went back into her chamber modestly, while Theseus ate and drank; and all the servants whispered, "This, then, is the man who killed the monsters! How noble are his looks, and how huge his size! Ah, would that he were our master's son!"

But presently Medea came forth, decked in all her jewels, and her rich Eastern robes, and looking more beautiful than the day; so that all the guests could look at nothing else. And in her right hand she held a golden cup, and in her left a flask of gold; and she came up to Theseus, and spoke, in a sweet, soft, winning voice,—

"Hail to the hero, the conqueror, the unconquered, the destroyer

of all evil things! Drink, hero, of my charmed cup, which gives rest after every toil, which heals all wounds, and pours new life into the veins. Drink of my cup, for in it sparkles the wine of the East, and Nepenthe, the comfort of the Immortals."

And as she spoke, she poured the flask into the cup; and the fragrance of the wine spread through the hall, like the scent of thyme and roses.

And Theseus looked up in her fair face, and into her deep dark eyes. And as he looked, he shrank and shuddered; for they were dry like the eyes of a snake. And he rose, and said, "The wine is rich and fragrant, and the wine-bearer as fair as the immortals; but let her pledge me first herself in the cup, that the wine may be the sweeter from her lips."

Then Medea turned pale, and stammered, "Forgive me, fair hero; but I am ill, and dare drink no wine."

And Theseus looked again into her eyes, and cried, "Thou shalt pledge me in that cup, or die." And he lifted up his brazen club, while all the guests looked on aghast.

Medea shrieked a fearful shriek, and dashed the cup to the ground, and fled; and where the wine flowed over the marble pavement, the stone bubbled, and crumbled, and hissed, under the fierce venom of the draft.

But Medea called her dragon chariot, and sprang into it and fled aloft, away over land and sea, and no man saw her more.

And Ægeus cried, "What hast thou done?" But Theseus pointed to the stone—"I have rid the land of an enchantment: now I will rid it of one more."

And he came close to Ægeus, and drew from his bosom the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother bade him.

And Ægeus stepped back a pace, and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim; and then he cast himself on his neck and wept, and Theseus wept on his neck, till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people, and cried, "Behold

my son, children of Cecrops, a better man than his father was before him."

Who then were mad but the Pallantids, though they had been mad enough before? And one shouted, "Shall we make room for an upstart, a pretender, who comes from we know not where?" And another, "If he be one, we are more than one; and the stronger can hold his own." And one shouted one thing and one another; for they were hot and wild with wine: but all caught swords and lances off the wall, where the weapons hung around, and sprang forward to Theseus, and Theseus sprang forward to them.

And he cried, "Go in peace, if you will, my cousins; but if not, your blood be on your own heads." But they rushed at him; and then stopped short and railed him, as curs stop and bark when they rouse a lion from his lair.

But one hurled a lance from the rear rank, which passed close by Theseus's head; and at that Theseus rushed forward, and the fight began indeed. Twenty against one they fought, and yet Theseus beat them all; and those who were left fled down into the town, where the people set on them, and drove them out, till Theseus was left alone in the palace, with Ægeus his new-found father. But before nightfall all the town came up, with victims, and dances, and songs; and they offered sacrifices to Athené, and rejoiced all the night long, because their king had found a noble son, and an heir to his royal house.

So Theseus stayed with his father all the winter; and when the spring equinox drew near, all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and Theseus saw it, and asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father, and asked him: but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen: it is enough to have to face them when they come."

And when the spring equinox came, a herald came to Athens, and stood in the market, and cried, "O people and king of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a great lamentation arose

throughout the city. But Theseus stood up to the herald, and cried,—

"And who are you, dog-faced, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your herald's staff, I would brain you with this club."

And the herald answered proudly, for he was a grave and ancient man,—

"Fair youth, I am not dog-faced or shameless; but I do my master's bidding, Minos the king of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

"I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you came."

"To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, and confirmed his promise with an oath. For Minos conquered all this land, and Megara which lies to the east, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son Androgeos came hither to the Panathenaic games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero. But when Ægeus saw his valor, he envied him, and feared lest he should join the sons of Pallas, and take away the scepter from him. So he plotted against his life, and slew him basely, no man knows how or where. Some say that he waylaid him by Œnoe, on the road which goes to Thebes; and some that he sent him against the bull of Marathon, that the beast might kill him. But Ægeus says that the young men killed him from envy, because he had conquered them in the games. So Minos came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied Crete."

And Theseus ground his teeth together, and said, "Wert thou not a herald I would kill thee, for saying such things of my father: but I will go to him, and know the truth." So he went to his father, and asked him; but he turned away his head and wept, and said, "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it

is avenged. Break not my heart by questions; it is enough to endure in silence."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

But Ægeus shrieked, and cried, "You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people, after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth, which Dædalus made for him among the rocks,— Dædalus the renegade, the accursed, the pest of this his native land. From that labyrinth no one can escape, entangled in its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur, the monster who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom. And he stood awhile like a tall stone pillar, on the cliffs above some hero's grave; and at last he spoke,—

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evil doers and monsters, that I might free this land? Where are Periphetes, and Sinis, and Cercyon, and Phæa the wild sow? Where are the fifty sons of Pallas? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stay me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster, defenseless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth; and have I not fists and teeth? Did I need my club to kill Cercyon, the terror of all mortal men?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but he would not hear; and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly, and said only this one word,—

"Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be: take down the black sail of the ship (for I shall

watch for it all day upon the cliffs) and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe."

And Theseus promised, and went out, and to the market place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens, who were to sail in that doleful crew. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that: but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried,—

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said, "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens, and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people following them lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions, "Have hope, for the monster is not immortal. Where are Periphetes, and Sinis, and Sciron, and all whom I have slain?" Then their hearts were comforted a little: but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs of Sunium rang, and all the isles of the Ægean Sea, with the voice of their lamentation, as they sailed on toward their deaths in Crete.

GLOSSARY. Heracles; Eurystheus; Isthmus; Spider Mountains; Epidaurus; furrowed; down; brake; Hephæstus; Periphetes; Anticlea; Corynetes; kites; nymphs; coots; pipes; Sinis; Pityocamptes; Sciron; Eleusis; Cercyon; Alope; Corinth; Megara; Saronic Sea; wary; Pausanias; Cithæron; Furies; Bacchæ; Salamis; Thriasian; Triptolemus; Demeter; Phytalus; Aphidna; Cephisus; purified; Parnes; doleful; Hades; Thebes; Procrustes; Damastes; Phytalids; Acharnæ; Athené; Acropolis; Pallantids; Medea; Nepenthe; Cecrops; Minos: Crete; Androgeos; Panathenaic; Œnœ; Marathon; labyrinth; Dædalus; renegade; Minotaur.

STUDY. In what spirit did Theseus undertake his journey? What possibility saddened him? Why did he decide to follow the example of Heracles? Tell the story of his first fight. Why did Periphetes laugh when he saw Theseus? Does the robber seem quite as dangerous as he was said to be? Why were the nymphs and shepherds so frightened when they saw Theseus coming? How did they regard him when they

learned of his victory over the robber? Tell what warnings and information they gave him about the rest of his journey. What effect did all this have on Theseus? Narrate the adventure with Sinis; with Sciron; with Cercyon. Why did the people of Eleusis make Theseus their king? How did Theseus hear of the strange bed that fitted all travelers? How did he learn of the real danger that awaited him? Tell of the fight with Procrustes. What did Theseus do with all the wealth he found? Give an account of the ceremony of purification. Why was it necessary? What kind of reception did he have when he came toward Athens? Why did he not tell his name at once? Explain what Ægeus meant by his remark about being the master in his own hall. Why did Medea and the Pallantids dislike Theseus? Tell how he disposed of them. Why did Theseus determine to go to Crete? What promise did Ægeus exact from him? Give an account of the departure for Crete.

III. How Theseus Slew the Minotaur

And at last they came to Crete, and to Cnossus, beneath the peaks of Ida, and to the palace of Minos the great king, to whom Zeus himself taught laws. So he was the wisest of all mortal kings, and conquered all the Ægean isles; and his ships were as many as the sea gulls, and his palace like a marble hill. And he sat among the pillars of the hall, upon his throne of beaten gold, and around him stood the speaking statues which Dædalus had made by his skill. For Dædalus was the most cunning of all Athenians, and he first invented the plumb line, and the auger, and glue, and many a tool with which wood is wrought. And he first set up masts in ships, and yards, and his son made sails for them: but Perdix his nephew excelled him; for he first invented the saw and its teeth, copying it from the backbone of a fish; and invented, too, the chisel, and the compasses, and the potter's wheel which molds the clay. Therefore Dædalus envied him, and hurled him headlong from the temple of Athené: but the Goddess pitied him (for she loves the wise) and changed him into a partridge, which flits forever about the hills. And Dædalus fled to Crete, to Minos, and worked for him many a year, till he did a shameful deed, at which the sun hid his face on high.

Then he fled from the anger of Minos, he and Icarus his son, having made themselves wings of feathers, and fixed the feathers with wax. So they flew over the sea toward Sicily; but Icarus flew too near the sun: and the wax of his wings was melted, and he fell into the Icarian Sea. But Dædalus came safe to Sicily, and there wrought many a wondrous work; for he made for King Cocalus a reservoir, from which a great river watered all the land, and a castle and a treasury on a mountain, which the giants themselves could not have stormed; and in Selinus he took the steam which comes up from the fires of Ætna, and made of it a warm bath of vapor, to cure the pains of mortal men; and he made a honeycomb of gold, in which the bees came and stored their honey, and in Egypt he made the forecourt of the temple of Hephæstus in Memphis, and a statue of himself within it, and many another wondrous work. And for Minos he made statues which spoke and moved, and the temple of Britomartis, and the dancing hall of Ariadne, which he carved of fair white stone. And in Sardinia he worked for Iolaus, and in many a land beside, wandering up and down forever with his cunning, unlovely and accursed by men.

But Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. And Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of Androgeos might be avenged. Then Theseus cried,—

"A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

"Who art thou, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, Ægeus the king of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter."

And Minos pondered awhile, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, "The lad means to atone by his own death for his father's sin"; and he answered at last mildly,—

"Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

And at that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him; take the madman away."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos's daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart; and said,—

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! For I dare not stay after you are gone; for my father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent awhile; for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty: but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care: but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

Then she loved him all the more, and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass."

Then she loved him all the more, and said,

"Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that, perhaps, you may slay the beast; and a clew of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me, that if you escape safe, you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done."

Then Theseus laughed, and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clew in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her, and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

And when evening came, the guards came in and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into that doleful gulf, through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clew. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw him he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's; but his head was the head of a bull; and his teeth were the teeth of a lion; and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled bellowing wildly; for he had never before felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clew of thread in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent beds, among the sunless roots of Ida, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clew of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place; and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ship together, and leapt on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos's ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus's wife.

GLOSSARY. Cnossus; Ida; Zeus; Ægean; Perdix; Icarus; Cocalus; Selinus; Ætna; Memphis; Britomartis; Ariadne; Sardinia; Iolaus; Naxos.

STUDY. What kind of king was Minos? What is meant by saying, "his ships were as many as the sea gulls"? Tell what you learn of Dædalus and his relatives. Why was he "unlovely and accursed of men"? What was the Minotaur? What boon did Theseus ask of Minos? Why did Minos hesitate? Explain why Ariadne became so interested in Theseus. What did she do to help him? Give an account of the adventures of Theseus in the labyrinth and of his escape.

IV. How Theseus Fell by his Pride

But that fair Ariadne never came to Athens with her husband. Some say that Theseus left her sleeping on Naxos among the Cyclades; and that Dionysus the wine king found her, and took her up into the sky, as you shall see some day in a painting of old Titian's, one of the most glorious pictures upon earth. And some say that Dionysus drove away Theseus, and took Ariadne from him by force: but however that may be, in his haste or in his grief, Theseus forgot to put up the white sail. Now Ægeus his father sat and watched on Sunium day after day, and strained his old eyes across the sea, to see the ship afar. And when he saw the black sail, and not the white one, he gave up Theseus for dead, and in his grief he fell into the sea, and died; so it is called the Ægean to this day.

Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and as he passed by, cut him in the knee

And now Theseus was king of Athens, and he guarded it and ruled it well.

For he killed the bull of Marathon, which had killed Androgeos, Minos's son; and he drove back the famous Amazons, the warlike women of the East, when they came from Asia, and conquered all Hellas, and broke into Athens itself. But Theseus stopped them there, and conquered them, and took Hippolyte their queen to be his wife. Then he went out to fight against the Lapithæ, and Peirithoüs their famous king: but when the two heroes came face to face they loved each other, and embraced, and became noble friends; so that the friendship of Theseus and Peirithoüs is a proverb even now. And he gathered (so the Athenians say) all the boroughs of the land together, and knit them into one strong people, while before they were all parted and weak: and many another wise thing he did, so that his people honored him after he was dead, for many a hundred years, as the father of their freedom and their laws. And six hundred years after his death in the famous fight at Marathon, men said that they saw the ghost of Theseus, with his mighty brazen club, fighting in the van of battle against the invading Persians, for the country which he loved. And twenty years after Marathon, his bones (they say) were found in Scyros, an isle beyond the sea; and they were bigger than the bones of mortal man. So the Athenians brought them home in triumph; and all the people came out to welcome them; and they built over them a noble temple, and adorned it with sculptures and paintings, in which were told all the noble deeds of Theseus, and the Centaurs, and the Lapithæ, and the Amazons; and the ruins of it are standing still.

But why did they find his bones in Scyros? Why did he not die in peace at Athens, and sleep by his father's side? Because, after his triumph he grew proud, and broke the laws of God and man. And one thing worst of all he did, which brought him to his grave with sorrow. For he went down (they say beneath the earth) with that bold Peirithoüs his friend, to help him to carry off Persephone, the queen of the world below. But Peirithoüs

was killed miserably, in the dark fire-kingdoms under ground; and Theseus was chained to a rock in everlasting pain. And there he sat for years, till Heracles the mighty came down to bring up the three-headed dog who sits at Pluto's gate. So Heracles loosed him from his chain, and brought him up to the light once more.

But when he came back his people had forgotten him, and Castor and Polydeuces, the sons of the wondrous Swan, had invaded his land, and carried off his mother Æthra for a slave, in revenge for a grievous wrong.

So the fair land of Athens was wasted, and another king ruled in it, who drove out Theseus shamefully, and he fled across the sea to Scyros. And there he lived in sadness, in the house of Lycomedes the king, till Lycomedes killed him by treachery, and there was an end of all his labors.

So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In those old Greeks, and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow proud and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go their own ways, and fall pitifully, that the glory may be His alone. God help us all, and give us wisdom, and courage to do noble deeds! but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall, and come to shame!

GLOSSARY. Cyclades; Dionysus; Titian; Amazons; Hellas; Hippolyte; Lapithæ; Peirithoüs; Scyros; Persephone; three-headed dog; Pluto; Castor; Polydeuces; Lycomedes.

STUDY. What became of Ariadne? How did Ægeus die? What kind of king did Theseus make? Make a list of the important and wise things told about him as king. What legends are there of things that happened after his death? Explain how pride brought about the fall of Theseus.

Review in your mind all the deeds of Theseus, and tell whether they grew out of a desire to help mankind or to gain favor and high place for himself. When about to engage in one of his tasks did Theseus ever receive any encouragement, or only warnings of a discouraging nature? How do you account for this fact? Finally, what do you think are the main qualities of a hero? Does it require special opportunity to be a hero?

A PRAYER

MAX EHRMAN

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

STUDY. Does this prayer seem to appeal for the things in life which you would like to have true of yourself? If so, make it your own, and as you repeat it over and over you may realize something of the truth that what we long for, that we become. Many of the selections you have read give illustrations of individuals who possess, or at least strive to possess, the elements of character mentioned.

TABLE OF WEBSTER MARKINGS AND EQUIVALENTS

ā . . . . . as in āle
å . . . . . as in senåte
â . . . . . as in câre
ă . . . . . as in ăm
a̋ . . . . . as in finăl
ä . . . . . as in ärm
å . . . . . as in åsk
a̋ . . . . . as in sofa̋
ē . . . . . as in ēve
ȇ . . . . . as in crȇate
ĕ . . . . . as in ĕnd
e̋ . . . . . as in novĕl
ẽ . . . . . as in cindẽr
ī . . . . . as in īce
ĭ . . . . . as in ĭll
ō . . . . . as in ōld
ȍ . . . . . as in ȍbey
ô . . . . . as in lôrd
ŏ . . . . . as in ŏdd
ő . . . . . as in cŏnnect
ǒ . . . . . as in sŏft
o͞o . . . . . as in fo͞od
o͝o . . . . . as in fo͝ot
ou . . . . . as in thou
th . . . . . as in this
ū . . . . . as in pūre
ů . . . . . as in ůnite
û . . . . . as in ûrn
ŭ . . . . . as in stŭdy
u̇ . . . . . as in circu̇s
ŋ (like ng): for *n* before the sound *k* or hard *g* as in baŋk
N indicates the nasal tone, as in French, of the preceding vowel
t͡ū for *tu* as in nat͡ūre

THE GLOSSARY

[In this word list only those meanings are given which the words have in the selections in which they appear. Keep in mind that this is often only one of the many meanings a word may have. The pronunciation is indicated according to the system used in *Webster's New International Dictionary* (1910). This glossary is intended to furnish in compact form the help that a pupil may need for immediate use in understanding the selections. To that end it has some of the features of an encyclopedia as well as of a dictionary. Attention is called especially to the fact that a brief identifying note is given on every author from whom selections are taken. The glossary is not to take the place of more extended reference books, but is to serve as a sort of "first aid" to the pupils.]

ab hor'rent. Hateful; repugnant.

a can'thus (*ȧ* kăn'thŭs). A small variety of prickly plant, the leaf of which is thought to have been used for the well-known form of Greek sculptural ornamentation of the same name.

A char'næ (*ȧ* kär'nē). A town of Attica near the foot of Mount Parnes, north of Athens.

ac'rid (ăk'rĭd). Sour.

A crop'o lis (*ȧ* krŏp'ŏ lĭs). Citadel of Athens; a fortified height in the city, on which stood the famous Parthenon and other temples.

Addison, Joseph. (1672–1719.) English essayist and poet.

ad'dled. Confused.

Ad me'tus (ăd mē'tŭs). King of Pheræ in Thessaly, whom Apollo served for nine years.

A do'nis (*ȧ* dō'nĭs). An effeminate man; a dandy; a youth famed for his beauty in classical mythology.

ad vert'ing. Turning to; referring to.

Æ ge'an (ē jē'ăn). Grecian; under the rule of King Ægeus.

Æ'geus (ē'jūs). King of Athens, and father of Theseus.

Æ gi'na (ē jī'nȧ). Island, in the Saronic sea, between Athens and Trœzen.

Æs'cu la'pi us (ĕs'kū lā'pĭ ŭs). Doctor; the Greek god of medicine.

Æth'ra (ēth'rȧ). In Greek mythology, mother of Theseus.

Æt'na (ĕt'nȧ). A volcano in northeast Sicily.

af'fa ble. Kindly; gracious.

ag'gre ga'tion (ăg'rē gā'shŭn). Collection of individuals; group.

a kim'bo. Hand on hip and elbow turned outward.

a lac'ri ty (*ȧ* lăk'rĭ tĭ). Willing haste; readiness.

Al deb'a ran (ăl dĕb'*ȧ* răn). A red star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus.

al'ien at'ed (āl'yĕn āt'ĕd). Estranged; turned away.

Al'o pe (ăl'ŏ pē). Daughter of the Tyrant of Eleusis, Cercyon. She was turned into a fountain as her father was about to kill her.

Al ta'ir (ăl tā'ĭr). A star of the first magnitude in the constellation Aquilæ.

Al'torf (ôl'tŏrf). The capital of the canton of Uri, Switzerland, celebrated in the legends of William Tell. A statue of Tell was erected here in 1861.

Am'a zons. A legendary nation of female warriors of Asia Minor, who invaded Greece.

a mend'ed. Corrected.

am'phi the'a ter (ăm'fĭ thē'*ȧ* tēr). Oval or circular building with rising tiers

of seats about an open space in the center called the arena.

an'a logue (ăn'ȧ lŏg). Counterpart; corresponding specie.

An dro'geos (ăn drō'jŭs). Son of Minos, king of Crete; treacherously slain in Greece.

An'gos tu'ra (ăŋ'gŏs tōō'rȧ). Plain in Mexico, scene of the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847.

an ten'næ (ăn tĕn'ē). Feelers; hair-like appendages on the heads of insects used as organs of touch.

An'ti cle'a (ăn'tĭ klē'ȧ). A mountain nymph.

an tith'e sis. Opposite; counter influence.

Antony's Nose. Promontory on the Hudson River, near Peekskill.

Antrobus, John. (1831–1907.) American artist and poet.

A phid'na (ȧ fĭd'nȧ). A town of Attica on the river Cephisus near Eleusis.

a'pi a ry. A place where bees are kept.

ap'o the'o sis (ăp'ŏ thē'ŏ sĭs). Glorification.

ap pall'ing. Causing a state of terror or dismay.

ap pur'te nan ces (ă pûr'tē năn sĕz). Belongings.

A ra'bi an. Relating to a country of Asia Minor, the greater area of which is a desert.

ar'bu tus. A bush bearing scarlet berries.

a re'na (ȧ rē'nȧ). The open space in the center of the amphitheater where the gladiators fought.

Ar'i ad'ne (ăr'ĭ ăd'nē). Daughter of Minos of Crete who helped Theseus slay the Minotaur; afterwards, wife of Dionysus, the wine god.

A ri os'to (ä rē ôs'tō). A famous Italian poet, born 1474.

ark of refuge. A place of safety. (Derived from the story of Noah and the Ark as told in *Genesis*.

Arnold, Matthew. (1822–1888.) English poet and critic.

Ar'nold von Win'kel ried (ăr'nŏlt fŏn vĭŋ'kĕl rēt). A Swiss patriot who gathered the spears of the enemy into his breast in order to open their ranks to his comrades' attack.

ar tif'i cer (ăr tĭf'ĭ sẽr). Skilled workman; one who invents.

Ar'yan (ăr'yăn). Indo-European; of a race believed by some scientists to be the origin of the peoples of Europe.

as cet'i cism (ă sĕt'ĭ sĭz'm). Extreme self-denial.

as perse' (ăs pûrs'). Slander.

as'pho del (ăs'fō dĕl). A small plant bearing white flowers.

as'si du'i ty. Diligence; stick-to-itiveness; perseverance.

as sur'ance (ă shōōr'ăns). Certainty.

As syr'i an (ă sĭr'ĭ ăn) **bulls.** Ancient Assyrian sculptures covered with inscriptions, found by excavation and translated by Layard.

A the'ne (ȧ thē'nē). Patron deity of Athens, daughter of Zeus; goddess of wisdom.

A the'ni an (ȧ thē'nĭ ăn). Pertaining to the city of Athens.

at test'ed. Vouched for.

At'tic. Pertaining to Attica; of which Athens was the principal city.

au ro'ral (ô rō'răl). Pertaining to the early morning; sunrise; dawn.

a verred' (ȧ vûrd'). Declared; asserted.

A vo'ca (ȧ vō'kȧ). A valley and a river of Ireland.

av'o ca'tions. Pursuits; employments.

A zores' (ȧ zōrz'). Islands in the north Atlantic, west of northern Africa, under Portuguese control.

Bab'y lo'nish (băb'ĭ lō'nĭsh) **jargon.** Unintelligible talk.

Bac'chæ (băk'ē). Followers of Bacchus, the god of wine.

bait'ed. Hounded; tormented.

bal'dric (bôl'drĭk). An ornamental belt or girdle, to support the quiver.

bal'last. Material in the hold of a ship to steady it.

bal'sam (bôl'săm). Healing power; condonement; relief.

Bar'can (bär'kăn). Relating to territory in northern Africa; Tripoli.

Bar'me cide (bär'mē sīd). A member of the wealthy Persian family which furnished high officers of state to Harun-al-Rashid, the caliph of Bagdad.

Barrie, Sir James Matthew. (1860–.) Scottish novelist and playwright.

bas'il (băz'ĭl). Aromatic plant, the leaves of which are used in cookery.

bas'tion (băs'chŭn). A work projecting from the main inclosure of a fortification.

bat'ing (bāt). With the exception of.

Beecher, Henry Ward. (1813–1887.) American preacher and lecturer.

Bel ler'o phon (bĕ lĕr'ō fŏn). A Greek legendary hero, slayer of the Chimera.

bel've deres' (bĕl'vē dērz'). Buildings overlooking fine scenery.

be nev'o lent. Generous; kind; liberal.

Bid'e ford (bĭd'ē fērd). Town in Devonshire, England.

Birk'en head. An English troop steamer wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, February 26, 1852; 400 drowned.

biv'ouac (bĭv'wăk). An army's night encampment before battle.

Black'rock. A bold, pillared mass of rock on the shore of Widemouth Bay, Cornwall.

blast'ed. Blighted; withered.

Blen'heim (blĕn'ĕm). A village of Bavaria, Germany, where the French and Bavarians were defeated by the English and Austrians, August 13, 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession.

bode'ments. Prophecies; signs.

bo'lus (bō'lŭs). A large pill.

Bon'ni vard' (bŏ'nē vär'). François de Bonnivard, Swiss patriot, hero of Byron's poem, "Prisoner of Chillon."

bow'lines (bō'lĭnz). Ropes used in connection with the sails of a vessel.

Brah'mans (brä'mănz). Hindu priests, persons of highest caste among the Hindus.

brake. Thicket; underbrush; brushwood.

bra'zen bull. An ancient instrument of torture in which the inventor, Perillus, was himself roasted alive.

brig. Small, two-masted vessel.

British ministry. The British Cabinet; the king's ministers.

Brit'o mar'tis (brĭt'ō mär'tĭs). A Cretan goddess, patron of fishers and sailors.

broad'side'. A sheet printed on one side.

Bryant, William Cullen. (1794–1878.) American poet, translator, and editor.

bul'warks (bŏŏl'wärkz). The sides of a ship above the upper deck.

Bun'sen (bŏŏn'sĕn). Prussian scholar and ambassador.

Burns, Robert. (1759–1796.) Scottish poet.

butt. A large cask; barrel.

but'tress es (bŭt'rĕs ĕz). Structures projecting from walls to add strength to the building; or as ornaments.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord. (1788–1824.) English poet.

cal'um ny Slander; false accusation.

Cam pan'ia (kăm păn'yā). Department of Italy containing five provinces, including that of Naples and Mount Vesuvius.

can'ker (kăŋ'kēr). A consuming growth.

Ca no'va (kä nō'vä). An Italian sculptor of note.

Canton, William. (1845—.) An English journalist and poet.

Ca'pre æ (kä'prē ē). An island at the southern entrance of the Bay of Naples, now called Capri.

ca price' (kȧ prēs'). Waywardness; acting as one pleases; whim.

Cap'u a (kăp'ū *ȧ*). An ancient Roman town in southern Italy.
car'a van. Company of travelers.
car'i ca ture (kăr'ĭ kȧ tūr). Exaggeration; ridiculous imitation.
Carman, Bliss. (1861—.) Canadian-American poet.
Cartwright, William. (1611–1643.) English dramatist.
Cas'si o (kăsh'ĭ ō). A character in Shakespeare's *Othello,* innocent cause of Othello's jealousy.
Cas'si o pe'ia's Chair (kăs'ĭ ō pē'yȧ). A group of stars in the constellation Cassiopeia crudely resembling a chair; or the entire constellation.
caste. A class separation on the basis of wealth or birth.
Cas'tor (kȧs'tēr). The mortal of the Dioscuri twins, Castor and Pollux, son of Leda and brother of Helen of Troy; patron of equestrian pursuits.
Ca thay' (kȧ thā'). An old name for China.
Catlin, George. (1796–1872.) American painter and traveler.
Ca'to (kā'tō). Roman philosopher and patriot.
Caw'dor (kô'dēr). A principality of the ancient kingdom of Scotland.
Ce'crops (sē'krŏps). Traditional first king of Attica; represented as half serpent.
Celt (sĕlt). An individual of the Celtic speaking peoples—Welsh, Irish, Bretons, and Gaelic Scotch.
cen'taur (sĕn'tôr). A mythological race, half man and half horse.
Ceph'i sus (sĕf'ĭ sŭs). A small river in Attica running near Eleusis.
Cer'cy on (sēr'sĭ ŏn). A cruel tyrant of Eleusis who put to death all strangers whom he overcame in wrestling.
cha'pa ra'jos (chä'pä rä' hōs). Overalls of sheepskin or leather.
chap'er on (shăp'ēr ōn). Protector; attendant.
chas'ten ing (chās''n ĭng). Chastising; subduing; humbling.
cheap'ens. Lessens; surpasses.
Chil'lon (shĭl'ŏn). Fortress on Lake Geneva, Switzerland.
Chi me'ra (kĭ mē'rȧ). Legendary fire-breathing monster slain by Bellerophon; had the heads of a lion, a goat, and a serpent.
chi mer'i cal (kĭ mĕr'ĭ kăl). Fanciful; visionary.
chop'py. Chapped, as by a cold wind.
Chris'tian (krĭs'chăn). A human being as distinguished from one of the lower animals.
ci ca'las (sĭ kȧ'lȧz). Cicadas or locusts.
Cic'er o (sĭs'ĕr ō). Roman orator, patriot, and writer, 106–43 B.C.
Ci thæ'ron (sĭ thē'rŏn). Mountains in Megara, northward of Athens.
Clock. *Humphrey's Clock,* a weekly periodical, issued by Charles Dickens, after the model of Addison's *Spectator. The Old Curiosity Shop* appeared in it. "Wound up," or ended, in 1842, when Dickens started to America.
Clough (klŭf), **Arthur Hugh.** (1819–1861.) English poet.
clout. Center of the target; bull's eye.
clown. An ill-mannered, coarse person; a boor.
Cnos'sus (nŏs ŭs). The royal city of Crete.
co a lesce' (kō *ȧ* lĕs'). Cling together; unite.
Co'ca lus (kō'kȧ lŭs). Mythical king of Sicily.
co'gent. Powerful; convincing.
Collins, William. (1721–1759.) English poet.
come'ly (kŭm'lĭ). Pretty.
Com par'a tive Phi lol'o gy. Science of the relation of languages.
com'pass. Reach; gain.
com'plai sant' (kŏm'plā zȧnt'). Agreeable.
com ports'. Agrees.
com punc'tion (kŏm pŭŋk'shŭn). A feeling of remorse; pity; sense of guilt.
con gealed' (kŏn jēld'). Stiffened; frozen.

con glom'er a'tion. A mixed mass; collection.
con nu'bi al. Conjugal; of the married state.
con'trite. Repentant.
con trived' (kŏn trīvd'). Deliberately planned.
con'tu me'li ous ly. Disdainfully.
con ven'ti cle (kŏn vĕn'tĭ k'l). Meeting; secret gathering for religious worship.
con'vo ca'tion. The final governing body of the University of Oxford.
coots (kōōts). Duck-like diving birds of the rail family.
co'pi ous ness. Great plenty.
Cor'inth (kŏr'ĭnth). Ancient city of Argolis at the entrance to the Isthmus.
cor rob'o rat'ed (kŏ rŏb'ŏ rāt'ĕd). Confirmed.
Co ry ne'tes (kŏr ĭ nē'tēz). The club-bearer, epithet applied to Periphetes, the monster slain by Theseus at Epidaurus.
Cos'sack (kŏs'ăk). A warlike people of Russia, skilled as horsemen.
cours'ing. Pursuing afoot.
Cran'mer (Thomas). English religious reformer, burned at Oxford for heresy, 1556.
Cras'sus (krăs'ŭs). Roman patrician, owner of a large portion of Rome, noted for a rapacious love of wealth, which finally brought about his overthrow.
Crete (krēt). A large island in the Mediterranean Sea southeast of Athens.
Crom'my on (krŏm'ĭ ŭn). Ancient city of Argolis on the Saronic Bay near the Isthmus.
cro'nies (krō'nĭz). Companions; intimate friends; boon companions.
Cross of Bronze. The Victoria Cross, awarded in England for instances of special valor in battle.
crypt (krĭpt). Vault. Literally, a chamber under a church.
crys'tal li za'tion. An orderly and a natural formation.
curtain lecture. Wifely lecture or scolding after retiring for the night.
Curtis, George William. (1824–1892.) American orator and essayist.
Cyc'la des (sĭk'lȧ dēz). Group of islands in the Ægean Sea, southeast of Athens.

Dæd'a lus (dĕd'ȧ lŭs). An Athenian craftsman and architect of great skill. Fled from Athens to Crete after murdering his nephew.
Da mas'tes (dȧ măs'tēz). Original name of the highwayman Procrustes.
Dam'o da'ra. A character of the Harivansa.
Dana, Richard Henry, Jr. (1815–1882.) American writer.
dap'per. Lively; spruce; active.
Dark and Bloody ground. Kentucky; the significance of the name, in allusion to the many Indian wars waged in Kentucky.
Dar'win (där'wĭn), **Charles Robert.** (1809–1882.) English naturalist.
dé'but' (dā'bū'). First appearance.
de cliv'i ty. A descending surface.
de file'. Mountain pass; gorge.
de gen'er a cy (dē jĕn'ĕr ȧ sĭ). A decline in good qualities.
de lec'ta ble (dē lĕk'tȧ b'l). Delightful; enjoyable.
De me'ter (dē mē'tĕr). Greek goddess of the fruitful soil and of agriculture.
de ri'sion (dē rĭzh'ŭn). Scorn; contempt.
dev'il doms. Cruelties.
Dickens, Charles. (1812–1870.) English novelist.
Di'o ny'sus (dĭ'ŏ nī'sŭs). An Olympian god of the grape; Bacchus.
dis com'fi ture (dĭs kŭm'fĭ tūr). Defeat.
dit'to. Counterpart; exact likeness.
Dobson, Austin. (1840—.) English poet and critic.
Doc'tor. Used colloquially in addressing the cook.
dole'ful (dōl'fo͝ol). Dismal; mournful; sorrowful.

Don. Spaniard.
down. An open upland.
Doyle, Sir Francis Hastings. (1810–1888.) English poet.
drach'ma (drăk'mȧ). An ancient Greek silver coin.
du'al. Two-sided; balanced.
duc'tile (dŭk'tĭl). Pliant; capable of being drawn out to great fineness.
Duke of Marlbro' (môl'brŭ). John Churchill, an English soldier and statesman; famous military strategist. (1650–1722.)
dumb-shows. Actions without words; pantomimes.
dune (dūn). A hill of sand.
dupes (dūps). Deceptions; things which trick us.

Ea'gles. The insignia of the Roman Empire.
Eastern capital. Edinburgh.
East India Company. An English company organized for trade in India, with governing as well as trading powers. It was finally dissolved in 1873.
ec'sta sy (ĕk'stȧ sĭ). Rapture of delight; joy.
e duced' (ē dūsd'). Brought forth.
e'go tism. Self-exaltation; living for oneself.
e gre'gious ly (ē grē'jŭs lĭ). Flagrantly; extremely.
Ehrman, Max. (1872—.) American poet.
e lat'ed (ē lāt'ĕd). Pleased.
e lec'tion. Choice.
E leu'sis (ē lū'sĭs). Ancient city of Attica on the seacoast northwest of Athens.
Emmet, Robert. (1778–1803.) The Irish patriot, executed in 1803.
Empress of India. Queen Victoria of England.
en thrall'ing (ĕn thrôl'ĭng). Enchanting; charming.
en ven'omed (ĕn vĕn'ŭmd). Embittered; malicious; full of evil to others.
ep'i cure. A person devoted to luxuries of the table.
Ep'i dau'rus (ĕp'ĭ dô'rŭs). Ancient city on the eastern coast of Argolis, Greece.
eq'ui ty. Equality; justice.
e quiv'o cal. Ambiguous; having a double or uncertain meaning.
es sayed'. Tried.
Eu ro'tas (ū rō'tȧs). River in Laconia, southernmost department of Greece, on the banks of which stood Sparta.
Eu rys'theus (ū rĭs'thūs). A Mycenæan king in whose service Heracles performed his tasks.
ex pect'ant. Awaiting explanations; waiting.
ex pe'di ent. Means of escape.
ex'qui site. Keen; intense. (Designed to cause unusual pain.)
ex ten'u ate. Make little of; underestimate.
ex ten'u a'tion. Excuse.
ex tinct' (ĕks tĭŋkt'). Passed out of existence; died out.
ex ude' (ĕks ūd'). Come out; flow from.

fal'con (fô'k'n). A variety of hawk trained for hunting.
Farmer of North Bend. General William Henry Harrison was so called, his home being at North Bend, Ohio.
far'ri er (făr'ĭ ẽr). One who tends to horses; a veterinary.
fat'ed (fāt'ĕd). Foreordained; destined.
Feath'er stone (fĕth'ẽr stōn). An old wrecker of the Cornish coast, who, according to the legend, is doomed to labor forever at twisting a cable of sand.
fet'tered (fĕt'ẽrd). Bound; imprisoned.
fil'a ment. Thin thread.
filled away. Trimmed the sails so that the wind caught them full; resumed the course.
fil'let and to'rus (fĭl'ĕt) (tō'rŭs). A flat molding accompanied by a convex band or molding; architectural terms in ornamental stone work.

Fish, Williston. (1858—.) American lawyer and author.

Flem'ish. Flemish paintings are mainly remarkable as realistic studies in human figures and home interiors.

Flo'res (flō'rĕs). An island of the Azores, in the Atlantic Ocean.

fo'cus. Connection; center of interest.

foiled (foild). Baffled; defeated; obstructed.

fop'per y (fŏp'ĕr ĭ). Affectation.

fore bod'ings (fōr bōd'ĭngs). Presentiment; anxiety of a coming evil.

formed in line. Stood in ranks; in military formation.

for'ti tude. Strength to bear hardships; bravery.

Fo'rum (fō'rŭm). The open square or public place in Rome.

fos'sil. Remains or impressions of animal or plant preserved in stone or stratified deposit.

four-and-sixpence. Four shillings and six pence, or about $1.10.

Franklin, Benjamin. (1706–1790.) American statesman and philosopher.

friez'es (frēz'ĕz). A sculptural band of ornaments about a building near the cornice.

fronds. Leaves; foliage.

fru gal'i ty. Thrift; economy; carefulness in spending.

frus'trat ed (frŭs'trāt ĕd). Prevented; foiled.

ful'some ly (fŭl'sŭm lĭ). Abundantly; plentifully.

Fu'ries (fū'rĭz). In classical mythology, three winged monsters who relentlessly pursued and punished criminals.

fur'rowed (fŭr'ōd). Full of fissures and clefts.

fus'tian (fŭs'chăn). Nonsense; high-sounding words; bombast.

gal'le ons (găl'ē ŭnz). Wooden war vessels of the fifteenth century.

gal'li gas'kins (găl'ĭ găs'kĭnz). Loose breeches.

gal'lows air (găl'ōz). Guilty manner; hangdog look.

gal'va niz'ing (găl'vȧ nīz'ĭng). Exciting or stimulating, as by an electric shock.

Geike (gē'kĭ), **Sir Archibald.** (1835–1915.) Scottish geologist.

gen'tiles (jĕn'tīls). The non-religious; those outside the chosen people.

gen'try (jĕn'trĭ). Property holders; the nobility.

Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. (1860—.) American poet and writer.

Glam'is (glăm'ĭs). A thanedom or principality of Scotland.

gnomes (nōmz). Imaginary underground sprites or fairies, guardians of mines, quarries, and underground treasure.

Goe'the (gû'tē). Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, famous German author and philosopher.

Goodwin Sands. Dangerous shoals off the east coast of Kent, England.

Gorgon hair. The hair of the mythological Gorgons was formed of snakes.

gos'sa mer (gŏs'ȧ mĕr). Very thin; light.

Goth (gŏth). One of an ancient Teutonic race which overran and subjugated the Roman Empire in early Christian centuries.

Goth'ic (gŏth'ĭk). Language of the primitive Germans; Teutonic.

Grac'es. Mythological divinities, representing joy, bloom, and brilliance.

gram'i niv'o rous (grăm'ĭ nĭv'ŏ rŭs). Feeding on grass, herbage.

Gram'pi ans (grăm'pĭ ănz). A range of hills in Scotland separating the Highlands and the Lowlands.

gra'tis (grā'tĭs). Free; without any charge.

grave where English oak. Dickens's grave is in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Great Spirit. The supreme deity of the Indians.

Griggs, Edward Howard. (1868—.) American lecturer and author.

gris'ly (grĭz'lĭ). Ghastly.
ground'lings. Spectators in a theater on the ground floor, usually sitting on the ground, without chairs or benches; persons of low taste.
grov'els (grŏv''lz). Cringes; crawls.
gua'vas (gwä'vȧz). Small-sized fruit of a tropical shrub.
guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ). English money, value of twenty-one shillings, or $5.11.
gust. An old word for "liking" or "relish."

Ha'des (hā'dēz). The lower world; the abode of the dead.
Half-moon. Hendrick Hudson's ship.
hall-mark. Official stamp indicating quality, formerly placed on gold and silver articles at Goldsmiths' Hall in London. Hence, sign of sincerity.
hang'er. A short, curved sword, formerly worn especially by sailors.
ha rangue' (hȧ răng'). Discourse; speech to the populace.
Har i van'sa. A Sanskrit epos dealing with the adventures of Vishnu.
Harte, Francis Bret. (1839–1902.) American poet and short-story writer.
Has'tings (hās'tĭngz). Scene of a momentous battle of English history in 1066, in which the Normans, led by William the Conqueror, defeated the Saxons under King Harold.
Hawker, Robert Stephen. (1804–1875.) English poet and antiquarian.
Hayne, Paul Hamilton. (1831–1886.) American poet.
heath'er (hĕth'ẽr). A small bush, bearing purple flowers.
heat-lightnings. Electrical phenomena on hot summer nights; flashes of light on the horizon reflected from distant storms.
Heb'ri des (hĕb'rĭ dēz). Group of islands west of Scotland.
Hel'las (hĕl'ȧs). Greece.
Henry, Patrick. (1736–1799.) American patriot and orator.
He phæs'tus (hĕ fĕs'tŭs). The Greek god of fire.
Her'a cles (hĕr'ȧ klēz). Greek hero of classical mythology famed for his strength and for his exploits.
her met'i cal ly. Air-tight; closed tightly.
Her'od (hĕr'ŭd). King of Judea at the beginning of the Christian era, represented as a bombastic character in the old miracle plays.
Hip pol'y te (hĭ pŏl'ĭ tē). Queen of the Amazons.
hoar'y (hōr'ĭ). Old; gray.
Hol'lands (hŏl'ăndz). A gin made in Holland.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. (1809–1894.) American poet, novelist, and essayist.
hom'age (hŏm'ăj). Reverence; respect.
Hor'ace (hŏr'ăs). Roman poet.
horn. Gunpowder receptacle.
Hun (hŭn). An Asiatic race, inhabiting probably the Caspian steppes, which overran Europe in the fifth century.
Hy'a des (hī'ȧ dēz). A cluster of stars in the constellation of Taurus.
Hy'dra (hī'drȧ). A nine-headed mythological monster, slain by Hercules.
Hy met'tus (hī mĕt'ŭs). Mountain near Athens.

I a'go (ĭ ä'gō). A character in Shakespeare's *Othello* who plots and provokes Othello's jealousy.
Ic'a rus (ĭk'ȧ rŭs). Son of Dædalus, the artificer. He fell into the sea when flying too near the sun, which melted the wax fastening his wings; classical mythology.
Ich'a bod (ĭk'ȧ bŏd). From a Hebrew word meaning, Where is the glory?
I'da (ī'dȧ). A mountain in the center of the island of Crete, fabled as the birthplace of Zeus.
Il'i um (ĭl'ĭ ŭm). Troy.
il lu'sions. Deceptive hopes; imagined benefits; false appearance.

im preg'na ble. Unconquerable.
im pu'ni ty. Safety; without punishment.
in'can ta'tion. Magic; charm; sorcery.
in cip'i ent (ĭn sĭp'ĭ ĕnt). Beginning; first stage.
in clem'en cies. Severities.
in cor'ri gi ble (ĭn kŏr'ĭ jĭ b'l). Incapable of improvement.
in cul'cat ed (ĭn kŭl'kāt ĕd). Taught; instilled.
in'de fat'i ga ble (ĭn'dē făt'ĭ gȧ b'l). Unwearying; not capable of fatigue.
in'do lence. Sloth; idleness.
in fir'mi ty. Mental breakdown; sickness; weakness.
in fused' (ĭn fūzd'). Instilled; conveyed.
in gen'ious (ĭn jēn'yŭs). Clever; inventive.
in'nu en'dos (ĭn'ū ĕn'dōz). Insinuations; derogatory allusions.
in or'di nate (ĭn ôr'dĭ nāt). Intemperate; excessive.
In'qui si'tion (ĭn'kwĭ zĭsh'ŭn). A court for the punishment of heretics; Spanish Inquisition in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries practiced torture.
in si'di ous (ĭn sĭd'ĭ ŭs). Treacherous; crafty.
in sist'ent. Compelling attention; persevering.
in'so lent. Impudent; bragging.
in stinc'tive ly. Without thinking, naturally.
in'su lat'ed (ĭn'sū lāt'ĕd). Made into an island.
in su'per a ble (ĭn sū'pēr ȧ b'l). Unconquerable; not to be overcome.
in'ter me'di al (ĭn'tēr mē'dĭ ăl). Coming between; intervening.
in'ter mit'tent. Recurring; coming at intervals.
in'ter spa'ces (ĭn'tĕr spās'ĕs). Open spaces between the stones.
in vin'ci ble (ĭn vĭn'sĭ b'l). Unconquerable; not to be overcome.
I o la'us. Half brother and charioteer of Heracles.
i'rised (ī'rīst). Decked with colors of the rainbow; variegated.
ir ra'di at'ed (ĭ rā'dĭ āt'ĕd). Illuminated; lighted up.
Irving, Washington. (1783–1859.) American prose writer.
Isth'mus (ĭs'mŭs). The neck of land connecting Argolis in the Peloponnesus with Megaris and Attica.

jade (jād). Woman (a playful or humorous term).
jest'er. A professional, or court fool; entertainer.
Jonson, Ben. (1573–1637). English dramatist.
Jordan, William George. (1864—.) American journalist and essayist.
jour'ney man (jûr'nĭ măn). A trained workman in any trade or craft who works for another.
jum'bled. Disarranged; thrown into disorder; mixed up.
jun'to (jŭn'tō). Clique; self-appointed committee.

keep in countenance. Encourage; make one feel comfortable.
Kent'ish. Pertaining to the county of Kent in England.
Kellogg, Elijah. (1813–1901.) American writer of juvenile books.
Kingsley, Charles. (1819–1875.) English novelist and historian.
King's Writ. A summons of arrest issued in the king's name.
Kipling, Rudyard. (1865—.) English novelist and poet.
kit. A small fiddle.
kites. Rapacious birds of the hawk family.
Knowles (nōlz), **James Sheridan.** (1784–1862.) An Irish dramatist.

lab'y rinth (lăb'ĭ rĭnth). A place full of intricate, confusing passageways; a maze built in Crete by Dædalus, in which the Minotaur was confined.
Lamb, Charles. (1775–1834.) English essayist.
Lap'i thæ (lăp'ĭ thē). A mythological people of Thessaly, governed by Peirithous.

Lay'ard (lā'ärd). Sir Austin Henry Layard, English archæologist.

Lazarus, Emma. (1849–1887.) American poet.

lee'ward. The side opposite to that direction from which the wind blows; toward the wind.

Leices'ter (lĕs'tẽr). A county of central England.

len'tisk. A small tree exuding a resinous gum.

Len'tu lus (lĕn'tŭ lŭs). A popular Roman general, who commanded the imperial legions in Upper Germany.

Leuc'tra (lūc'trȧ). Scene of a momentous battle in Grecian history, 371 B.C.

lev'ies (lĕv'ĭz). Armies.

Liberty Bell. The bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, which was rung when Congress declared the independence of the United States.

Light Brigade. Famous brigade of English cavalry in the battle of Balaklava, 1854.

Little Heroine. Little Nell.

"Little Nell." A much beloved character in Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Liv'y (lĭv'ĭ). The works of the ancient Roman historian, Titus Livius.

Lord Thomas Howard. Lord Admiral, in command of the English fleet off the Azores in 1591.

Low Country. The lowlands of Scotland.

Lowell, James Russell. (1819–1891.) American poet and essayist.

lu'cra tive (lū'krȧ tĭv). Gainful; profitable.

Lu cul'lus (lŭ kŭl'ŭs). Roman consul and general, noted for his luxurious living.

Lyc o me'des (lĭk ŏ mē'dēz). King of the island Scyros, whose protection Theseus sought.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord. (1800–1859.) English historian, poet, and essayist.

mach'i na'tions (măk'ĭ nā'shŭnz). Plots; treacherous schemes.

mal'le a ble (măl'ē ȧ b'l). Pliable; capable of being molded or shaped.

Mal voi'sin (măl voi'zĭn) (mȧl vwä'-zăN). A noble in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

Mandeville, Sir John. The reputed author of a fourteenth-century book of travels. Nothing is known of Sir John, and his very existence is in doubt, but the book of big stories is a reality.

Mar'a thon (măr'ȧ thŏn). Scene of a great Greek victory over the Persians, 490 B.C.

Marquesan (Islands). Group of French Polynesian islands.

Marryat, Captain Frederick. (1792–1848.) English novelist.

Massey, Gerald. (1828–1907.) English poet.

mau'ger. (mô'gẽr). In spite of; notwithstanding.

Me de'a (mē dē'ȧ). An enchantress of Colchis, who helped Jason win the Golden Fleece.

meet'ing house. House of religious worship.

Meg'a ra (mĕg'ȧ rȧ). Ancient city of the department Megaris, west of Eleusis, Greece.

Melville, Herman. (1819–1891.) American novelist.

Mem'phis (mĕm'fĭs). Capital of ancient Egypt on the Nile.

men'ac ing (mĕn'ȧ sĭng). Threatening.

men at arms. Soldiers; armed men.

me'sa (mā'sȧ). A plateau or bare table-land.

met'a mor'phosed (mĕt'ȧ môr'fōzd). Transformed.

met'a mor'pho sis (mĕt'ȧ môr'fō sĭs). Change; transformation.

met'a phor (mĕt'ȧ fŏr). Representation.

Me tha'na (mē thā'nȧ). An ancient town in Argolis opposite the island of Ægina, Greece.

mick'le (mĭk''l). A quantity; much.

mi'cro scop'ic (mī'krō skŏp'ĭk). Very small; minute.

Mifflin, Lloyd. (1846—.) American poet and journalist.

Mill (John Stuart). English philosopher and political economist, 1806–1873.

mil len'ni um (mĭ lĕn'ĭ ŭm). Period of perfection; a time of satisfied hopes.

Miller, Hugh. (1802–1856.) Scottish geologist and author.

min'a rets (mĭn'ā rĕts). Slender, lofty towers; mountain peaks.

min'ion (mĭn'yŭn). Tool; servile dependent.

Mi'nos (mī'nŏs). Powerful ancient king of the island of Crete.

Min'o taur (mĭn'ō tôr). Mythical monster, half human, half bull, confined in Labyrinth of Crete, devouring human beings.

min'u et'. A slow, stately dance.

minute man. Armed citizen before and during the Revolutionary War, ready to take the field at a minute's notice.

mi rage' (mē räzh'). An optical effect, showing a reflected image of a distant scene.

Mi se'num (mē sē'nŭm). Ancient city on a promontory near Naples, Italy.

mit'i ga'tion. A lessening; a diminution.

mo not'o ny. Sameness; lack of interest.

M. de Ba court' (dē bä kōōr'). The French minister at Washington during Van Buren's administration.

Moore, Thomas. (1779–1852.) Irish poet.

mor'al er (mŏr'ăl ēr). One who makes moral reflections; a moralizer.

mor'bid. Diseased; unhealthy.

mo rose'. Ill-humored; hard to please.

most famous university. Oxford University, England.

Mount Fai'gel. A mountain of the Alps.

Mount Hope. An elevation in Rhode Island near what is now the town of Bristol.

mous'ing (mouz'ĭng). Hunting in the manner of a terrier for mice; when applied to persons, it means prying in a mean sense.

mouth. To speak in an unnatural way; rant.

mull. Worry; thought; failure.

Müller, Friedrich Max. (1823–1900.) Sanskrit scholar.

mu'ti ny (mū'tĭ nĭ). The great Sepoy revolt against the growing authority of the English in India, 1857–8.

my uncle. Pliny the elder, Roman naturalist and author.

na'ked. Unprotected, powerless.

Na'ples (nā'p'lz). City on the north side of the bay of Naples in southwest Italy.

Nathan Hale. American patriot, executed as a spy in 1776.

Nax'os (năk'sŏs). An island in the Ægean Sea, one of the Cyclades.

ne pen'the (nē pĕn'thē). A potion capable of causing forgetfulness of pain and sorrow and fatigue.

net. Without reduction; of full value.

New'mar ket. An English town, famous as a racing center.

Nin'e veh (nĭn'ē vē). An ancient city of Assyria.

North Bridge. Bridge over the Concord River where the minute men of the Revolution repulsed the British.

North Country. That part of England north of the Humber River.

Northwestern Territory. A region north of the Ohio River, including the states of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota east of the Mississippi.

No'va Zem'bla. An uninhabited double island in the Arctic Ocean, north of Russia. It belongs to Russia.

nymphs (nĭmfs). The lesser divinities of nature; represented as beautiful maidens inhabiting brooks, trees, meadows, mountains.

ob'du rate. Rough, harsh.
ob'lo quy (ŏb'lō kwĭ). Disgrace; odium.
October Election. Election of state officers in Maine.
Œ no'e (ē nō'ē). A town of Attica near the frontier of Bœotia.
O'Hara, Theodore. (1820–1867.) American poet.
Old English Cavalier. Richard Lovelace (1615–1658), soldier and lyric poet, follower of Charles I.
Oliver. Principal character in Dickens's *Oliver Twist.*
O lym'pus (ō lĭm'pŭs). The mountain abode of the gods; Heaven.
op'tion. Choice.
ord'nance (ôrd'năns). Weapon for throwing missiles.
Or'e gon. The Columbia River in northwest United States.
O'Reilly, John Boyle. (1844–1890.) Irish-American poet and journalist.
os'ten ta'tious ly (ŏs'tĕn tā'shŭs lĭ). Showily; pompously.

Pal'lan tids (păl'ăn tĭds). Sons of Pallas, brother of King Ægeus; pretenders to the throne of Attica.
Pallas's hill. The Acropolis of Athens.
Pan. Mythological god of the woodlands and pastures.
Pan ath'e na'ic (păn ăth'ē nā'ĭk). The most ancient and important of Athenian festivals; celebrated by athletic games.
Pa'ri an (pā'rĭ ăn). Referring to a source of beautiful marble used in ancient sculptures, the island of Paros in the Ægean Sea.
Par'nes (pär'nēz). A mountain on the northern border of Attica, sixteen miles north of Athens.
parts. Talents.
pa'tri archs (pā'trĭ ärks). Heads or founders of families.
pat'ri mo'ni al. Inherited from ancestors.
Pau sa'ni us (pô sā'nĭ ŭs). A Greek traveler and writer of the second century A.D.
Pei rith'o us (pī rĭth'ō ŭs). King of the Lapithæ, who became Theseus's friend.
pelf. Money.
pen'ance (pĕn'ăns). Self-imposed punishment, usually physical pain.
pen'ny. The twelfth part of an English shilling, worth about two cents.
Pen tel'i cus (pĕn tĕl'ĭ kŭs). A mountain near Athens, a branch of Mount Parnes.
per (pûr). By.
Per'dix (pûr'dĭks). A nephew of Dædalus; changed to a partridge when pushed from the temple of Athens by Dædalus.
per'emp to'ri ly. Positively; dogmatically.
per fid'i ous. False; treacherous.
per'fi dy. Faithlessness; treachery.
Pe riph'e tes (pĕ rĭf'ĕ tēz). Mythological monster at Epidaurus in the Spider Mountain, who slew passers-by with a bronze club.
per'i wig-pat'ed (pĕr'ĭ wĭg-păt'ĕd). Head covered by a large wig.
Per seph'o ne (pĕr sĕf'ō nē). Daughter of Zeus and Demeter, carried off to Hades by Pluto.
per so'na gra'ta (pĕr sō'nȧ grā'tȧ). Object of favor; a pleasing person.
pes'ti lent. Troublesome; annoying.
Pest of Greece. Helen of Troy.
pet'ri fied. Turned to stone.
petty larceny. The theft of a small amount of money or property.
Phæ'a (fē'ȧ). Mythical monster in Megaris destroyed by Theseus.
phan'tasm (făn'tăz'm). Unreal appearance; illusion; mental image.
phe nom'e na (fē nŏm'ē nȧ). Happenings in nature; any item of experience.
Philip of Pokanoket (pō'kȧ nō'kĕt). Chief of the Wampanoog Indians.
philosopher's stone. The way to wealth; an imaginary substance supposed to have the power of transmuting the baser metals into gold and silver.
phlegm (flĕm). Dullness; calmness.
Phy'tal ids. Descendants of Phytalus.

Phyt'a lus. A hero of Eleusis, honored by Demeter for his kindness to her in her wanderings.

Pi'late (pī'lāt). Roman governor of Judea at the time of Christ.

Pin'to (pēn'tō), Ferdinand Mendez. (1509–1583.) A Portuguese traveler, who visited China and Japan and wrote an elaborate account of his adventures.

pipes. Reed instruments played especially by shepherds.

pi pi. A pile of stones several feet high and level on top, on which the native house of the Typee was built.

pir'ou ette' (pĭr'ōō ĕt'). Whirling on the toes; a dance step.

pis ta'chi o (pĭs tā'shĭ ō) nut. The nut of a tree of southern Europe and Asia Minor, the seed of which is used for flavoring food.

Pit'theus (pĭ'thûs). King of Trœzen.

Pi'ty o camp'tes (pĭ' tĭ ŏ kămp'tēz). Name applied to the robber Sinis meaning the "pine bender."

plait'ed mail (plāt'ĕd māl). Armor of overlapping plates of metal.

plane-tree. A tree with large leaves and spreading branches.

pleas'ance (plĕz'ăns). Gayety.

Ple'ia des (plē'yȧ dēz). A prominent group of stars, familiarly known as the "Seven Sisters." Only six can be seen by the naked eye.

Pliny the Younger. (62–114.) Roman author and orator.

Plutarch. (46–120.) Greek biographer and moralist.

Plu'to (plōō'tō). King of Hades; god of the lower regions.

Poc'ry far. The Apocrypha; religious writings of doubtful authority, formerly printed between the Testaments.

poign'ant (poin'yănt). Piercing; keen; severe; extreme.

pol lu'tion (pŏ lū'shŭn). Something unclean.

Pol'y deu'ces (pŏl'ĭ dū'sēz). Pollux, brother of Castor, son of Leda and Zeus.

Polynesian Archipelago. A number of small islands in central and southern Pacific Ocean.

Pom'pey (pŏm'pĭ). Ancient Roman general.

Pom'po ni a'nus (pŏm'pō nĭ ā'nŭs). A Roman, friend of the elder Pliny.

Po sei'don (pō sī'dŏn). The Greek god of the sea.

post'hu mous (pŏs'tū mŭs). Published after the death of the writer; continuing after death.

pow'der. Cosmetics; particularly, powder for the hair or wig.

præ'tor (prē'tŏr). A Roman magistrate of high rank.

pre cip'i ta'tion. Hurry; a sudden haste.

pre'de ter'mi na'tion. Decision made beforehand.

pre sen'ti ment. Foreboding; knowledge of approaching unpleasantness.

pre'ter nat'u ral. Inexplicable; abnormal; different from the natural.

prim'i tive. Original; uncultured; first.

Prince Eu gene' (ū jēn'). A French soldier, exiled from France, who fought under Austrian colors in early eighteenth-century wars.

Prince John. A nickname applied to John Van Buren, son of President Martin Van Buren.

Prince John. English prince, nicknamed Lackland, brother of Richard I, and king of England at Richard's death, 1199 to 1216.

Privy council (prĭv'ĭ). Group of advisers to the English crown.

Pro crus'tes (prō krŭs'tēz). Greek word meaning "the Stretcher," a name applied to the murdering robber of the Parnes in Attica.

prod'i gy. Something unnatural.

pro'lix. Tedious.

prov'ost (prŏv'ŭst). Presiding officer.

pum'ice (pŭm'ĭs). A porous, glass-like substance ejected by volcanic eruptions.

pu'ri fied. Purged of sin; forgiven by the gods; freed from guilt by a religious ceremony, called the "mysteries."

Quak'ers (quāk'ĕrs). Members of a religious charitable society, called the Society of Friends, founded in England about 1650. Philadelphia was first established by Quakers.

quar'ry slave. Convict set at work in the quarries.

quix ot'ic (kwĭk sŏt'ĭk). Visionary; undertaking useless enterprises.

ra gout' (rȧ gōō'). A highly seasoned dish made of meat stewed with vegetables.

rail'ler y. Pleasantry; jesting.

Rams'gate. A seaport on the eastern coast of Kent, England.

ran'dom. Careless; haphazard.

ran'kled (răn'k'ld). Festered.

Re ces'sion al (rē sĕsh'ŭn ȧl). A hymn in the English church service sung as the clergy and choir leave the chancel.

re cip'ro cat'ed. Shared; returned in like manner.

Rec ti'na Tas'cius (rĕk tē'nȧ tă'shŭs). A prominent Roman lady, friend of the Plinys.

Red-Cross Knight. The hero of the first book of Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, who goes forth with Una to rescue her parents from the great dragon.

reek'ing. Sending forth smoke and fumes.

re it'er at'ed. Repeated.

rel'ics. Remains.

re luc'tant. Unwilling; hesitating.

re mand'. Send back.

ren'e gade (rĕn'ē gād). Runaway; rascal; traitor; deserter.

ren'e ga'do (rĕn'ē gā'dō). Same as *renegade*.

re pute'. Think; esteem.

rho do'ra (rō dō'rȧ). A delicate pink flower growing in Canada and New England.

rid'dling. In the manner of a riddle, or with hidden meaning.

Rig-Ve'da (rĭg-vā'dȧ). The oldest of the books of the Veda, sanskrit religious literature.

ro bus'tious (rō bŭs'chŭs). Rough; rudely vigorous.

roist'er ers (rois'tĕr ĕrz). Revelers; gay fellows.

ru'bi cund (rōō'bĭ kŭnd). Ruddy; highly colored.

ru'mi nat'ing. Thinking over; chewing the cud.

run'a gate. Renegade; vagabond.

Ruskin, John. (1819–1900.) English essayist, art critic, and social reformer.

sa'chems (sā'chĕmz). Chiefs of the tribes.

sag'es (sāj'ĕz). Wiseacres; philosophers.

Sal'a mis (săl'ȧ mĭs). Island off the west coast of Attica in the Bay of Saronicus. The naval battle of Salamis between the Greeks and the Persians took place between this island and the mainland.

sanc'ti fi ca'tion. Consecration; made sacred; revered; holy.

San'skrit (săn'skrĭt). Ancient Aryan language of India.

Sar din'i a (sär dĭn'ĭ ȧ). Island midway between Spain and Italy.

Saronic Sea. Bay between Attica and Argolis.

sat'el lites of Ju'pi ter. The planet Jupiter has four large attendant bodies, or "moons."

sa'ti at'ing (sā'shĭ āt'ĭng). Satisfying; gratifying completely.

sat'ing (sāt'ĭng). Appeasement; satisfaction; gratifying.

Schac'a bac (shăk'ȧ băk). A hungry beggar in *The Arabian Nights*.

sci'on (sī'ŭn). Member; offspring.

Sci'ron (skī'rŏn). A famous robber infesting the region bordering Attica and Megaris; rocks on the coast of Megaris.

scol'o pen'dri ums (skŏl'ō pĕn'drĭ-ŭmz). A small fern, popularly called *hart's tongue*.

scot and lot. All obligations; originally referred to a parish assessment in England.

Scott, Sir Walter. (1771–1832.) Scottish novelist and poet.

scru'ti ny (skrōō'tĭ nĭ). Discerning gaze; careful observation.

scut'tle. A hatchway or small opening in the deck of a ship.
Scy'ros (sī'rŏs). An island in the Ægean Sea, one of the Sporades, northeast of Athens.
sea maids. Imaginary beings, half woman and half fish, inhabiting the sea; mermaids.
se'er (sē'ēr). One gifted with power to see the deepest truths.
self'same'. Identical; the very same.
Se li'nus' (sē lī'nŭs). A city of southwestern Sicily.
Sen'e ca (sĕn'ē kȧ). A noted Roman philosopher.
ser'ried (sĕr'ĭd). In order of battle; compact.
ses'ter ces (sĕs'tēr sēz). Roman coins.
Sev'ille (sĕv'ĭl). Province and city in southern Spain.
Shakespeare, William. (1564–1616.) Greatest of English poets and dramatists.
shard (shärd). Shell; bullet.
sheered (shērd). Moved up sidewise.
shipped (shĭpt). Put on board a vessel.
shrews (shrōōz). Scolding housewives; bad-tempered women.
sib'yls (sĭb'ĭlz). Prophetic spirits.
Si er'ras (sĭ ĕr'ȧz). Mountains of western America.
Sill, Edward Rowland. (1841–1887.) American poet.
sil'van. Pertaining to the woods; particularly the art of archery.
Simla Hills. Hill region in northern India; favorite summer resort for Europeans in India.
Sin'is (sĭn'ĭs). Legendary robber who infested the Isthmus of Corinth.
si'ren (sī'rĕn). A mythological being with power to charm humans by singing; enchantress.
sir'rah (sĭr'ȧ). A term of address implying disrespectful familiarity.
Sir Richard Grenville. English admiral (1541–1591).
sith. Since.
slipped. Emerged from; slipped out of.
Smike (smīk). A broken-spirited youth in Charles Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby.*
so bri'e ty. Calmness.
Son of Liberty. One of the members of any of the secret societies formed about 1774 in America to resist the Stamp Act and secure liberty.
Sons of the Swan. Castor and Pollux, sons of Zeus, who had taken the forms of swans.
Southey (south'ĭ), **Robert.** (1774–1843.) English poet and miscellaneous writer.
Spar'ta (spär'tȧ). A country of ancient Greece.
Spar'ta cus (spär'tȧ kŭs). A Greek, slave of the Romans, leader of a slave revolt in ancient Rome.
Spartan mother. Kentucky; Spartan mothers exhorted their sons to return from war victorious, or borne on their shields.
spate (spāt). Flood.
Spec ta'tor. A periodical made up mainly of brief essays on social, political, and literary matters, conducted by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele and published daily in England from March, 1711, until December, 1712.
Spider Mountain. A mountain, Arachnæus, in Argolis, Greece.
spon ta'ne ous. Natural; without effort.
Sta'bi i (stā'bĭ ĭ). Ancient Roman resort on the bay of Naples.
steeled (stēld). Hardened.
Stephenson (George). Inventor of the locomotive (1781–1848).
steppes (stĕpz). Vast open plains.
Sto'ic (stō'ĭk). An ancient school of philosophy.
Stony Point. Fort in New York captured (1779) by General Wayne.
Story, Joseph. (1779–1845.) American jurist and orator.
Stuy've sant (Peter) (stī'vĕ sănt). Last Dutch governor of New Netherland (1602–1682).
Su'ni um (sū'nĭ ŭm). A celebrated promontory forming the southern extremity of Attica.

su'per an'nu at'ed. Infirm with age.
su'per flu'i ties. Luxuries.
su'per in hu'man. Worse than inhuman; barbaric.
su pine'ly (sū pīn'lĭ). Inertly; idle.
sup pos'i ti'tious (sŭ pŏz'ĭ tĭsh'ŭs). Counterfeit; not genuine.
swart (swôrt). Dark color.
swell'ing. Ambitious; powerful.

Tac'i tus (tăs'ĭ tŭs). Ancient Roman historian.
tan'a ger (tăn'ā jēr). An American woodland bird.
ta'pa (tä'pä). A cloth made by the natives of Typee, in the Pacific islands.
tardy off. Inadequately done; short of the proper way.
tarn (tärn). Small mountain lake or pond.
tar'tan (tär'tăn). Woolen material with a checked pattern, worn in the Scottish Highlands.
Tar'tar (tär'tär). One of a race of roving inhabitants of the Russian steppes.
Tar'ta ry (tär'tā rĭ). An indefinite region in Asia and Europe, mostly in Russian territory.
tat too'. A military signal calling soldiers to quarters.
Taylor, Jeremy. (1613–1667.) English churchman and author.
Te cum'seh (tē kŭm'sē). Indian chief killed at the battle between the British and Americans at the Thames River, October 5, 1813.
Te De'ums (tē dē'ŭmz). Hymns of praise. *Te Deum*, first words of an ancient hymn.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. (1809–1892.) English poet; poet-laureate from 1850.
ter'ma gant (tûr'mā gănt). An imaginary deity represented in ancient morality plays as a very tumultuous, noisy character; bad-tempered; scolding; quarrelsome.
Than'a top'sis (thăn'ā tŏp'sĭs). A meditation on death; Greek form, *thanato opsis*.
Thebes (thēbz). Famous ancient city of Bœotia, northwest of Athens, said to have been founded by Cadmus.
Ther mop'y læ (thĕr mŏp'ĭ lē). A Greek mountain pass, where in 480 B.C., Leonidas and his Spartans perished while holding the Persians in check.
The'seus (thē'sûs). Legendary hero of ancient Greece.
Tho'reau (thō'rō), **Henry David.** (1817–1862.) American author and philosopher.
Thra'cians (thrā'shănz). People of an ancient country northeast of Greece.
thrall. Slave.
thrall'dom (thrôl'dŭm). Slavery.
thread . . . labyrinth. Referring to the adventure of Theseus in the Labyrinth; clew; guide; direction.
three-headed dog. Cerberus, the dog that guarded the gate to the infernal regions, Hades.
Thri a'cian (thrĭ ā'shăn). Plain between the mountains of Attica on which were situated the cities of Eleusis and Thria.
thumbscrew. An instrument of torture which crushed the thumb by means of a screw.
thyme (tīm). An aromatic plant, used by the Greeks in sacrifices.
Tip'pe ca noe' (tĭp'ē kā nōō'). Battlefield in Indiana at Tippecanoe River, where the Indians were defeated by General Harrison in 1811.
Ti'tian (tĭsh'ăn). Famous Venetian painter, 1477–1576.
tol'er a ble. Passable; moderately good.
Tower and Park. London Tower and Hyde Park, London.
town-crier. An officer of former times whose duty it was to make official announcements by shouting them to the populace.
tra di'tion a'ry (trā dĭsh'ŭn ā'rĭ). Handed down from the past by word of mouth.

trans ports'. Overcomes; carries away with strong feelings.
trav'ailed (trăv'āld). Suffered.
trib'u la'tion. Trouble; distress.
trip'ping ly. Lightly; easily; naturally.
Trip tol'e mus (trĭp tŏl'ē mŭs). Traditional inventor, with the aid of Demeter, of the plow and of the science of agriculture.
Tri'ton (trī'tŏn). A mythological sea god, son of Neptune. He was the trumpeter of Ocean and by a blast on a seashell he stirred or quieted the waves.
Trœ'zen (trē'zĕn). A city of ancient Argolis, Greece.
troll (trōl). To sing loudly or freely.
Troy (troi). Ancient city in Asia Minor, besieged by the Grecian allies for ten years.
Tu be'ro (tū bē'rō). Roman stoic philosopher and orator.
tu mul'tu ous. Noisy; uproarious.
Tus'cu lum (tŭs'kū lŭm). Ancient town of Latium, ten miles southeast of Rome. Favorite Roman resort.
Ty'pee. A valley of the island of Nukahiva in the Marquesas, where Melville was detained four months by cannibals.
Tyre (tīr). Ancient maritime city of Phœnicia.

U lys'ses (ū lĭs'ēz). One of the leaders of the Greeks against Troy. His ten years of wandering on his way home form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.
un can'ni ly. Weirdly; strangely.
unc'tion (ŭŋk'shŭn). Manner of speaking to excite emotion; simulated fervor.
un'e quiv'o cal ly (ŭn'ē kwĭv'ō kă lĭ). Plainly; without any doubt.
un'pro faned' (ŭn'prō fānd'). Set apart; undefiled.
un time'ly. Prematurely.
un wit'ting ly. Unknowingly; without intention; unconsciously.

vag'a bond. Wanderer; rover.
va'grant (vā'grănt). Wandering; unsettled.
val'et (văl'ĕt). A manservant.
Ve'da (vā'dȧ). Collection of sacred literature of the ancient Hindus.
ve'hi cle. Means; instrument.
vend'ing. Selling.
ven'omed (vĕn'ŭmd). Hateful; poisonous.
ver'dure (vûr'dūr). Vegetation; green growth.
ves'tals (vĕs'tălz). Virgins consecrated to Vesta, goddess of the Roman hearth or household, whose business it was to keep the sacred fire continually burning upon the altar.
Ve su'vi us (vē sū'vĭ ŭs). Volcano east of the Bay of Naples; disastrous eruption in A.D. 79, August 24.
vice'roy (vīs'roi). One who rules as a representative of his sovereign.
vi ra'go (vĭ rā'gō). Turbulent woman; vixen.
Vi tel'li us (vĭ tĕl'ĭ ŭs). A Roman emperor, noted for his love of luxury and display.
Vol tur'nus (vŏl tûr'nŭs). A river in Italy near Capua.
vo'ta ries. Followers; worshipers.
vul'gar. Common; ordinary.

wa'ry. careful; watchful.
watch. A period on shipboard, of about four hours, when a sailor must be on deck ready for duty.
watch-peels. Small, massive towers of the sixteenth century.
Watson, William. (1858—.) English poet.
Watt (**James**), inventor of steam engine, 1736–1819.
waxed (wăkst). Grew.
weather bow. To windward; in the direction from which the wind blows.
weird (wērd). Having the power of prophecy; unearthly.
wheel. Steering wheel of the ship.
Whig. An early American political party.

White, Andrew Dickson. (1832—.) American scholar and diplomatist.
Whitman, Walt. (1819–1892.) American poet.
whit'tle. A large knife blade.
William of Deloraine (dĕl'ō rān'). In Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a vassal of the Buccleuch family sent to fetch the magic book from the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard.
winch. Crank for turning a windlass.
wist. An old word for "knew."
wist'ful. Pensive; thoughtful.
wits. Men of great learning and knowledge of human nature.
Wo'den (wō'dĕn). The chief of the gods in Norse mythology.
womb (wōōm). Inside.
woof. Cloth; covering.
Wordsworth, William. (1770–1850.) English poet; poet-laureate from 1843.
worm. Produce; breed.

Xerxes (zûrk'zĕz). King of Persia, who led the famous and disastrous expedition against Greece in which the battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis were fought.

Yellow Tiber. The waters of the Tiber are yellow and muddy.

Zeus (zūs). Chief of the Greek gods.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Statement of General Principles

This series of readers has been made with the conviction that no textbooks are quite so important as those that have for their object the training of young people in the use and mastery of their mother tongue. Through the power thus gained they hold the key to the strongholds of the world's treasures. At best, the direct contact through experience with the facts of nature and of human life is very limited in the case of each individual. Important as such direct contact must be, we must still realize that a great proportion of what we need for the purposes of education must come through the stimulus of the printed page. We cannot go to all the countries in the world and find out what sort of peoples live in them, how they live, and what they produce. We cannot measure their territories for ourselves, explore their deserts, climb their mountains, sail their seas, and thus learn about all these things at first hand. We must depend upon the geographer to bring all this knowledge before us in summary form. We can at best read only a few of the original documents and examine a few of the monuments in which the story of the past is enshrined. To do any of this effectively requires a special training impossible for most. We must depend upon the trained historian to put what we need in a simple and concise language. We cannot possibly, by any first-hand experience, know what Elizabeth's England was like, or what our country was like in the days of Washington. All this we are likely, if we know it at all, to learn through our ability to interpret the printed page. This fundamental proposition is illustrated only to make clear the tremendous importance of being well grounded in mastery over our language, both in its spoken and its written forms.

A second proposition, accepted nowadays with practical unanimity, is that reading books for the schools should not deal with mere information and its organization as such. That is the place for the books on geography, history, physiology, mathematics, and the various sciences. Information in material for reading exercises is purely incidental and is used to illustrate the issues

of life. The material used should appeal strongly to the imaginative powers. It should be literary in its character.

The important thing about a nation is the tone of its spiritual life, its point of view on the great problems connected with human existence. Never before has there been more concern for the general welfare, a clearer recognition of the necessity of making human brotherhood more of a fact and less of an airy sentiment. And this increasing characteristic promises untold possibilities for the future. One of the main forces for training in healthiness of mental tone and sanity of outlook is the literature of the world. By wise choice and skillful usè we not only secure the needed powers of language mastery but at the same time fill the mind at its most impressionable period with images that are powerful for future good. Hence it has been the aim to make a set of reading books full of the vigor and red blood of life; books that hold up high ideals of thinking and conduct, that cheer and brighten life and give us more faith in our fellow men and in ourselves; books that help us realize that courtesy and heroism have not departed from the earth, but are found even in lowly and unexpected places; above all, books that may serve to point our own high destiny as the responsible citizens of a greater future.

Selection of Material

The material used in this Seventh Reader is selected with special regard to its capacity for interesting and helping the boys and girls who are to read it. The selections are of great variety and of good quality; they are chosen from a wide range of authors; texts have been carefully prepared, no liberties being taken that would in any way change an author's meaning, and, finally, the forming of good taste and correct habits of thought has been constantly kept in mind. The old favorites will be found, and much new material has been drawn upon.

The marked interests of young readers of this grade have been carefully considered and kept in mind as a basis for deciding what material should be included. Their interest in hearing the *experiences of men who have succeeded* in various fields of the world's work has led to the inclusion of passages chosen from four autobiographies; their interest in what is *far away in time or place or custom* is fed by passages from Melville's adventures in the South Sea, Catlin's observations among the Indians, and Pliny's famous letters on the disaster that buried Pompeii; their splendid and healthful delight in the *eloquence* that grows from

the everlasting demand for freedom will find satisfaction in the speeches of Spartacus, Emmet, Curtis, and Henry; their faith in the reality of the principle that *a man reaps what he sows* will be strengthened by "The Story of Macbeth" and "Featherstone's Doom"; their continual *delight in good stories* has led to the inclusion of the whimsical "Mending the Clock" and that fine mingling of fairyland and reality, "Rip Van Winkle." Here also are stories of *heroes who do things*, from Theseus who cleared his world of the destroyers of men, and Locksley who could hit the mark when he chose, to those representatives of the common man, the nameless carrier of the overland mail and David Fraser the stonecutter. That *human brotherhood is wider than national limits* is evidenced by "Hands Over Sea" and by the fact that the stories which move us are not bounded by the countries which produced them. Readers of this grade are seriously *questioning life and nature* as to their meaning, and this *brooding spirit* needs proper stimulus and guidance. Such it finds in "The Chambered Nautilus," "Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth," "A Last Will," "Truth," "Work," and many others. The *charms and teachings of nature* find expression in selections such as "The Rhodora," "Thanatopsis," and "A Dream of the South Wind." Finally, one of the most inclusive interests of this period is a keen interest in *the eternal conflict of folly and wisdom*, and this Seventh Reader is rich in selections dealing with that theme, from those that simply make folly ludicrous, such as, "An Apple Story" and "Mending the Clock," to those that awaken scorn and contempt for folly, as in "The Deserter from the Cause," "The Gradgrind Idea," or "The Fool's Prayer." It is not merely by accident that the closing selection in the book voices an *aspiration* for that sane and balanced outlook in which real happiness consists.

Of course such a list of interests cannot be made exhaustive nor mutually exclusive, but it indicates clearly that the material for this book has been chosen in the light of principles and not at random. Due regard has of course been had for difficulties of language and thought, and it is confidently believed that the years of experiment resulting in this choice have given an arrangement and an ease of grading that will justify themselves in the actual practice of other teachers.

Apparatus

For convenience, the lines of selections have been numbered, thus making it easy to direct the attention to any passage required. At the end of each selection a group of the words most

likely to need explanation is given. These are placed in the order in which they are found in the lesson. All terms used in these lists are explained in the general glossary on page 310 *et seq.* Under the heading "Study," following each lesson, is a brief series of suggestive questions designed to direct the attention to some of the more important features or problems to be considered in mastering the author's meaning. These questions serve as a general assignment for the pupil in preparing his work.

Glossary

The general glossary (p. 310) gives the correct pronunciation, where necessary, of all the terms listed at the end of each selection The phonetic equivalents, where given, are those used in *Webster's New International Dictionary.* The definitions given are those which the words have in the context. The object is to put the pupil in possession of what he needs for his purpose with the least expenditure of time and energy on his part. Drill in the work of picking out the one meaning needed from the many often given in the dictionary is important, but it should not be allowed to usurp the more important work of concentrating the mind upon the larger meaning of the selection. Geographical, mythical, historical, and other allusions are explained wherever it is thought that such explanation may be needed. This glossary, therefore, becomes a dictionary and encyclopedia for the purpose of explaining just those difficulties that arise in the study of the selections in this book. No legitimate opportunity should be missed to fill the mind of the reader with the more common illustrations from myth, legend, and story. These are the commonplaces of literary reference, and the general reader is sadly handicapped if he does not recognize them at once.

In this Seventh Reader there is a great richness of allusive material. Many of the names and places of classical mythology appear, particularly in the story of Theseus, while important names and terms belonging to history and literature are frequent. The following brief list taken at random from the glossary of this volume will indicate its helpfulness in this direction: Acropolis, Adonis, Æsculapius, Amazons, Arnold von Winkelried, Bonnivard, brazen bull, Britomartis, Cathay, centaur, chimera, Damodara, Demeter, Elysian Fields, Furies, Gorgon, Goth, Haravansa, Helicon, Heracles, Hun, Hyades, Hydra, Iago, Jupiter, Marathon, Minotaur, Olympus, Pluto, Son of Liberty, Thermopylæ, Triton, Veda, William of Deloraine, Woden, Xerxes, Zeus.

Study Hints

The questions and suggestions found under the heading "Study" are to put the pupil to work at once on the definite problems of the lesson. This definiteness in assignment is quite as necessary in a reading lesson as it is in any other subject. Haziness is the bane of the classroom. The clear understanding of what is read is the main object always to be kept in mind. Much work in reading is ineffective because it has no object and leads nowhere. These study hints require the pupils to do specific things. While these hints are all simple and their purpose clear, a few observations on them may be helpful to the teacher. Their main purpose is to lead the pupil to visualize or image clearly what he reads. To that end very many of the questions are so worded as to bring about a close observation of the details of the story or scene, to lead to clear seeing. The following are such questions:

What fact about the flower is indicated by the expression, "slipped her bud"? (P. 1.)

What point did Jack want to argue with the farmer? Why would the farmer not listen to him? What means did the farmer take to be sure that Jack did not escape? (P. 39.)

Give an account of the meeting with the witches. What effect did they have on Macbeth? (P. 18.)

Other questions are to lead to seeing and to stating the plainer inferences or conclusions that can be drawn from the more obvious points brought out by the sort of questions noted above:

How do these lines indicate that "pride goeth before a fall"? (P. 1.)

Are you surprised that he [the farmer] could not appreciate Jack's philosophy? (P. 44.)

Do you think more or less of her [Lady Macbeth] for being unable to carry out her project? (P. 22.)

Do you find this speech full of dignified courage, or terror at the prospect before the speaker? (P. 92.)

A simple "Why?" or "What makes you think so?" will be enough to lead the pupils on to full answers if you find them inclined to answer any question with a mere "Yes" or "No."

Some questions lead to larger inferences connecting what is read with the larger problems of life or literature:

Do you think Franklin could have served any higher purpose than the one he sets forth? Are industry and frugality of any special value in a new and undeveloped country? (P. 8.)

Does the writer's way of looking at things make you think more or less of the worth of living? (P. 49.)

Where it has seemed proper to do so, direct suggestions are made to help the pupil. These are generally mere hints, and at all times the object is to call out the greatest amount of mental activity by stimulating the "intellectual curiosity" of the reader.

While these study hints have been kept within the smallest possible compass, great care has been taken to make them serve the purpose of definiteness in the proper preparation of work. In answering these questions it is important that pupils be encouraged, in pointing out their conclusions, to read the specific passages that have led to these conclusions. Where differences of opinion arise this will lead to a rivalry of skill in the interpretation that will often lead to the discovery of important points that would otherwise be passed over.

Expression

All intelligent expression is the result of having something to express. The way a person reads orally is a test of his understanding of what he reads. To think the thought clearly and to feel the emotion genuinely is therefore the basis of all good oral reading. The pupil should be encouraged to select and read those passages that seem to say what he agrees with or to express the emotion that he also feels. But it very often happens that the meaning of a passage is vague until one hears it properly read, and the teacher has a large field of usefulness at this point. It is wise on the part of the teacher to do a great deal of reading for and with the pupils. All "discussion" of the meaning is often hopelessly inadequate, while its reading by the teacher will often at once furnish the key.

The value of a trained voice is not easily overestimated, even if one considers the matter from a merely practical point of view. To speak with effective clearness, to put what one believes in the simplest and most forcible way, to think on one's feet to get rid of the self-consciousness that oppresses the unpracticed — these are all ends to be earnestly sought.

Expression Exercises

Lack of clearness in knowing what one speaks is not the only cause of bad speaking and reading. The more mechanical element in expression often needs attention, and as habits of expression are lasting, the teacher must be alert in the effort to correct defects as soon as they become evident. The skillful use of the

carefully devised system of phonic work in the earlier books of this series forms a solid basis for good expression. Now, it is important to notice specific difficulties and, if possible, devise exercises to correct them. No complete system of such exercises is possible, and only a few suggestions can be made here.[1] If, for instance, some of the class fail to give properly the sounds in some common word, a list of words containing those sounds can quickly be made (the pupils assisting) and a few moments devoted to gaining greater flexibility of the vocal organs. Here are a few such exercises:

Various sounds of a:

a̤ (=ô)	ä	á	â
all	aunt	cast	stare
bald	calm	fast	parent
dawn	salve	after	dare
wharf	Nevada	master	rare
lawyer	psalm	basket	square
water	half	glance	fairy
quarter	palm	chant	chair
balk	almond	class	garish

Final combinations are often faultily articulated:

Milk, silk, bulk, hulk; help, gulp, alp, scalp; falls, tells, toils, halls; land, band, and, hand; vast, mast, lest; ample, triple, topple; ant, want, gaunt, point; call'st, heal'st, tell'st.

"Have" in the following combinations is often called "uv" or "uh":

Would have gone; could have seen; should have known; might have read; may have come; can have written; shall have done; will have sent.

"Tongue twisters" are very interesting as well as successful exercises for gaining flexibility of utterance. The following are good seasoned examples given by Cumnock:

Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.

Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

Amos Ames, the amiable aeronaut, aided in an aerial enterprise at the age of eighty-eight.

[1] Any of the better textbooks of oral expression furnish many pages of drills and exercises. Very satisfactory sources for such material are Cumnock's *Choice Readings* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), Mitchell's *School and College Speaker* (Henry Holt & Co., New York), Shurter's *Public Speaking* (Allyn & Bacon, Boston), and O'Neill's *Recitations for Assembly and Class-Room* (The Macmillan Co., New York).

Eight gray geese in a green field grazing.

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

Peter Prangle, the prickly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly prangly pears from the prickly prangly pear trees of the pleasant prairies.

She sells seashells. Shall Susan sell seashells?

Swan swam over the sea. Swan swam back again. Well swam, swan.

What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle, whisper, and whimper, near the wharf where a floundering whale might wheel and whirl?

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter!

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Study of Authors

Literary biography should not be unduly emphasized in the early work in reading. The important thing is to hold the attention closely to the literary material itself. But as soon as pupils are interested in the work of some particular writer, and while they are interested in it, it is well for them to have some contact with the author and the nature of his work.

Nine of the authors whose work is quoted in this volume have been chosen for special attention. An authoritative portrait is given, together with several quotations which bring out characteristic traits of the author's appearance and of his works. These brief passages, it is thought, are more likely to stimulate interest in further reading than the ordinary biography which it would be possible to give.

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